BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1934

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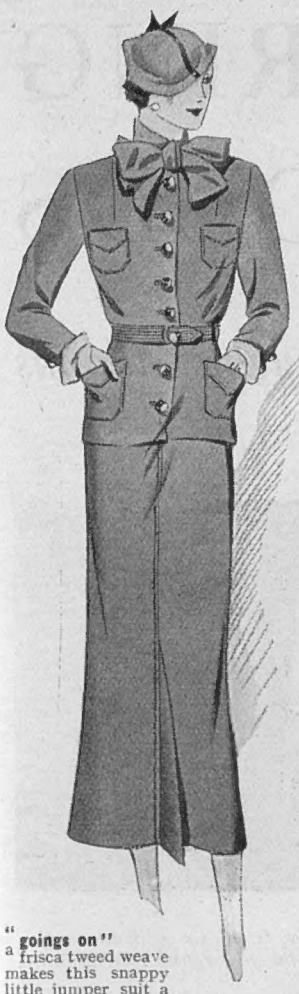

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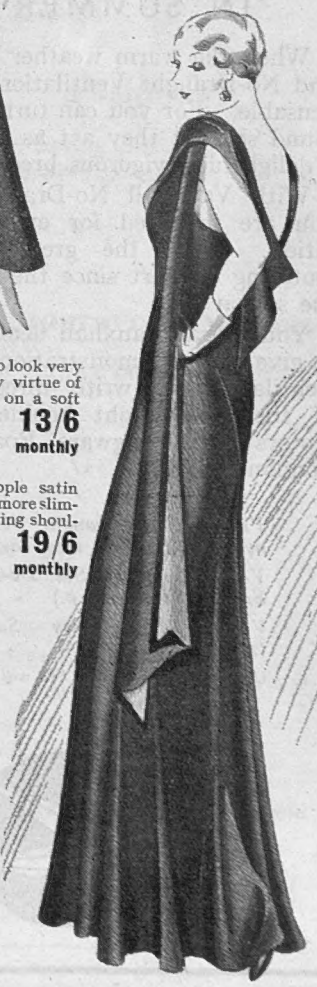

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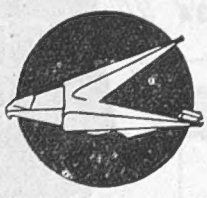

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Vol. 8, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1934

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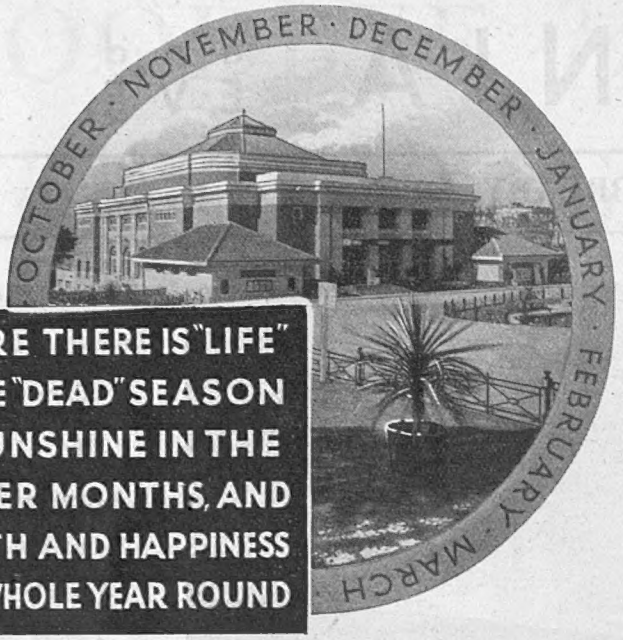
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 116. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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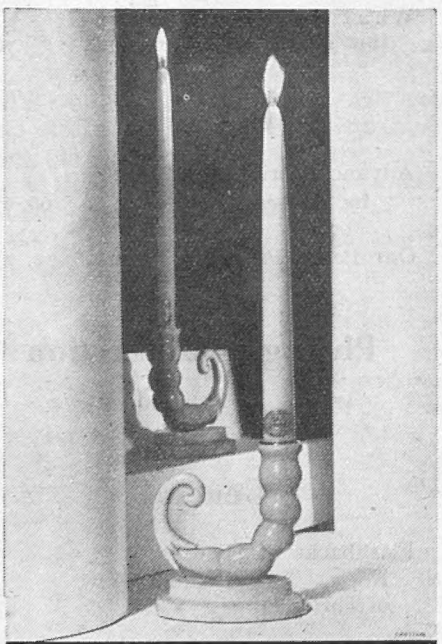

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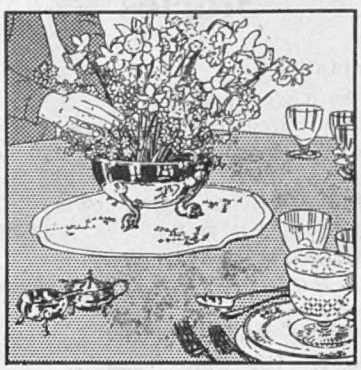

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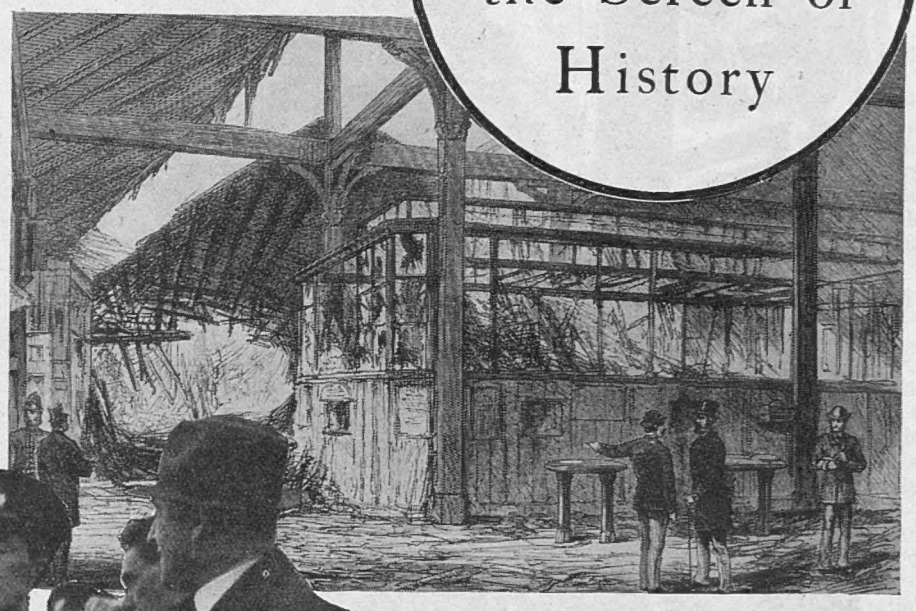
Fifty Years Ago

No. 2: Ireland and a Brew of Trouble

Dramatic Flash-backs on the Screen of History

FIFTY years ago, at about half-past eight one Sunday evening in February, a man entered the cloakroom of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway at Victoria Station and deposited a heavy brown package about one foot square, together with a portmanteau of foreign make, two boxes, and some other articles.

Such an everyday occurrence excited no remark. Neither did the warning of the depositor invite attention when he asked that care should be exercised with the first package, and that other things should not be placed on top of it. It is no unusual event for passengers to wish to have their parcels returned to them undamaged.



(*Reproduced from The Illustrated London News*)

THE scene of the explosion at Victoria Station

GENERAL O'DUFFY, leader of the Young Irish Party (Blueshirts) being arrested after a pitched battle at Westport, Co. Mayo, on Sunday, the 17th of December, 1933

The depositor left, and in the quiet of that Sunday evening, when passengers were few and trains fewer, those in charge of the cloakroom detected a sound of ticking. This, however, did not disturb them, as it was believed to emanate from a case of clocks.

The last train had arrived; the last train departed, and the sole occupants of the deserted station late that Sunday evening were the night inspector, a signalman and three porters. These were going about their usual vocations, closing the many doors to the station and fixing a hydrant and hose, a nightly procedure as a precaution against fire.

They little guessed how soon hose and hydrant would be required, for at three minutes past one on Monday morning there was a deafening explosion, which completely destroyed the cloakroom, the inspector's office and a waiting-room, and did great damage to the booking-office, the restaurant, and a ladies' waiting-room situated from 20 to 40 ft. away, while the glass roof portico of the station also suffered considerable damage.

Gas, leaking from broken pipes, caught fire directly afterwards, which was luckily soon extinguished; and of the four employees of the railway company left in the station, one hurt and another seriously injured were conveyed to St. George's Hospital near by.

Had the explosion taken place during the busy hours of a weekday, the loss of life would have been terrible.

This explosion was no accident, but the work of Fenians, and the passenger who had deposited in the cloakroom his innocent-looking parcel, containing an infernal machine, was one of a gang of Irishmen who, some seventeen months previously, had been guilty of cold-blooded murder when they assassinated Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke, representatives of British government, in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Acting under the high-sounding title of the "Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood," this gang were attempting to secure the substitution of coercive for conciliatory policy in Ireland.

Explosions in London were no novelty to the citizens, for, thanks to the Fenians, they had occurred previously, and were followed by others, one of which wrecked the Junior Carlton Club in St. James's Square, but this horrible and senseless procedure was put an end to when some of the leaders were apprehended by the police, tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

P.S. Fifty years ago! And during that space of time trouble in Ireland and trouble caused by fanatical Irishmen on these shores has hardly ever ceased to exist. Only during the Balfour régime of resolute government was there anything approaching to peace.

Now, due in the main to a revolution bloodily suppressed, Irishmen are managing their own affairs in their own way, with the Ulstermen of the North grimly keeping guard over a geographical border line and watching the citizens of the Irish Free State fighting among themselves.

UNDER the brim of her unsophisticated pink hat, Sally flushed furiously

TEMP

THE sun of the Riviera shines alike on the just and the unjust, and the Maîtres d'Hôtel of that glamorous coast bow equally low to the just or the unjust, always provided, that is, that their long bills, made out in those spidery figures, have been paid.

Monsieur Henri, of the Plaza, Monte Carlo, therefore invariably bowed respectfully to Miss Sara Grote, that charming young heiress who occupied the best suite (first floor with balconies), whose chaperone was a lady of title, and whose bills were paid with alacrity. But he bowed with equal *empressement* to Baron Othmar, of the dubious reputation, and the small room on the top floor.

There were strange stories about the Baron, but they were no affair of Monsieur Henri. The Baron was a man of the utmost distinction, that was evident. Handsome, too, *Les Dames* always took notice of him when he passed, and with the air of a grand seigneur.

For years he had visited the Plaza each season, and as his fortunes varied, so did his choice of rooms. That was understandable, thought Henri. He accepted people as they were at the moment, and this, apparently, judging by the small room he had taken, was not a good moment for Baron Rudolf Othmar.

As to the stories about him, they varied, too.

He had been a gigolo. He was the illegitimate son of a Prince. He was a gentleman of fortune; in other words, an adventurer. He owned a copper mine on the Yukon, and might at any moment become a millionaire. . . .

"Bah," said Monsieur Henri to himself. "What does it signify? He pays."

There was only one story about Miss Sara Grote, and it was true and simple, as most true stories are. Monsieur Henri knew it from Miss Fleming, her maid, with whom he occasionally condescended to drink a cup of black coffee. Miss Grote had inherited a cool million from her father, who built ships, and the money would be hers in six months. Meanwhile, her chaperone, that poor Miladi Audrey Bridlington, now laid up with 'flu on the first floor, was taking *la petite* for a foreign tour to pass the time.

Oh, there was no mystery about Miss Sara Grote. "*Bon comme le pain,*" said Monsieur Henri to himself, thinking of her fresh face, and the wide innocence of her blue eyes.

"You should watch over her while Miladi is ill," he advised Miss Fleming. "It is not good to be alone on the Côté d'Azur, if you are an innocent of twenty, with a million in store."

Miss Fleming agreed, but she was bound by her class.

"I can't go about with her, it's not my place, and we're keeping her away from her ladyship, for fear of infection."

All of which goes to prove that in the Hôtel Plaza, as in other places, there was a wolf and a lamb, but at the Plaza the sheepdog was upstairs.

RUDOLF OTHMAR saw her directly she came into the gambling rooms, and his eyes missed nothing. The slight gaucherie of her manner, as she bought her chips at the counter. The splendour of the two rows of real pearls twisted

A *Riviera* Adventure for *a* nice *little* Rich Girl *and* a Bad Bar*on* TATION . . .

By Lady Troubridge

Illustrated by Treyer Evans

round her firm, young neck. The whole inexperienced youthfulness of Miss Sally Grote.

She stood for a while behind the seated players, those outrageous types which infest the rooms, thriving like toadstools in the superheated air.

The simile had not occurred to Rudolf Othmar until he saw Sally Grote sit between a fantastically painted old woman with predatory eyes that seemed lidless in their stony stare, and a pallid young man, obviously a drug addict, whose nervous hand twitched as the croupier indifferently annexed his stake.

Rudolf had time to observe the girl now sitting between these unsavoury people. He had played and lost, and was not playing again. He stood opposite Miss Grote and remembered about her. She was in the hotel. She was enormously rich. She was closely chaperoned, yet she was here alone in the "kitchen," playing at a five-franc table among the riff-raff of Monte Carlo.

His memory yielded up another fact. The chaperone was ill. Obviously the girl was playing truant.

It was, thought Baron Othmar, with a little fine smile under his small black moustache, the duty of a gentleman to stand by, in case he could be of assistance.

Carelessly, he walked to the other side of the table, while the roulette wheel pursued its inevitable round, and stood a pace behind her chair. From where he stood he could see the bright wings of hair above the small pearl studded ears and the large diamond clasps holding the pearls, and among the products of Coty and Houbigant which surrounded him, there stole to his nostrils a fresh perfume like English roses.

She was putting her money on the middle dozen.

"*Quatorze,*" said the croupier. "*Rouge.*"

A claw-like hand seized her winnings at the exact moment that the little rake pushed them towards Sally.

"*Non . . . non . . .,*" said Miss Grote protestingly. "*J'ai gagné.*"

Then she shrank back before the torrent of rapid French flung at her. The painted old woman appealed to the pale young man, to the croupier, to the entire table.

But Sally Grote was not her father's daughter for nothing. In her halting French she persisted, her soft voice drowned in the babel.

"*C'est à moi, Madame, je vous assure.*"

Rudolf leaned forward over her shoulder.

"It is yours," he said in excellent English. Then in equally excellent French he spoke to the croupier, who spoke crisply to the painted old lady, and the babel died down as suddenly as it had flared up.

"I saw nothing," said the drugged young man, pushing back his chair, and walking away unsteadily.

Rudolf Othmar slipped into the vacant seat, and received Sally's thanks.

"She was cheating," said Sally.

He touched his lips with a smile.

"Be careful, Miss Grote."

"You know me?" asked Sally, startled.

"I am staying," said Rudolf Othmar, still smiling, "at your hotel."

She drew an easy breath of relief.

"That's as good as being introduced. I was feeling sorry I came."

"It was not a wise proceeding," replied Baron Othmar with gravity. "There are some queer fish about," he lowered his voice, "as you have just had occasion to observe. However, I will look after you now."

Sally Grote saw nothing ironic in this promise, though many habitués of Monte Carlo might have done so. Big black wolves are not usually the best guardians of fleecy white lambs.

"I'll back my age," she announced, placing a pile of chips on number twenty.

"*Quelle belle âge,*" said the Baron, and meant it.

Twenty was a long way back for him. At twenty he had had ideals, and grand impossible ideas about honour. Yes, twenty was a long way back when one was nearly forty.

And twenty-year-old Sally Grote won again and again. And the Baron gathered up her very large winnings for her, and the painted old woman, after one glance at that significantly attractive face, that dark close-clipped moustache, and those penetrating eyes, left the English Miss unmolested.

The moment Sally began to lose, "Don't play against your luck. Stop now," he advised.

"I think I will," Sally agreed. "It's hot in here."

He picked up his cue promptly.

"It will be cooler on the terrace. May I escort you there?"

THE sky, when they reached the terrace, was a study carried out in black and silver. A theatrical looking moon flooded them with unreal light. The Casino was a back drop of white wall and topaz windows. A little breeze came from the mysterious sea, and rustled the palms to

ghostly whispers, and lifted the gold wings of hair each side of Sally's guileless face.

And the Baron Othmar, broad shouldered, slim waisted, supremely interesting, leant on the balustrade by her side.

" So you," he began, " are the well guarded Miss Sally Grote. I have seen you walk into the restaurant a step behind that good lady, your chaperone, or out walking attended by the English maid with the long teeth. They are right to guard you, for undoubtedly you are very precious."

And Sally told him that she got tired of this endless chaperoning, that it was terrible to be glad Lady Audrey had the 'flu, but that it was fun to come out on her own.

" Yet," said the Baron, " you would have been in a predicament if I had not had the honour to help you. How long," he asked thoughtfully, " is Lady Audrey's illness likely to last ? "

" Quite a week," she told him.

" Too bad." The Baron gazed at the sheet of dusky silver, which was the sea, and reflected that a week was not a long time in which to awaken such a very innocent young lady. Still, with good will, and her co-operation, much could be done.

" In the absence of your chaperone," he said, suddenly formal, " I must introduce myself. Baron Rudolf Othmar, at your service. Anything that I can do to make the week pass more pleasantly . . ."

Sally smiled a wide, confiding smile.

" How kind of you, but it may not be a whole week. You see, Lady Audrey's nephew, Piers Bridlington, is coming out in a few days."

" I see."

And the Baron saw a great deal. It was not difficult to see the Englishwoman's game. Her nephew, probably titled, and equally probably impoverished, and this young lady, immensely wealthy, so they said in the hotel. Rudolf had seen people playing these kind of games all his life. With skill and cunning he played them himself, and when Fate was kind he won. Aloud he said, " Then there is not much time, but give me three days to remember."

" Of course," Sally felt embarrassed, " but you must join us afterwards when Lady Audrey is well again."

The dusk hid his mocking smile. Chaperones were not fond of him.

" Let us," said Rudolf Othmar, " not look beyond those three days." And the errant wind echoed his words with a sound like a small sigh.

ON another terrace, at the reserve at Beaulieu this time, two days later, Rudolf Othmar tilted his hat over his eyes, and smiled into Sally's blue ones.

They were lunching in a blaze of hot sunlight, an impossibly blue sea washing at their feet, and *truite meunière* on the table in front of them.

Monsieur Henri had viewed their departure on this expedition with some concern. With Lady Audrey in bed, and Miss Fleming in close attendance on her, it was perhaps natural that the little heiress should wish to pass the time agreeably, but with Baron Rudolf Othmar—that was *toute autre chose*.

Yet if he had listened to those two on the terrace, he might have been surprised at the elder brotherly attitude of the redoubtable Rudolf.

Sally Grote did most of the talking in her clear voice with its soft north country burr, and Rudolf listened. Her talk amused him. It rested him, and he gleaned a good deal of valuable information without too much trouble.

She told him of the grim old father who had died last year, and how angry Uncle James had been at the will.

" He thought it was disgraceful that I should be able to do what I liked with my own money in six months. He's my trustee, of course, but he wanted to manage everything until I was twenty-five at least. He thinks I might marry some fortune hunter," ended Sally, finishing her *truite meunière*.

" That would be a calamity. So far, I agree with Uncle James. Yet why," said Rudolf, " should he think you cannot inspire genuine love ? "

" Because I'm not pretty, I suppose," said Sally simply.

Rudolf actually felt himself touched at such incredible ignorance of her own quality. True, she was neither tall nor fashionably slim, her unreddened mouth was on the wide side and her ankles would not have passed a beauty expert, but the whiteness of that flawless skin, more flawless because of the tiny freckles, which tried to mar its perfection, those blue eyes with their blue of a June sky in England, that bright hair, and above all, youth. He sighed to himself.

" I don't worry," Sally reassured him, " We can't all be handsome."

" Sally, you are absurd." He leaned forward across the little table with the checked tablecloth, and pushed aside his coffee cup. " You are adorable. Let me be the first to tell you so, and believe me, I know. If you had not a penny to your name, if you were like Hans Andersen's goose girl in your shift in the snow, you would be beautiful and desirable, and men would love you."

Under the brim of her unsophisticated pink hat, Sally blushed furiously. The picture he had conjured up was too embarrassing. No one had ever talked to her like this before; she hardly knew whether she liked it or resented it. Yet, deep down in her heart something woke at his words, like a waking bird in a dawn-lit forest.

" Forgive me, if I have offended you," he said, " but it is time that someone told you the truth."

" Is it . . . the truth ? " Sally was fingering her two strings of pearls mechanically. His eyes were on that small brown hand fidgeting with the gorgeous pearls.

" Beautiful 'ttle lady," he said, " it is the truth."

It was not a bad afternoon's work, and there were still some hours before they would return to the Plaza. They sat under the palm trees of the garden at the entrance of the hotel, and he talked about himself. He was one of the many victims of the world war, he told her.

" It crushed my country, it swept away my family. I worked, but I was not trained to work. Perhaps I was not born to work; we none of us were. I have had," said Rudolf, relapsing into slang, " a simply rotten time, Sally."

He gave her a Russian cigarette. He gave her tea and cocktails, and then they drove back along the hairpin bends and dangerous curves of the Corniche road. It was getting dusk, with a smell of wood smoke in the air, and the lights of Monte Carlo pricking the dimness like a handful of diamonds carelessly thrown down, when he kissed her.

A soft, light kiss, just where the small ear showed below the wings of bright hair. A kiss cleverly adapted to be the forerunner of other kisses, not so soft and light . . .

Sally blinked at the bright lights of the hall at the Plaza as she passed through, and the dazed look in her blue eyes did not escape Monsieur Henri, nor the Baron's low whisper as he bowed her into the lift.

" You will dine at my table to-night ? "

So when Miss Fleming, at last released from her duties, came down for a little refreshment, Henri gave her a word of warning to digest along with the *pâtisserie*.

" Baron Othmar is undoubtedly an attractive man, but . . ." He stopped. His face said volumes. " If you do not watch over *la petite demoiselle*, she will be enamoured of him, and then it will be too late."

It was, of course, too late already, but that was one of the few things that the astute Monsieur Henri did not know.

" I LOVE him," said Sally, in answer to her chaperone's questions, and there was a rapt look in her eyes

JAMES GROTE'S cheques came regularly. They were fat cheques, pleasant to receive, but they woke Lady Audrey's sense of responsibility. He was her master, while he sent those cheques, and she began to wonder what Sally had been doing all this time, while they took her own temperature, and she sipped milk and soda in a darkened room.

Mr. James Grote did not care whether she had 'flu or not. He only cared about Sally. He would make no allowances for her weakness, the prostrating effects of the fell disease. She began to question Fleming next morning, when she endorsed the fat cheque, and sent it downstairs, and Fleming, with the secret joy of the English servant in breaking uncomfortable news, passed on Monsieur Henri's warning. And the result was that Lady Audrey sent for half a pint of champagne to pull herself together and appeared on the terrace in time to welcome Piers Bridlington, who had just arrived, and to knock some sense into his irresponsible head before Sally came back from golf at Mont Agel.

" You," said Lady Audrey to her nephew, with post-'flu irritability, " are the head of the family, but what is the good of that, if you haven't money to keep up your title and position."

" The answer to that riddle, Aunt Audrey," said Lord Bridlington, " is Miss Sally Grote, I suppose. To put you out of your suspense, I'll tell you at once that it's quite a good answer. I like her," he confessed, taking the cane chair next to Lady Audrey, and looking at her with honest blue eyes, " but why should she like me ? "

" James Grote will like you," said Lady Audrey significantly.

But Lord Bridlington didn't propose to marry Mr. James Grote, and said so. He took an irritatingly romantic view, which had a sort of common sense of its own. He would appreciate having a rich wife, he owned, but his wife must love him. All the Bridlington women had loved their lords. There was not a divorce among them. Lord Bridlington proposed to carry on the tradition.

" Then you must look sharp," said Lady Audrey. " There's a disreputable Baron after Sally, and . . . and . . . while I've had 'flu, I'm afraid he's undermined us. I shall be able to manage him, but you must help me, and you must catch Sally's heart on the rebound."

" That sounds simple," said Lord Bridlington, and looking up, he saw Sally and Baron Othmar come on to the terrace.

Then he knew it was not simple at all. It would take every ounce of Eton and Oxford and the Brigade of Guards plus a coronet, to deal with the experienced cosmopolitan who sauntered on to the terrace after Sally, and was presented to Lady Audrey, and made acquainted with himself.

But he admired his aunt, as he saw her charming reception of the hated Baron, and at the same time her quiet re-taking of Sally under her wing.

" There's a gala dinner here to-night, they tell me," Lady Audrey was addressing the Baron, whose eyes were fixed respectfully upon her pale face and her Edwardian fringe, and the family trinkets, which wanted cleaning, she wore round her thin neck and on her patrician fingers. He would gladly have killed her as she sat there unassailable in her birth and breeding, but as that unfortunately was not possible, he answered suavely:

" Miss Grote has already suggested (*Continued on page* 100)

The Fields of Death

AN opium smoker, in a Bangkok den, preparing the syrupy opium for smoking

THE first deep inhalations from the bamboo pipe, in the bowl of which the heated opium pith glows

THE beginning of intoxication . . . .

A FEW minutes later he is far away from all his daily troubles . . . .

(*Photographs by Erwin Berghaus*)

TRANSFORMATION of a grievous character having come over the international dope traffic, the League of Nations is about to attempt perhaps the most difficult of the many difficult tasks that have fallen to its lot in a short life. Geneva is going to try to uproot the opium-yielding poppy which at present flowers over considerable surfaces of the earth. It has come to that. Right down to bedrock. As the one and only way to curb, control, keep within limits, a world evil the extent and ramifications of which few even now realise, and which is growing steadily worse despite all the fair-weather reports and memoranda put into circulation.

What has happened is a repetition of Prohibition in America; "and then some," as they say in that land.

Conducting to the present situation—and it is necessary to know of it—were two Conferences held at Geneva, one in 1931, the other in 1933, and both convened under the auspices of the Permanent Opium Board of Ten. Two years ago the effect (or the hope) was to limit the manufacture and control the distribution of narcotic drugs through a supervisory League body which would say, in as many words, to each separate country: "How much of this drug do you require for licit purposes? And how much of that drug?"

An estimate results for each country from this enquiry, and exporting countries are not allowed, under a system of licences, to supply to this or that country a greater weight of drugs than figures in such estimate, while all estimates, taken together, inevitably fix the global volume of international needs beyond which world manufacturers must not proceed. For example, the League Secretariat has been able to fix the total annual world need of the three principal drugs, morphine, heroin, and cocaine, at 16½ tons, respectively nine of the first, two of the second, and five and a half of the third.

At last year's Conference the remarkable fact emerged from the import and export statistics that the world had—officially—consumed less than this 16½ tons that had been jointly asked for round the earth. Splendid! "A definite relationship," gleefully proclaimed a report, "has been established between the quantities of drugs necessary to meet the medical requirements of the world and the quantities whose manufacture may therefore be authorised. In this way drugs available for the illicit traffic must inevitably disappear progressively."

Pretty thought.

Rather let us consider what has actually supervened.

Two things; one worse than the other. For some time following the putting into operation of the above system, licensed factory output of the "Big Three" shrank and shrank in harmony with national estimates or quotas; drugs were anything but a drug on the market. In fact, faced by drought, Europe and America's millions of addicts (to say nothing of the Far East's) commenced, as you might say, to bawl for their dope, their "happy dust," "the junk"; and, lo, presently the inescapable law of demand and supply restarted to function. Surreptitiously, factories (usually those situate near the poppy fields) started churning out a weight of dope far, far heavier than figured in any national estimates, and such bootlegged stuff duly found its way . . . whither it was wanted. And, concerning it, we may well speak in tons. "Three tons of raw opium seized at Marseilles." "A ton of morphine and heroin reported to Geneva as seized in three months." "Two tons of mixed dope shipped under fake licence and unloaded in Venezuela."

PEASANTS gathering opium in the poppy fields near Afium-Karahissar, Turkey

War *on* the F*atal* Poppy —but *the* Dope P*eril* *still* stalks *the* World

By Ferdinand Tuohy

And the tons that are *not* reported! Or the seized stuff that is put back on the market. It may sound incredible, but the French authorities refuse to destroy the illicit dope they seize, and own to selling it to authorised buyers in order to remunerate the Government agents *who discover said dope in the first instance.* Needless to remark, such extra dope put on the market is out and beyond national quota returns made to Geneva.

In brief, clandestine factories are springing up right and left as the logical result of the output of controlled manufacturers having been so radically restricted. "Some chemical knowledge and a simple plant," observes the League's most recent report, "are sufficient for the extraction of morphine of a sufficient degree of purity for illicit purposes, and whenever opium is easily available, the establishment of such (hush-hush) factories is a danger against which a constant watch will have to be kept." And then the *rapporteur* went on to say that both the U.S. and France are convinced that much of the raw opium circulating secretly in tons is destined for clandestine turning into morphine and heroin in those two countries.

It would be bad enough if these bootleg factories were confined to Europe, in whose restricted and densely populated area League drug-spies might stand some chance of running them to earth. As a case in point, Bulgaria, drawing on the neighbouring poppy fields of Anatolia, Smyrna, Jugo-Slavia and Macedonia, is being most closely watched, because although her own official requirements of morphine and heroin are listed as low as a bagatelle of 18 lb. a year (for the two), no fewer than seven factories have already been unearthed round Sofia, and there is no doubt that more remain in hiding. Nevertheless to fetch up at clandestine European laboratories generally (where a staff of five or six hands under a qualified chemist will suffice), (*Continued on page* 110)

The "Big Four" *of* "DOPE"

Morphine . . .

First effect, a feeling of extraordinary well-being and vigour, a state of euphoria.

Later, a dose only produces a feeling of normal health. The drug has become a factor in cell metabolism and if absent the function of the cells is thrown out of gear. Only a luxury dose will now produce euphoria.

Next follows an uncontrollable and tormenting desire for ever larger quantities.

Distinction has to be drawn between "disease" and "addiction." In former case, morphine can be withdrawn as soon as pain ceases. In latter, the deprivation symptoms are dreadful, and relapses, even after long months, almost certain—the one cure being the person himself.

In Europe, the gradual withdrawal of the drug is favoured. In America, a much more brutal cure is essayed, the patient being dosed and dosed, ever less and less, over thirty-six hours, after which everything is completely cut off for three months. End cure. Usually the patient is mad or prostrate and goes straight ou and does anything to secure a "shot."

Opium . . .

Smoked and eaten. The latter, the stronger. Much less destructive than morphine. Produces well-being, dreaming happiness; reverse of aphrodisiac in effect. But eventually even the inured Chinese crack up. Ashiness of skin, poor muscular flexibility, abnormal emaciation and strained, staring eyes. No appetite, permanent fatigue, brain useless.

Hashish may be included here. Unlike opium, this does not induce thoughts and fantasies but only intensifies these. Hashish stimulates imagination and excites brain, and is much in favour with certain writers and painters on that account. Later, these are completely depressed.

Heroin . . .

The Western drug of the day. In America, has supplanted morphine. Much more potent than latter and, unlike morphine, leads to violence. Popular essentially because it can be easily sniffed, anywhere, in a second.

The euphoria and withdrawal symptoms are of the same nature as with morphine, only worse, even as the sensual pleasures derived from heroin during the so-called "honeymoon" period (six months) are more pronounced. Because heroin now has such small medicinal value, its manufacture has been banned entirely in the U.S.A., where it was the gangsters' stand-by, and also much in vogue with women intent on keeping "peppy."

To-day streaming in from Far East factories. Constitutes in this country, as elsewhere in Europe, the real social danger of the "dope" group.

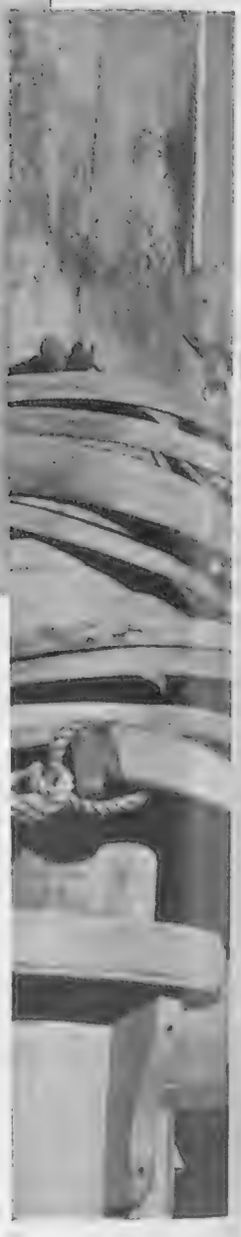
Cocaine . . .

In one way worse than heroin; in another not so bad.

Not of the opium group, but from S. American plant. Is also sniffed, because if injected—apart from nuisance—it works too swiftly altogether and euphoria declines almost as soon as it has set in. Leads to delusions, hallucinations, insanity, after initial "honeymoon" period akin to that of heroin. Large doses lead to breathing paralysis. Cocaine is the great nerve poisoner. But addicts can withdraw from the drug without suffering quite such tortures as with morphine and heroin. Cocaine has fallen from fashion because of the greater kick and intense well-being derived from heroin.

Don't

By



CLARK GABLE and Jean Harlow have played many love scenes; they are good friends, but since Mr. Gable pulled Miss Harlow's hair rather harder than she considered necessary during a scene in "Red Dust," they have not been exactly enthusiastic about each other—except for the camera's eye

The Camera does not always Speak the Truth—where Love Scenes are Concerned!

IT looks like Love. It sounds like LOVE. But is it really Love? Read on while I reveal the low-down on Love and the way it can lie when the silver screen becomes its medium.

Once upon a time a Swedish girl who had been behind the counter in a big store in Stockholm, and then a model for photographs of hats and gowns sold by that store, and then a film actress in Europe, arrived in Hollywood, accompanied by a fine set of freckles, a lot of rather untidy hair, and two or three stray words in the English language. Various members of the publicity department attached to one of the big studios were bustled to the station to greet Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director, and the not particularly decorative girl who accompanied him, because he refused to sign his own contract unless one for her went along with it. What was her name again? Oh, yes; Greta Garbo.

Garbo arrived, was quickly lost in the vast studio; and whenever anyone employed there mentioned her it was always as "that dumb Swede." Then she began to make pictures. The first one did not amount to so much. Then came the second, a work of greater importance called "The Torrent," based on the story by Ibanez of the same title. For this the dumb Swede was associated with a popular film actor called Ricardo Cortez.

Under the burning studio arcs those two made frenzied love—love so frenzied that it caused big executives to open their eyes and wonder where this girl from Sweden had been hiding herself. In brief, that film began to put Greta Garbo on the map. It was followed by her series of romantic films with John Gilbert; and a love scene played by Garbo began to mean a lot. Since then many famous actors have made love to her for the camera. Some have liked it; others have been frank in saying they found her difficult to work with.

It began to be whispered in Hollywood that it did no actor any good to be Garbo's leading man once she became a celebrity. One after another the actors who were cast in her films seemed to come up against bad luck. It is true that, as a rule, the love scenes called for by the 'script were photographed without undue or outward trouble. But in the case of two actors, one film with Garbo has been all they have made; those actors are Ricardo Cortez and Robert Montgomery. During the filming of "The Torrent" an incident occurred which produced a feeling of cold white anger in the heart of Garbo towards the star she was supporting. In "Inspiration" Robert Montgomery found himself playing the rôle of Garbo's leading man much against his wish, as he knew the part did not suit him in the least. He fought against playing it, but was overruled. The making of that film was punctuated by a definite coldness between the star and the actor who made love to her; and they have never appeared together since.

The story behind the love scenes that look so real in "The Torrent," but are really nothing of the kind, concerns a certain sequence in the film which called for immersion in a big pool of water on the part of Mr. Cortez and Miss Garbo. The scenes took a long time to shoot; the water was very cold; the weather, for a wonder, backed it up. It is not pleasant to keep plunging in and out of cold water, to wait while lights and cameras are readjusted half a dozen times, to rehearse and re-rehearse, and finally to be told that the "takes" in the camera will do for to-day. It is just as chilly for players to stay in the water all the time as to keep getting in and out again, as was the case with Mr. Cortez and Miss Garbo.

At last, when the final take was recorded and the director expressed himself as satisfied, the Swedish girl got out of the water, prepared to wrap herself in a thick warm blanket that had been brought to the edge of the pool for her benefit when her work was done. Before she could reach this blanket, Mr. Cortez, assuming it was intended for him, picked it up, wrapped

call it LOVE

Margaret Chute

BEFORE Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Patricia Ellis had finished an important location trip in connection with the filming of "The Narrow Corner," she had told him he was conceited, and he had been heard to inform her that she was a "fresh little brat"

KATHERINE HEPBURN and Adolphe Menjou in a scene from her latest film, "Morning Glory," the making of which witnessed a considerable amount of friction between the two stars

it round himself, and walked off to his dressing-room without a backward glance, leaving Garbo shivering and blanketless. To do him justice, he must have imagined that some provision had been made for her; but the fact that he took the blanket she knew should have been hers did not make the love scenes that came afterwards as genuine as they might have been on her side!

IT is quite astonishing to reflect how false lips and attitude and voices can be in pictured love scenes. In the hearts that are beating under some gorgeous evening gown or nicely starched shirt-front there may be seething rage, scorn, hatred. Only the players themselves, and sometimes those who have worked on a picture with them, know the truth—and they won't always tell. Look, for a moment, at the picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, embracing with real tenderness that pretty girl called Patricia Ellis in the film called "The Narrow Corner." Don't they look happy and engrossed in each other? Yet it so happens that they harboured considerable dislike for each other during the making of that picture. The entire company went off on location to Catalina Island, where the wind proceeded to blow and the rain to rain for days on end, so that production was held up. Nothing annoys actors and actresses more than to be held up on location. They are pining to get home; the

RUTH CHATTERTON and Paul Lukas, the Hungarian film star, in a love scene from "To-morrow and To-morrow." Something went wrong when this film was being made as neither addressed a word to the other—except those words that had been written in the form of dialogue, for their respective screen rôles

place gets on their nerves, and they get on each other's in consequence.

Long before "The Narrow Corner" was rounded Miss Ellis had decided that young Mr. Fairbanks was conceited—and had told him so. On his side, Mr. Fairbanks had informed Miss Ellis one day that she was a fresh little brat; and so their love scenes were made with anything but love in their hearts. This was not a case of the kind of dislike that is deep-rooted and inclined to last a long, long time. It was really "nerves" plus something that might be called temperament. So the location was really to blame.

Another location was responsible for a fairly hot feud that blossomed in the hearts of Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen, when they were doing some realistic love-making in the film called in its original stages "The Flesh of Eve," but later rechristened "Dangerous Paradise." Which had nothing to do with the feelings of the two leading players towards each other! Nobody has ever been quite sure what started the trouble. Red-headed Nancy Carroll had a reputation in the studio for being "difficult and not very easy to handle." For some time the company worked on location, making scenes that were supposed to be on a desert island. Perhaps Miss Carroll wanted too much in the way of a special tent or something of the kind; perhaps she was nervy with the strain of location work. At any rate, the friction between herself and Mr. Arlen developed until, by the time they packed up to return to Hollywood, it had reached the point of complete silence, except during film scenes. Yet on the screen their love-making is full of realism, with not a hint of their real feelings.

During the making of the last film in which they appeared together, called "To-morrow and To-morrow," Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas never spoke to each other except when a scene required them to do so. They had been together in other pictures, this American star with the very English voice, and the good-looking Hungarian who has mastered our difficult tongue so cleverly. It is impossible to wipe out some sort of accent when one speaks a language as different from one's own as English is from Hungarian. But Mr. Lukas refused to be beaten when talkies came in, and by hard study and hours of practice over tiresome words he became really proficient in English.

But the accent remained. It may have worried or irritated Miss Chatterton. In their earlier film, "Unfaithful," they acted together most happily; but something caused a rift between them, and a feeling that was far removed from kind and peaceful friendliness developed. Thus it was that in the end they were making ardent love in front of the cameras, and ignoring each other's existence at other times.

Adolphe Menjou knows every trick of the film trade; nobody could teach him anything about camera angles and microphone technique. It is probably second nature to this clever actor to put his face and voice to the best advantage in any scene. But it may happen that at times he is acting with somebody who must be given a very large share of the camera's most kindly eye. This was the situation when Mr. Menjou found himself cast for the splendidly

RUTH CHATTERTON with Paul Lukas in a scene from "The Right to Love." These popular players appeared together in more than one film as screen lovers, but off the set they did not speak to each other

WHEN Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody were making their popular series of silent film comedies there was a semi-battle being fought out most of the time. Miss Pringle's most effective weapon consisted of onions, eaten in large quantities for lunch, on days when she knew the afternoon work was to be devoted to love scenes

NANCY CARROLL and Richard Arlen both suffered from the kind of temperament and nervous strain that seems to affect so many film players when they go away for some weeks on location, as these players did for "Dangerous Paradise." In fact, the return of the company to Hollywood found the leading performers preserving a strict and stony silence, except during working hours. But their love scenes look very real, none the less

GRETA GARBO, with Robert Montgomery, in a scene from "Inspiration." Mr. Montgomery made no secret of the fact that he did not want to appear with Garbo in this film. He did not like the story, nor consider himself the right man for the leading male rôle. In consequence, there was a certain amount of coolness and frigid restraint associated with the making of this film

realistic rôle of the theatrical manager in "Morning Glory," starring Katherine Hepburn.

This was her third film; but already she had become such a unique screen personality that everything was being done to give her the best that the production could offer. So some of her scenes with Mr. Menjou, particularly love scenes, had to be taken over and over again, or stopped during the taking, in order that Miss Hepburn's face might be turned at a different, and better, angle to the camera, and Miss Hepburn's voice recorded to better advantage. This kind of pulling up and repetition tries even the best of tempers; so there was something approaching friction in the air before all those scenes were safely "in the box."

THOUGH Clark Gable and Jean Harlow have been cast together in more than one film, it is rumoured in their studio, and around Hollywood, that (*Continued on page* 78)

MARLENE DIETRICH, with Gary Cooper, in a scene from her first American film, "Morocco," which led to a certain amount of bad feeling between the two stars, which still exists

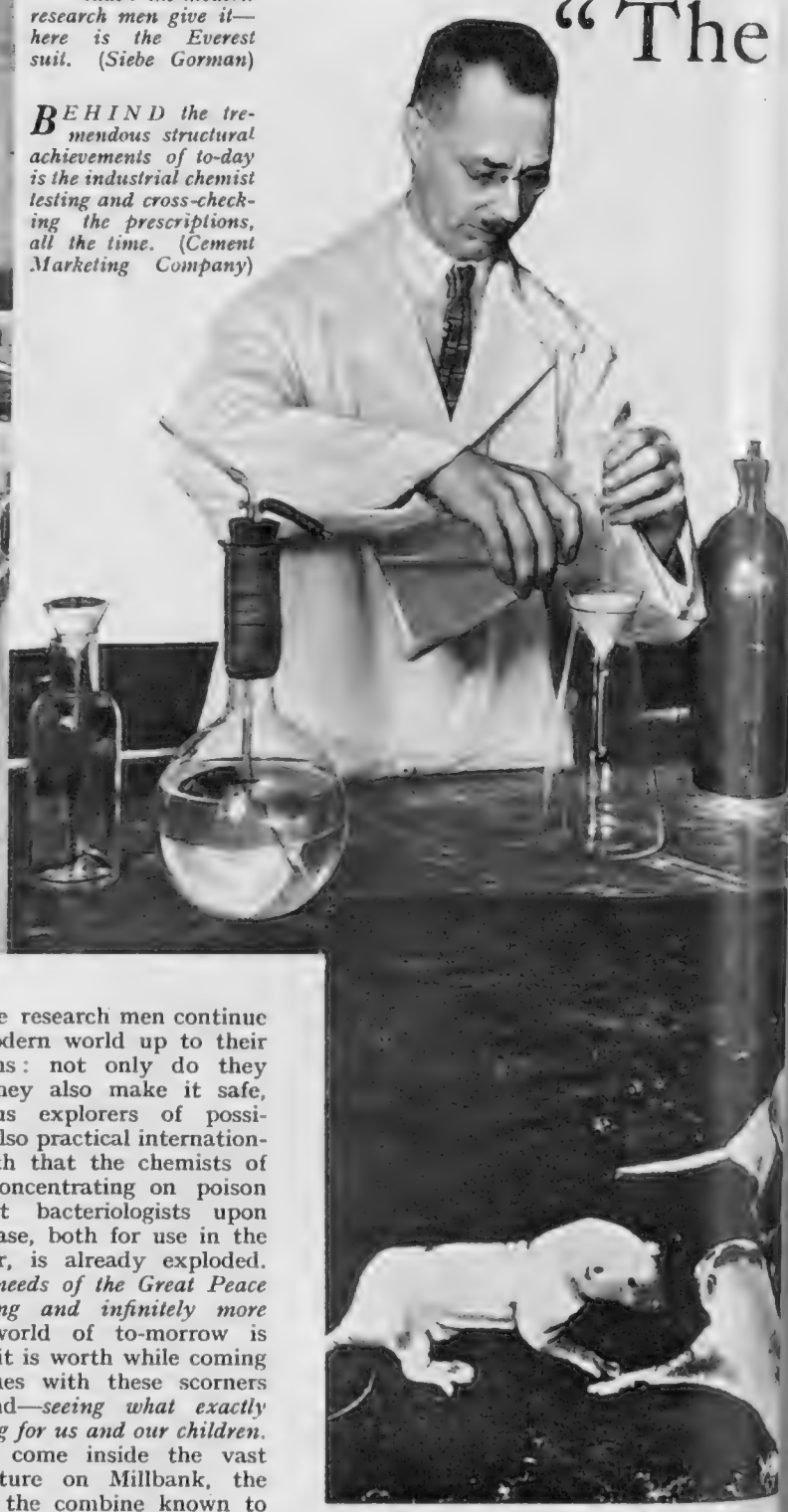
Making To-morrow

are Evolving from

"The Menace:

APTITUDE for altitude: the modern research men give it—here is the Everest suit. (Siebe Gorman)

BEHIND the tremendous structural achievements of to-day is the industrial chemist testing and cross-checking the prescriptions, all the time. (Cement Marketing Company)



ITS huge façade faces the Thames; it is in sharp and most characteristic contrast to the Gothic of the Houses of Parliament that it overlooks. It is a monument to modernity—*svelte*, streamlined, stark and sleek . . . it is the headquarters of one of the greatest industrial combines of our era.

The Chief Research Chemist sits in his sanctum; he is reading his morning mail. One letter (for he afterwards tells me the story) is from a woman who is shortly expecting a child. She asks his advice: she says that, should her baby be a boy, will he please tell her how to enrol him from birth among the ranks of the Research Chemists of the future.

This woman knows her Modern World: she knows that, if she can make her son an Industrial Chemist, she can give him not only a career, but *power*—make him one of the makers of To-morrow.

The Chief Research Chemist may or may not have given a satisfactory reply to this far-seeing young woman's question: and she, by this time, may or may not be the proud possessor of a son. If "it's a boy," I can only hope that she may have the opportunity of seeing him, grimy and happy, in some twenty years' time, doing his vacation work in the shops of some great firm! In any case, the infant is lucky in his mother.

Meanwhile, the research men continue to make our modern world up to their own prescriptions: not only do they make it, but they also make it safe, these anonymous explorers of possibilities who are also practical internationalists. The myth that the chemists of the world are concentrating on poison gas, the expert bacteriologists upon easily sown disease, both for use in the next Great War, is already exploded. *The perils and needs of the Great Peace are as interesting and infinitely more pressing*; the world of to-morrow is theirs . . . and it is worth while coming behind the scenes with these scorners of publicity and—*seeing what exactly they are preparing for us and our children.*

For instance, come inside the vast modernist structure on Millbank, the headquarters of the combine known to the initiated as I.C.I., and let Dr. (and Major) Francis Arthur Freeth prove to you—as he so easily can—that chemical research and industrial science is very much more concerned with the building of a brave and entirely new world than with plotting to blow and shrivel it to clinkers within the next few years. Poison gas is dull compared with peace possibilities.

Dr. Freeth, sitting at his desk in this modernist office, talks of his staff, and the pioneers of discovery, as of men who are working hard under terrifically hard discipline; men who shun publicity, and whose hard, accurate and balanced thinking is now attracting to their profession young men and young women: his own staff, for instance, are intimately concerned with such various and vastly important things as glass, dyes, cements, paints, rubber, alkali and nitrogen products and—lightning fasteners! But he, and some of his own colleagues, have

—*and the* Research Men *who the* Laboratories Shape *of* Things *to* Come"

MEASURING light! Here we see the light from a gas lamp being checked. (Gas Light and Coke Company, Ltd.)

GAS masks—made by the famous firm who safeguard the lungs of the moderns! (Siebe Gorman)

By
Joan Woollcombe

Infant Rats—and (*right*) their Masters

THE industrial scientists, research bacteriologist. (British Ratin)

memories of the war-to-end-war, when the safety of the allied forces in the field depended upon the ability of the chemists at home to produce T.N.T. in vast quantities and—*at once*!

"All we could find were text-books which said that various methods had been tried, but had been unsuccessful. . . ." It is the late Lord Melchett speaking—and he goes on to tell how a young chemist, snatched from active service, saved the critical situation, and how he devised a method of meeting the crying need and so "saved the Allied Forces in the field."

That young chemist is now the chief research man of Imperial Chemical Industries; and it is he who stresses the need of the Research Chemist in peace. It is he who selects the men of just such calibre as may stand up to the tremendous demands of this most exacting and exciting of modern professions. Major Freeth quotes Darwin: "I have been speculating last night what makes a man a discoverer of undiscovered things, and a most perplexing problem it is. . . ."

But, to mothers of nice new sons, it is as well to state that, allied to a scientific imagination, there is needed an iron self-denial and control; denial of the desire for immediate results . . . the research chemist may have changed and be changing the history and social customs around us: that is his remoter reward.

Think back, for instance, to that famous "*cosmic scare*" of 1898, when Sir William Crookes warned the British Association of a tendency to exhaustion in the soil that (*Continued on page* 86)

THE Red Cross patrol poured a tot of brandy into him, and, after a while, he pulled himself into a sitting position and looked at my Uncle Flane

The *Flat* Roofs *of* Marrakech

The *Thrilling* Story *of* One Heroic Wrestling *Match* — and Another

By James *Francis* Dwyer

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

MY uncle, Flane Spillane, the fine wrestler, was killed in the Great War. And strange indeed was the manner of his death. By a curious coincidence, my Uncle Flane, in turning a corner of a trench taken from the enemy, came face to face with a huge Bavarian that he had wrestled with many times in London, Liverpool, and other cities. A man named Jehudo Hegenbarth, known as "The Lion of Ansbach," a mighty fellow weighing eighteen stone and eleven pounds in his bare skin.

Face to face were the two enemies of the mat, and with cries of joy brought by the vision of a tussle, they dropped the rifles that they carried and rushed at each other with their big strangling hands outstretched. For the Almighty gave man his hands to fight with, and Jehudo Hegenbarth and Flane Spillane were men that the Almighty loved, and who obeyed His commands when possible. They thought it a dirty business to shoot men from behind sandbags, so the sight of each other brought joy to their brave hearts.

Not a soul saw that wrestling match. The big guns were cracking beyond Cizancourt, and the British were sweeping over Marrières Wood to Combles, but Flane and Jehudo, trying for clutches, cared little about the success or failure of the tremendous offensive. They just wished to find out who was the better man.

Fourteen hours after they threw down their rifles, a Red Cross patrol found them. My Uncle Flane was dead, his head blown off by a bomb that had landed in the trench, but the Bavarian was alive. Alive, yet held a prisoner by the dead man! And that was the miracle which the patrol saw. For Flane Spillane, before the bomb killed him, had managed to put a scissors grip on the head of Jehudo Hegenbarth, and Flane's mighty thigh muscles did not relax when death took him!

A heap of trouble they had to get the head of Jehudo loose. And dumb with wonder were they when they got him clear. For hours and hours the head of the big Bavarian had been in the yoke of my uncle's thighs, but he was still alive! A fine bull of a man was Jehudo.

The Red Cross patrol poured a tot of brandy into him, and, after a while, he

pulled himself into a sitting position and looked at my Uncle Flane. Looked at him with the admiration that one strong man has for another. "He was one mans," he said throatily. "Much better mans than me." And saying that, he reached over and took the cold hands of Flane and sobbed softly. A child at heart was "The Lion of Ansbach."

FLANE'S brother, my Uncle Thurland, who was with the Guards, when told how Flane held the Bavarian with the scissors grip, brushed a tear from his eye and spoke. "Flane would have held him like that for all eternity," he said. "It was the grip he put on the big Arab, Ahmed Mansour, at Marrakech. Jehudo had luck that the Red Cross men came by, for Flane would have held him by the neck till Judgment Day."

NOW, it is the story of that wrestling match between my Uncle Flane and the Arab, Ahmed Mansour, that I wish to tell of here. I heard it when I was a small boy. At the age of ten I drank it in, and at that age the words of men are large and fine to listening boys. Large and fine and covered with the dream-gold that is in the ears of boys and into which the words are dipped before they reach the brain.

My uncles, Flane and Thurland, had arrived suddenly at my father's flat in Shepherd's Bush. Two big men in the early twenties, standing six feet and a mite, muscled like tigers and with the springy walk of large cats. On a wonder day in autumn they had stormed in upon my father, kissed my mother and shook hands with all the children, asking our names as they did so.

"Let's all go out somewhere and eat," said Thurland. "We'll have a fine feed and then we'll go somewhere for a run."

"And where have you come from now?" asked my father, as we hurriedly got ourselves ready for the outing.

"From the mouth of the Congo," said Thurland quietly.

Now, those words, "Mouth of the Congo," made my heart leap with the wonder that was in them. For the voice of Thurland Spillane was a husky voice that gave a background to the words that he used, so that you saw places when he spoke. Little towns and cities, and bare stretches of desert, and wild seas with lolloping waves racing each other like green stallions called to their food at the poles.

Tales a-plenty had the two of them. Tales of Africa that were like the roaring of water in dark caverns. For they had come up through Spanish Guinea to the Cameroons and into Nigeria, and from there across the Sahara to a city called Marrakech. And strange sights had they seen. Pigmies and cannibals, and tribes that worked magic. Wild and naked folk in the moist jungles. Savages who ate ants and worms and snakes. Flane and Thurland had made friends with them, slept in their little huts and marched with them for endless days. The wanderings of Ulysses were nothing to the wanderings of my two uncles.

But of all the stories that they related I liked best the story of the wrestling match between my Uncle Flane and the Arab, Ahmed Mansour. It was a story told by Thurland on an evening when Flane had taken himself to a fight at Olympia, and in the soft velvety night it rolled and rumbled around the parlour in a manner that frightened me. And I think my father was startled at times by the barbaric setting of it. And my mother's brother, John Mahoney, grunted with astonishment as he listened.

Now, of the exact words uttered by Thurland in the telling of the story I remember little. For words in themselves are hard and stiff, and mean little to children. It is the dream-gold that they bring into the mind that counts. The fine glittering colour that settles down into luminous layers that

"HE has bought her from her parents. This very evening they brought her to him, her eyes bound and a cloth over her mouth so that she couldn't scream. A cap full of gold he gave for her"

are warm and glowing for years and years.

When Thurland began the story I saw in fancy him and his brother storming up through the big sands to the City of Marrakech. A city that has the Arabic name of *Makhzenia*, which means Imperial. And I saw it as I listened. For one side of the parlour drifted away, and there was the city with its souks and its mosques, its narrow streets covered with fronds to keep off the fierce sun, its million waving palms, its orange groves and gardens of jasmine and mimosa. Sitting at the foot of the Great Atlas and calling to the men of the desert like a soft woman sitting in the shade.

"The desert dwellers cry for it," said Thurland. "Spurring up out of the hot wastes they see the tower of the Koutoubia thrust up like a beckoning finger, and they weep as they drive their camels forward. For in the City of Marrakech there are fountains and shade and sweet drinks, and veiled women with hot glittering eyes that look at you like a cat would look at a mouse. Women unlike any other women in the world."

"And why?" asked my mother, quietly.

"I can't tell you, Margaret," answered my uncle. "Perhaps it's the mystery there is about them. Perhaps. For you see nothing but a moving pillar of white cotton with a pair of dark eyes watching you, and you get curious."

For a moment the question of my mother halted Thurland, then he went on to tell of the *Place Djema El Fna* that is a great open square in the centre of the City of Marrakech. A place of immense wonder. Half as big as Hyde Park is this *place*, and on it from the moment the sun climbs out of the sands till the last star fades there is movement. There is life, throbbing, pulsing life. Strange and curious and a little wicked. On the great square are dancers and wizards, snake charmers, sand-diviners, wrestlers, sword-swallowers, ballad-singers, and story-tellers. And the hot air vibrates and quivers with the cries and the movement. The wild springing of dancing bodies and the snaky twists of the muscles of wrestlers.

Some of Thurland's words slash back at me now as I write. Words that refused all my efforts to grind them into the colour mass in my brain. "Mad Chleuh men from the Atlas are there with snakes!" he cried. "Fat, bob-tailed snakes with broad heads, and for the smallest coin in the world that has the value of our ha'pennies they bite the head off the living reptile! It's truth I'm telling you! . . . Racing round the ring with the head of the snake between their teeth! . . . For a little coin with a hole in it that has no value at all."

IT was on this *Place Djema El Fna* that my two uncles, Flane and Thurland Spillane, first saw the Arab wrestler, Ahmed Mansour.

My Uncle Thurland, in describing the Arab, thrust out a big fist at a plaster statue of Saint Patrick that stood in a corner of the parlour, and, lo, the statue disappeared and there was the Arab standing where the blessed saint had stood with his golden two-peaked mitre and his big crosier! For there was magic in the voice of Thurland. "A big upstanding brute of a man," cried my uncle, and the head of the Arab hit the ceiling of the parlour. "Muscled as no man was ever muscled in the world before!"

And I saw those muscles! In fancy I saw them! Rippling like water under silk. . . . "Stark naked except for a scarlet cloth around his loins!" cried Thurland. "The hot sun beating down on him as he pranced around his mat, and the mouth of him bawling out the world for its cowardice!"

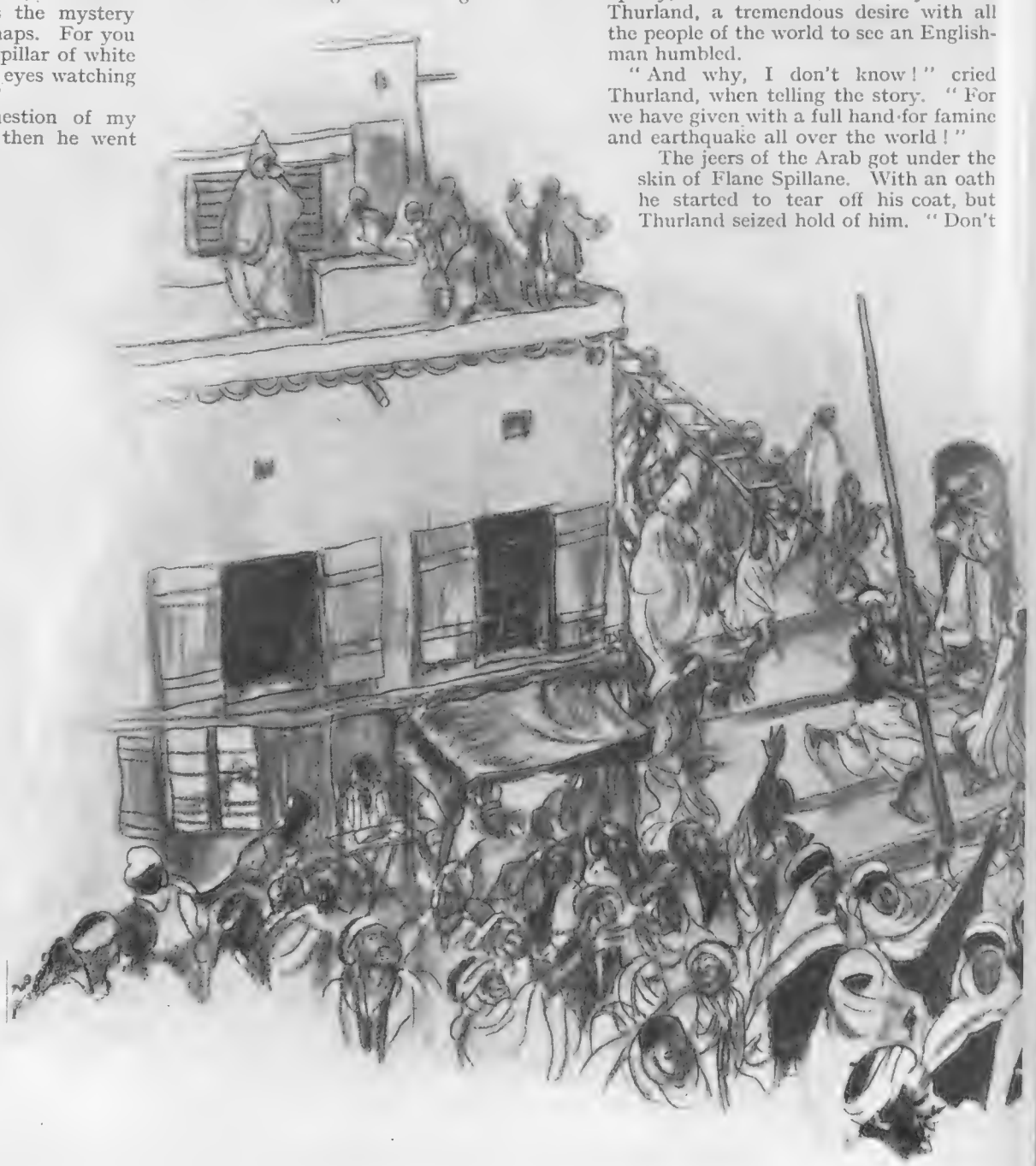
Saint Patrick tried to come back to the corner of the parlour, but the Arab held his place. Fixed by the words of Thurland. White fangs like the teeth of a wolf showing as the lips of the Arab moved in tossing out challenges. . . .

The Arab saw Thurland and Flane. Saw them as they pushed their way through the packed mass, and he knew at a glance that they were athletes. He cupped his hands and shouted at them. "*Ho! English!*" he screamed, then in French he taunted them. "Come and take a fall out of me!" he cried. "Come on, my big English elephants!"

Thurland and Flane stood and looked at him and there was little love in their hearts for the fellow. For his words were thrown acid that bit into their pride. And the Mohammedans in their white burnouses and yellow slippers, the Moroccan Israelites in their black caftans, the scorpion-black negroes from the far south and the loafing soldiers of *La Légion Etrangère* fell back so that Ahmed Mansour could fling taunts at my uncles. Taunts that were like a million terriers snapping and biting. In five minutes they were the goats of the square, the crowd surging around them as the Arab whipped them with words. The men laughing behind their hands, and the black hot eyes of the women filled with merriment. Two baited Britishers. Little Spahi officers with great red cloaks around them grinning openly, for there is, said my Uncle Thurland, a tremendous desire with all the people of the world to see an Englishman humbled.

"And why, I don't know!" cried Thurland, when telling the story. "For we have given with a full hand for famine and earthquake all over the world!"

The jeers of the Arab got under the skin of Flane Spillane. With an oath he started to tear off his coat, but Thurland seized hold of him. "Don't



TIGHTER! And the body of the Arab had rolled over the edge and was hanging above the street!

a fool, brother o' mine!" cried, as Flane struggled. "Is it fun we are going to make for these lice of the desert? Wouldn't your old mother think you an omadhaun if she looked down from her seat in heaven and saw you sprawling around in this filthy parade ground with a nigger? Be quiet, man."

But Flane was foaming mad, and he struggled to get at the Arab, who was shouting his insults louder than ever. And the crowd helped the fellow. Helped him with words and some rotten dates that the dirty devils who kept the stall hurled at my uncles. But Thurland was a strong man and he dragged Flane away and cooled him in the gardens near the Koutoubia.

Each day that my uncles walked in the centre of the City of Marrakech the Arab, who had the eyes of a hawk, would spot them and cry out his challenges and his abuse. They could not cross the *Place Djema El Fna* on account of the tongue of the fellow. And they couldn't sit in the little cafés that are around the *place*. A devil of a tormentor was the man. If my uncles stopped to cool their thirst a small boy would come running with a scrap of paper on which was written strange Arab words that they knew to be a challenge, for, when they turned to look at the square, the big wrestler would be waving his arms (*Continued on page* 104)

Travellers' Tales

No. 2:

His Only "FAN"

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

"YOU old fool!" she began. "Don't you know that you have been through for twenty years? Don't you know that we've been losing money for three seasons, now? Don't you know that nearly all my savings have gone to buy stalls to give away, so that we could all pretend, just to flatter you?"

MALCOLM had been summoned to another "command performance." That was what he always called it.

He dreaded it, too, because it always meant a row. He was only called when there was trouble on. So it was with dread, almost, that he made the journey to the distant Kent mansion where, for years, he had heard only bickering and strife.

"Come in, Malcolm," said Mabel.

Everybody called her "Mabel"—the people in the stalls and the girls in the gallery. Even rather old-fashioned periodicals often dropped the "Miss" when they spoke of her.

"There's been another outburst," said Mabel. "I had to send for you."

Mabel was good at managing things. But, every now and then, matters got a little beyond even her control. She was all tact and sympathy. But even tact and sympathy are of little use where vanity is concerned.

You see, there was Mabel's husband. She was twenty years his junior, in years, but a century in front of him in what they called their "Art" when they spoke of it.

"Rory is in there, roaring again," she said.

You know Rory O'Mahon, don't you? Anyway, you have seen his name—in big type on the hoardings, perhaps on the cover of his two-volume biography, "My Life and Art."

And you have seen his face, beetle-browed, in photographs, his square jaw and deep-lined features.

You must have seen him acting, too, if you are middle-aged, for he has been doing it for fifty years. If you are young, of course, you go to "the pictures" and despise the theatre.

For years he was famous for his white quiff. It was lost, now, in the whiteness of the rest of his hair. But you may remember it.

When Irving died, Rory O'Mahon was one of the four or five who battled for his place as the Stage's leader. Tree took it, of course, by right of his gay magnificence. The others fell away, one by one. Only Rory O'Mahon continued to fight on. He had lost from the start, but he did not know.

You may remember how, when Irving died suddenly, at Bradford, O'Mahon cancelled his American tour, rushed home, took the Magnitude Theatre and put on "Hamlet."

That was when the rows began. Mabel, his wife, got all the notices. Her Ophelia, beautiful, sweet, radiant as the morning, dazzled the Town. But of the Hamlet . . . From that day, Rory O'Mahon fell in public esteem—and he never won his old place again.

It was of him, really, that the phrase "His Hamlet was funny without being vulgar" was first said. They have twisted it to mean other actors since—but then every man who plays Hamlet makes enemies. Some do it with less grave offences.

Well, since then, you have seen, every year or so, the hoarding:

RORY O'MAHON
In
"THE COMPLETE LOVER."
(with Mabel Madelon)

"The Complete Lover" was what is called a stand-by play.

"That will be my meal-ticket," O'Mahon had said, when first it drew the crowds.

He knew he could revive it, almost any time he wanted something to fill in an odd month or so. Its hero wallowed in all the moods of ready romanticism. He was a Romeo and a D'Artagnan and a Charles Surface, mixed into one dashing, cooing, dare-devil who indulged in sacrifice like an actor takes a bow.

Rory O'Mahon revelled in the part. The play ran for ten months, a long time in those days. Then came the tour of the provinces—then Australia and the States.

Then Tree died . . . . . and things changed.

"Hamlet" was the worst Shakespearean flop of the generation. So Rory O'Mahon went out again—in "The Complete Lover." He went on tour, cursing Tree, angry with everyone except himself.

"The public don't want Shakespeare nowadays," he said. When they rushed

By

Hannen Swaffer

to His Majesty's, as Festival time came round each April, it made him angrier.

You have never seen the postcard he sent to Tree . . . nor heard the joke into which Tree turned it . . . nor been told, perhaps, how he cut Tree at Mashurst's funeral, but how Mabel tried to soften it with a smile . . .

Still, they still talk of such things at the Edmund Kean Club, and wherever actors meet.

Malcolm's mind went back to all that. "Rory is in there, roaring again" . . .

"Thanks for coming, old man," said Mabel. "I can't handle him. We've got to leave for Birmingham, to open the tour to-morrow. Another tour! Sometimes I feel I can't go on. Come on. Let's go in and see him."

Inside his study, Rory O'Mahon was glaring at a volume of press-cuttings. There was a score of them in a book-case, great volumes, thick and bulky. They dated back for years. They were the records of tours everywhere. And above them, and around, were photographs of Rory "in all his glory," as Mabel whispered sometimes to herself.

"The swines have been at it again," he said, after looking up with a grunt. "Look . . ."

Malcolm's eyes glanced at the open page. He saw, in an instant, that it was full, as he knew were the closed ones, of the old, old offence.

"The Charm of Mabel Madelon." was splashed across three columns in one cutting. "Mabel Madelon's Magnetism," said another. "How Mabel Madelon Began," read a third.

"They've been harrying me for years," grunted O'Mahon, his brows beetling more than usual, his square jaw set. "The swine!"

Then came the admitted cause of the affront. "They scarcely mention me!"

Here and there was the line, "The brilliant wife of Rory O'Mahon." But that was all. "Mabel" was everywhere.

Malcolm knew, without looking. He had heard this for years. And there was Mabel, listening, as before.

"There's a dead set against me," went on O'Mahon.

"But . . . ," began Malcolm, only to see a look in Mabel's eyes that silenced him. That look had silenced him before.

He wanted to shout out. He had shouted out, often, when he was alone, rehearsing the speech that he feared would one day burst from him when O'Mahon was there.

"But . . . ," he began again. And, once again, that look in Mabel's eyes silenced him.

Her arms were around Rory's neck, now, although he made a disentangling move.

"Don't worry, old man," she said. "It's all publicity. It brings them in. Besides, everyone knows of your great gifts. Your place is unassailable. I need praise. You do not."

She was remembering, though, the scores of curtain speeches she had made on tour, when the house, almost ignoring her husband, had shouted "Mabel! Mabel!" "I owe all my success to my dear husband," she had always said, while, glaring, her husband stood beside her, posing like Nelson, stiff and challenging. Then, always, she had pushed him forward, to mouth something about "your grateful and obedient servant."

That humbug had gone on for twenty years and more.

"Well, there's one fellow who understands," said O'Mahon, pacified for a time.

And he pointed to a column, overleaf, cut from the "Lexicon." "The Art of Rory O'Mahon," it said at the top. And under it was a long pæan of eulogy. "Perfect control of the voice . . . The grand old manner . . . In the Garrick tradition."

O'Mahon was reading the phrases out, declaiming them.

Have you ever heard an old-time actor at his worst? They used to call it "The grand manner." They call it ranting now.

"Heavens," thought Malcolm. "He will soon be offering me his kingdom for a horse!"

But O'Mahon was beginning again. It was an old complaint.

"When are you going to find out who that 'Lexicon' fellow is?" he asked. "I'm always suggesting that he be asked here to dine. Every time we come back from tour, I ask. But no one ever takes the trouble to find out who it is. I should like to tell him that there is one fellow in Fleet Street who knows his job. Yet, 'it wouldn't be etiquette,' you always say. Etiquette be damned."

Malcolm's eyes roved to the book-case and its volumes of cuttings taken from the newspapers, town and country, the records of years and years of touring, seasons of "The Complete Lover." He knew the sins of omission they committed—yes, and the glaring sins of commission committed by one paper in Glasgow, and several in Australia, where they were a bit frank about visiting stars.

"Why does England honour us with her ghosts?" the "Sydney Bulletin" had once asked.

Malcolm wanted to shout that for every one of those volumes of cuttings a Hollywood film star had a hundred. That would settle the old man. How the old fool hated (*Continued on page 88*)

The Music Hall of Yester

Men, Women and Memories

By

Philip Page

GEORGE LEYBOURNE, with his long legs and flowing whiskers, tapping a bottle with his cane, singing "Champagne Charley is My Name"

THERE is no more depressing type of bore than the man who asserts in lachrymose and probably vinous tones that no form of entertainment has ever been so jolly as the music-halls of the long-vanished past. That most of his kind do not remember that past is no obstacle to the spate of eulogy which culminates in "Those were the days!"

I have known men talk regretfully of the times when the chairman was autocrat of the music-hall table who never knew any sort of chairman but a bath-chair man or the chairman of a political meeting. Others, who did know the Oxford, the Tivoli, and the London Pavilion in Victorian or Edwardian days, are apt to exaggerate the glories of the past just because it is the past, and to put performers long dead on a pedestal because they *are* dead. There is hardly a book of Bohemian reminiscences issued, even in these days, which does not contain some reference to music-hall singers not seen by the majority of our grandfathers.

It is pleasant to read of them and to see those odd folk on the covers of the odd songs they sang. George Leybourne, with his long legs and flowing whiskers, tapping a bottle with his cane, singing "Champagne Charley is My Name"; he was paid the then vast salary of £25 a week, with an extra allowance for champagne, which he was encouraged to buy, was provided with a fur coat and a carriage and four horses, and died at

VESTA TILLEY (Lady de Frece) swaggered before the footlights as a "Piccadilly Johnnie" in those hansom-cab days

DAN LENO. His voice was his best-remembered feature — a rather high-pitched sing-song with a husky note in it

ARTHUR ROBERTS. Possibly the greatest comedian of all time. Was king of London's humour for 50 years

GEORGE ROBEY. An unusual portrait of the "Prime Minister of Mirth" as a clown in the revue "Leap Year"

"Boys" of the Old Brigade

day

MARIE LLOYD. She was a consummate genius; dealt in the double meaning and could convey oceans of impropriety with a wink

(*Left*)
LITTLE TICH. Another genius who earned fame on the Halls

ALBERT CHEVALIER. A very great artist indeed, and a great actor, too

forty-two, almost "broke." Arthur Lloyd sang "The German Band," "Not for Joe," and "The Putney 'Bus," and once entertained the guests at a party given by King Edward VII when Prince of Wales. "The Great Macdermott" had been a sailor, and sang many songs before he hit upon "We don't want to fight," which gave its name to Jingoism; the tune is still hummed, possibly because it is founded on the *Kyrie* of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, for the practice of "borrowing" from the classics to make popular ditties flourished as merrily in the 'sixties as it does to-day. Macdermott also sang "The Piccadilly Cigar Divan." Where now is there a cigar divan in London, or in any city? There was a quaint person in a striped suit and a conical hat who bobbed up and down—Stead, "The Perfect Cure." Another "great" one was "The Great Vance"; "Slap bang, here we are again," "Pretty Jemima," and "Cliquot, that's the drink for me," written as an opposition venture to Leybourne's "Champagne Charley," were his "hits," and he was, I fancy, the only singer of his type who actually died on the stage of a music-hall. Harry Clifton ("Paddle your own canoe"), Harry Rickards ("Cerulea was beautiful, Cerulea was fair"), Jolly John Nash, Jenny Hill ("The Vital Spark")—they were great names in their day, and it is doubtful whether all these together earned in one year what some modern film stars earn in a month.

Their talent we can only take for granted, though there is no reason to doubt it; that their songs had merit is incontestable, and both the words and the music put up a very fair comparison with the ephemeral effusions of to-day.

Was the atmosphere of hectic gaiety in which these long-vanished idols held their worshippers enthralled so very gay? Veterans assure us that its allure has never since been approached; but it must be remembered that they were youthfully impressionable when they sampled the London of the 'seventies. For all that, I found the pre-war music-hall—though their chairmen were long before my time and the only "great" star I recall was "the Great Lafayette," an American illusionist who met his fate in a disastrous theatre fire in Scotland—a cosy and congenial place. It had a feeling of intimacy which passed for a while, and attempts, by no means unsuccessful, to revive that intimacy are part of the present popularity of the music-hall in London, on, so far as is possible, the old lines.

No British institution has been such an unconscionable time in dying as the music-halls. "Variety is dead" was the cry heard twenty years ago. And whenever a comedian to-day cannot look ahead to quite so refreshing a share of "dates" as formerly, "Variety is dead" is the phrase that comes glibly to his gloomy tongue. Yet variety is not dead, in spite of every effort of circumstances and stupidity to kill it.

The renaissance began almost exactly five years ago, when the Palladium reverted, after experiments with musical plays and films had proved unprofitable, to its original purpose. Last year flared up a blaze of "non-stop variety" which swiftly burned itself out, though some traces still remain. The non-stop policy was over-done; because one management made a success, others followed, sheeplike, and half a dozen or more theatres were running similar entertainments from mid-day to midnight. Supply exceeded the demand, though it was not (*Continued on page 94*)

A Drama of the Sea —with Comedy Effects

Captain Flood

By

Richard Howells Watkins

Illustrated by E. Ratcliffe

DANIEL FLOOD, master of the old three thousand ton cargo ship, *H. W. Crosbie*, was snoring in his bed while the *Crosbie* on the long salt trail from New Orleans to Liverpool with cotton, slogged up the Gulf Stream.

A heavy swell, left over from the latest October gale, ran under her. It failed to disturb the captain's sleep. But suddenly he was slung in an awkward heap on the floor of his cabin. The whole ship groaned and staggered under a tremendous blow.

Captain Flood scrambled to his feet. He heard shouts from the bridge above him and fainter, yet even more disturbing, cries from the fo'c's'le. He caught up his shabby greatcoat from the hook and ran out into the passage. In another instant he was up in the wheel-house.

"We—we hit something, sir!" shrilled Haskell, the young second officer, in the master's ear. "I saw no lights—no lights at all!"

Daniel Flood, grim-faced, nodded. He stared ahead into complete opacity. The night was black enough to exonerate any watch officer. His eyes gave him no inkling of what had happened.

But there is no land to be struck some two hundred miles east of Cape Hatteras.

"Keep her going ahead dead slow, Mr. Haskell," he instructed the officer. "We've got to jam our stem into whatever we've struck in case we've holed somebody."

The second mate, brought back from the edge of panic by a definite command, leaped toward the engine telegraph.

"It didn't show any lights—I swear it!" he insisted.

Again Captain Flood nodded. He was a sandy-haired, stocky, unimpressive-looking man, fifty-three years old. For nine uneventful years he had commanded this small freighter and he had hoped to command it for seven years more, equally uneventful.

Men, shrieking out or terribly silent, were pouring from the fo'c's'le on to the well deck. The iron walls of their quarters had been crumpled by something unknown—out of the blackness ahead. Driven by blind instinct they pelted aft and came charging up the ladders toward the two boats that rested in chocks on the bridge deck.

"Shall—shall I get your gun, sir?" stammered the young second, watching the rush with starting eyes.

"Calm 'em down." Dan Flood replied. "No guns."

He turned to find Pete Sunstedt, his morose elderly chief mate, at his elbow.

"Go forrard, Mr. Sunstedt," Flood said to the silent officer. "Try to find out something."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the old mate, with no more than dreary obedience in his voice.

Captain Flood directed another glance at the black void forward. He gave vent to something like a grunt and turned toward the frightened mob who threw themselves at the starboard bridge boat. He did not oppose the rush; he sidestepped it carefully.

Following, he flung at the men curt, decisive orders that gradually straightened out their confused efforts to rip off the cover and get the boat lifted and swung out on the davits. They obeyed him, for his words opposed no barrier to their panicky desires. He worked them into the groove—the routine of preparing a boat for lowering. But he did not give the command to lower when the boat was out on the davits. He called two of the most frightened by name.

"Go down and help the steward bring up provisions and fresh water," he commanded. "The rest of you—over to get ready the port boat! Jump!"

The rush was stopped. The men followed him across the deck. The port boat was still the focus of a mad swirl of uncontrolled action. The falls were tangled and the gear jammed. The second mate was fighting the frenzied men like a hero, with swinging fists and split knuckles.

Daniel Flood deluged the crowd with sharp, individual orders. He quieted the young officer. He had the boat swung out on the davits. When his orders ceased to flow, the shame-faced seamen shuffled their feet and stood by.

Captain Flood laid hold of the shoulder of the carpenter and sent him to sound the wells and bilges forward. He despatched the second with several men to bring out any injured still in the fo'c's'le.

The third mate, a huge, bewildered youngster, hung at his heels clamouring to do something—preferably heroic.

"Go back to the radio shack and sit on Sparks's head if he tries to send out anything, Mr. Elliot," Captain Flood instructed.

The third bounded away.

Captain Flood went back to his room. He mixed himself half a glass of bicarbonate of soda and water. Excitement

THE boatswain, a stocky Dane, took a step forward to confront the shipmaster

sometimes gave him gas around his heart. He drank it slowly, with a glum face.

IN eight minutes the master had a fair idea of what had happened. The mate reported that the thing they had hit was apparently the forward end of a capsized and deserted wooden vessel.

"Maybe a lumber schooner cut in two," Mr. Sunstedt suggested in his weary monotone. "She's low in the water an' covered with weed and shell. She's still hanging together, as well as I can see with a flashlight, and we're still afoul of her below our waterline." As Captain Flood had guessed, the *Crosbie's* bow-plates had been crumpled by the impact and she was taking in water at a dangerous rate. The collision bulkhead was pierced. A fireman had been killed in his bunk and three others had been severely injured. The derelict continued to crash and work against the bows.

Only a few of the black gang on duty in the engine room had joined the rush to the boats. Barney Rusk, the taciturn chief engineer, had gone below in his nightshirt and seen to that in person. Mr. Rusk now reported succinctly that the pumps were busy.

The carpenter came back to inform the master shakily of the swiftly filling hold forward.

Dan Flood chewed his pipe-stem. Then he had a look at the barometer. It was high, but falling fairly rapidly. There is no Indian summer at sea. Not off Hatteras—not even two hundred miles off Hatteras. This approaching low would have wind in it—half a gale or more.

Captain Flood sent orders to Sparks to broadcast a radio call for immediate assistance. Then he spoke to the chief and second mates.

"We've got to get clear of the derelict," he said. "We've ridden up on her a bit, but our stem's not buried solidly enough to keep any water out of us."

The mate wagged his head in shaky agreement. "This swell is battering her against us now, and if the wind comes up——" he began, but Captain Flood interrupted the dismal prophecy:

"I'm going to reverse the engine and swing her stern to the sea. If we can't drag clear of the wreckage under power we'll try something else. Mr. Haskell, you break out storm canvas and have a gang standing by to lower a sail over her bows. Try to get it tight against the twisted plates, so it will suck in with the water. We've got to plug her up somehow."

"Aye, aye, sir," Mr. Haskell replied with exaggerated briskness. He ran down the bridge ladder to muster his party. Mr. Sunstedt crouched in the wing of the bridge, looking forward without hope.

Daniel Flood, with a word to the helmsman, gripped the handle of the engine telegraph. Slowly the *H. W. Crosbie* swung her stern around; rolling wildly in the trough. Then, as the stern came into the wind, she resumed her pitching. But the derelict clung to the bow of the steamer going astern as a hand clings to an arm. There was little buoyancy left in the water-logged derelict, but there was still strength in her wire shrouds and stubborn timbers.

Twelve minutes later the third mate returned from the radio shack.

"Sparks has an answer from the freighter *Tamroy*, sir," he reported. "He wants our exact position."

"The *Tamroy*." The wrinkles on the face of old Pete Sunstedt deepened

until they seemed like creases in his skull. "Did you say '*Tamroy*'?"

"That's the ship," Elliot replied, staring with wonder at the aroused chief officer.

Sunstedt spat over the side. "That's Carveth, then—Captain Ronald Carveth, the blasted, four-flushing hero!" Mr. Sunstedt snarled. "God help you!"

Captain Flood looked searchingly at his elderly mate. Sunstedt was not usually either so talkative or so emotional. The angry mate required no questioning. He spoke in a flood of bitter words.

"He lost my ship for me!" he raged. "We were on fire—a bunker fire, but could have saved her—we had water lines going. But the *Tamroy*—on this same Atlantic run—sighted our smoke. Carveth was mate then and he was in charge of the lifeboat she lowered. The sea was rough. He came alongside and yelled to our crew to jump while they had a chance. The decks were hot and the smoke was pretty bad and the wind was kicking up a rising sea.

"They left us like rats—damn them! There was nothing I could do with the few officers who stuck. So we had to abandon. Carveth got his picture in the papers for his bravery in taking off men in a small boat in a rough sea."

He jerked his grizzled head and his yellow teeth showed in a snarl. "His picture in the papers!" he snapped. "But I lost my ship—lost her because he played the hero—damn him!"

Captain Flood continued to chew his pipe stem. His eyes examined the embittered ex-shipmaster before him with thoughtful attention.

"That's the man who's coming to your rescue!" Sunstedt shrieked, waving his fists over his head. "That's the man!"

Daniel Flood pulled a tobacco pouch out of his pocket and pushed it toward the mate.

"Give yourself time to fill a pipe, Mr. Sunstedt," he advised gruffly.

Slowly the mate lowered his clenched hands.

IN the chartroom of the modern oil-burning freight ship *Tamroy* Captain Ronald Carveth, in watch cap and grey woollen dressing gown, bent over the chart. He laid a straight well-kept finger upon the vicinity of latitude 37 degrees, five minutes N., longitude 72 degrees, 10 minutes W.

"A bit of luck for us, Groehl," he said cheerfully. "We can reach them in four hours. We'll advise the New York office at once that we're running our best. You can imagine the headlines yourself."

Captain Carveth shifted his gold-laced cap a trifle to the side of his head and grinned at his plump mate. His voice became confidential.

"If I got my command over the heads of a lot of hungry, grouchy old senior mates by saving life at sea you can, too, Groehl. This line knows the value of publicity."

"And if you can get command of a freighter that way, sir, you can certainly make 'em give you a mail-boat by saving more life at sea," the broad-visaged mate predicted.

The sleek *Tamroy* was trembling under

SOMEWHERE below the water-line the derelict clutched the "Crosbie" with the steel shrouds of her stumpy foremast . . .

them as she thrust through the blackness toward the *H. W. Crosbie*.

Captain Carveth nodded approvingly at his mate's acute remark. "I sometimes feel that I'm wasted on a freighter," he admitted, again adjusting his cap. "After all, any old barnacle can push a cargo of pulp wood from the Gulf of Bothnia to Norfolk, but it takes—ah—a different type to please passengers."

"And you would please 'em, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Groehl with unrestrained admiration.

"I might," admitted Captain Ronald Carveth and closed his right eye just enough to be jocular while still maintaining proper discipline.

WHEN dawn came the *H. W. Crosbie* was still afloat. But she was unpleasantly low in the water forward, for the derelict bumping under her gave little support and much battering.

The red dawn, coupled with the weather news that the radio operator had picked up, was not reassuring to Captain Flood. Although they were given no inkling of the prediction of another north-westerly blow, the older seamen of the *Crosbie* did not like that rosy, breezy dawn either. But they were too busy to spend much time in the observation of cloud effects.

Captain Flood was fighting hard to free his crumpled bow from the submerged tangle of wreckage that pounded ceaselessly against the ship. Not until she was clear could they get more than the roughest sort of patch around her crumpled plates.

The mates, carpenter, boatswain and men wrought mightily but without success with hawsers, wires, canvas and other gear; and the water came flooding in faster than the pumps could throw it over the side.

There were no ballast tanks to empty for the *H. W. Crosbie* had a good cargo under her hatches. It was just a toss-up whether the next bulkhead aft in the old ship would hold against the pressure of that slowly rising water and the repeated shocks of the wreckage under her forefoot.

Though the ship when unholed had

made no great bones about the heavy swell she laboured with ominous sluggishness now. But her propeller had not yet been lifted out of the sea by the submerging bow; she could still keep her stern to the swell. Down in the engine room Chief Engineer Barney Rusk kept one hazel eye on the main engine and one on the humming auxiliaries which were kicking the water out of her.

"Steam's no use to a dry screw," the chief had warned the master over the speaking tube as the ship settled slowly by the head.

"No time or weather to open hatches and heave cargo overside," Captain Flood replied. "If the stern rises high enough to lift out the wheel we'll lie to a sea anchor. I have one ready. It's the pumps you've got to keep running, chief; we'll do without the engine if we must."

Barney Rusk voiced professional doubts with a grunt and Daniel Flood closed the tube.

Nerve shattered though they were by the sudden crumpling of their quarters, the men of the *Crosbie* nevertheless worked hard and well under the eye of Daniel Flood. The boats on either side of the deckhouse were now well provisioned, with the plugs fitted. The captain paid no more heed to those boats than if they were mere ornaments.

Out of the air had come encouragement from the coastguard cutter *Iroquois* which had picked up the *Crosbie's* call. She was many hours farther away than the *Tamroy* but cutting that distance under forced draft.

About the end of the morning watch the black smoke of the *Tamroy* showed over the edge of the troubled north-eastern horizon. She was coming fast.

The red-eyed, weary men of the *Crosbie* gave a discordant yell when she was sighted. She grew swiftly in size and finally swung around in a safe position about two hundred yards to windward of them.

One of her boats hit the water with business-like precision as soon as she lost most of her way. The men in it knew what they were about.

The wind was coming out of the north-west now, a puffy breeze and rising in the puffs. Already it had built up the swells which came from the same quarter and put a hissing feathery crest on the huge combers. But there was still no raging fury about the seas. Not yet too rough to launch a boat—not too rough yet to sink the sturdy little freighter.

Somewhere below the water-line the derelict clutched the *Crosbie* with the steel shrouds of her stumpy foremast or with some other stubborn tentacle. Its blows had become heavier as the seas increased their stature. Captain Flood took some of the punishment

out of the battering by steaming slowly stern foremost into the weather, but he could not break that hellish grip. Now, fingering his pipe, he looked from his own racked sluggish craft to the trim ship that rode those mountainous swells like a seagull.

Mr. Sunstedt, too, turned his deep, sunken blue eyes upon the *Tamroy* and her boat with hot fire in their depths.

"The same old game!" he snarled to Dan Flood. "Carveth will steal your crew off your deck for the good it'll do him and his line in the newspapers. He'll rescue you, too, captain, if you want—and then you can spend your life on the beach cursing him—for all he cares."

Dan Flood had filled his pipe, but he had not lit it. His strong, uneven teeth were tight on the stem, but his face was placid. His eyes travelled from one man to another on the busy forward deck. He looked them all over. The men were stopping now to watch the boat.

After that scrutiny Captain Flood again inspected the barometer minutely. There was nothing spectacular about its fall, but it was still sagging, nevertheless. And though the toiling men on the fore-deck had accomplished something toward the saving of the ship half a gale of wind might undo it all. Or, if another bulkhead carried away, the sea might sink her too fast for boats to be of much account.

Captain Flood went into the radio shack and wrote out a message to Captain Carveth of the *Tamroy*.

THE mates, carpenter, boatswain and men wrought mightily but without success with hawsers, wires, canvas and other gear. . . . .

"Good chance to save ship. Can you stand by few hours until cutter reaches me?"

The answer from the *Tamroy* came back before the lifeboat had pulled down the cresting seas to the *Crosbie*.

"Your ship plainly sinking (stop) Impossible to stand by (stop) Fall of barometer indicates full gale on way (stop) Strongly advise you to abandon at once to save the lives of your crew. Carveth."

Captain Flood soberly put this literary message in his pocket.

The lifeboat from the *Tamroy* rounded the derelict at the stem of the *H. W. Crosbie* and came up on her lee bow. The boat swung in swift, violent motion from crest to hollow of the heavy swell.

Mr. Groehl, Captain Carveth's plump mate, brought his craft close to the salt-caked side of the *Crosbie* and bawled for a line. The boatswain of the *Crosbie* had one ready and without orders from the bridge snaked an end down to the bowman of the lifeboat.

"Make it lively!" roared Mr. Groehl, as his craft surged high up the rivet-studded plates on a big sea. "If you're coming take it on the jump!"

Captain Flood descended from the bridge and gave instructions to lower in a boatswain's chair the three wounded men. When this had been done a sailor, unbidden, dropped a Jacob's ladder over the bulwark and let its length unroll. Captain Flood leaned against the ladder, looking down at the boat.

"We're sticking it out till the coast-guard cutter gets to us," Flood called down to Groehl. "Your skipper will have a big hand in saving our ship if he'll stand by."

There was a growl of complaint from some of the men of the *Crosbie*. With it blended the clamour of the *Tamroy's* mate for haste. The boatswain, a stocky Dane, took a step forward to confront the shipmaster.

"The carpenter says she's still taking water faster than the pumps will handle it, sir," he said slowly. "And there's a blow coming, too."

"We're going to stick and earn our salt, men," Daniel Flood said to the hesitant group. "It's just a matter of hard work and seamanship to ride out a breeze of wind and get her to port. She's old but stout. There have been ships make port after they've been cut in two. And there's nothing wrong with her engine."

"We've earned our salt chipping the rust off her!" the boatswain flared. "We don't have to sink with her, too."

He flung a leg over the rail defiantly. With a quick movement Dan Flood laid hold of the man by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his pants. In one powerful heave he lifted him over on to the ladder.

"Your kind's no use in a jam, anyhow, you sea lawyer!" Flood said with contempt. "Into the boat, you, and if there are any others of your ilk aboard in they go with you!"

Before anyone could take advantage of this challenge the red-faced boatswain had flung himself back over the rail on to the deck. He whirled toward Captain Flood and shook a frenzied, dirty fist in his face.

"Damn you, I'll stay for the fun o' seeing you drown!" he raged. "I've got more sense than you, but I've got more guts, too! I'll show you up!"

From below came the deep-throated roar of Mr. Groehl: "Abandon, or be damned to you!"

"Make up your mind, bo'sun!" Daniel Flood demanded. "Over the side or back to work!"

Cursing, the boatswain stamped forward. The men followed him. Captain Flood himself cast off the sea painter that held the lifeboat alongside.

"I'm asking your master to stand by!" he shouted to the scowling mate in the stern sheets. "Sheer off!"

The bowman shoved the boat clear and she dropped down wind toward the *Tamroy*, which now waited several hundred yards to leeward.

Captain Flood watched her go. Then he went into his room for a bit more bicarbonate. He rubbed the small of his back, which ached abominably, and massaged his chest around his heart. His face was as wrinkled as an ape's and stubble had overwhelmed his chin and cheeks.

WORK on the *Crosbie* went on. Though it was no shipyard job, the shattered bows of the ship were reinforced with canvas, ropes and timbers down as far as the derelict would permit. Mr. Haskell, at the risk of his life, had swung over the bow at the end of a spar and cast a running bowline of heavy manila rope over the capstan of the timber-laden derelict. With infinite labour they worked the eye splice of a hawser down over the drum of the capstan, then brought this line back outboard along the starboard side of the ship and around a bitt to the wire of a cargo winch. The anchor windlass forward on the twisted deck plates was useless. The winch, clattering mightily, dragged the slimy, barnacle-studded wreckage a scant foot around the shattered stem of the *Crosbie*, but could not haul it clear.

They brought the line around the port side of the ship and tried again. Again the wreckage shifted, then held immovable.

"Open her up!" said Captain Flood to the man at the winch. "Rip her off the plates if you have to."

Grinning, the winch man slacked away a bit on the taut wire; then the winch clattered thunderously. Once more the after end of the derelict lifted sluggishly in the water, grating against the buckled stem. And then with a groan the stubborn, rotted timbers of the old schooner parted. The slimy, barnacle-coated deck yawned. Then deck and side split and disintegrated. Timbers filled the water alongside as the sailing ship's solid sustaining cargo broke into its original pieces.

The men yelled hoarsely. The clutching incubus was releasing its hold on the *Crosbie*. A long steel shroud, red with rust, thrust up suddenly into view, then whipped down under the surface.

Steadily the water-logged remnants of the schooner drifted down wind and sea. Still moving dead slow astern into the weather the *Crosbie* widened the gap.

As Captain Flood waited to hear whether the buckled plates had opened wider in the bows of the ship there was thrust into his gnarled hands another scrawled radio message from the *Tamroy*:

Will put line aboard you with gun (stop) Desire make every effort to save lives despite your attitude. Carveth."

"Send him this," Dan Flood told the third and scrawled the words: "Request that you stand by. Have broken away from derelict. Keep clear."

"Carveth will drive 'em into a panic yet!" Mr. Sunstedt predicted with dour certainty. His red-rimmed eyes turned from the men on the foredeck to the *Tamroy* to leeward. "Here he comes! When he lets go that rocket he'll jerk the string right out o' the backbone of these men. They know well what a gun and line means. It's the last resort. Blast him; you'll have a rush for the boats on your hands, captain."

Captain Flood nodded wearily in response to this dire prophecy.

"Meanwhile we have a chance to get more canvas around that bow, Mr. Sunstedt," he said. "Now that she's clear we may be able to do a better repair job."

"Aye, sir," mumbled Mr. Sunstedt. "But maybe hauling that wreckage away has opened her up to the sea."

He moved forward with uncertain steps. Daniel Flood beckoned to the third mate when he returned from the radio shack. "As soon as that ship shoots a line over us with a projectile, Mr. Elliot, I want you to cut it away," he said crisply. "Watch her! She won't shoot until she's steamed to windward of us."

Mr. Elliot nodded belligerently and pulled an old-fashioned sheath-knife out of its leather guard. "Stand by to cut away the line, sir," he said with relish.

The carpenter stuck his head up the bridge ladder.

"Coming in a little faster, sir," he yelled. "We must ha' strained her worse."

"Lend the mate a hand," Captain Flood said, nodding forward. He studied the descending man intently. He was blue around the lips, but whether from exhaustion or fear Captain Flood could not tell.

He walked out into the starboard wing of the bridge. The aching hollow in the small of his back seemed to be getting deeper. The hardening wind chilled him through all his clothes, chilled his bones through his flesh. He gazed intently down the timber-strewn blue water toward the *Tamroy*.

The ship had picked up her boat and now was headed almost directly toward the *Crosbie*. Captain Flood's weary eyes narrowed as he noted her course. The contrast between the safety so plainly offered by that magnificent, high-sided and powerful ship as she swept towards them and the (*Continued on page* 96)

How Many *Famous*

Parents *of* Future prepare *for a* Shock . . . Genius *are* only a 2,000,000 *to* One —*and* then some

By Wilson McCarty

EVERY eight seconds, it is claimed, a baby is born. Perhaps it is every eight minutes. I am not sure. It does not matter very much. The point that I see is that every eight seconds, or every eight minutes, a woman gives birth to what she is absolutely convinced, in her first exalted moments of motherhood, will be a genius—at the least, world-famous.

What a brilliant place this world would be if this were true!

I remember once when I was in America, motoring from coast to coast, as they say there, I stopped one night in a Room for Tourists One Dollar, rather than push on to the nearest hotel, which was ninety miles distant, and, stopping there for the night, I fell into conversation with my landlady. Her name was Mrs. Summers. I remember her very well. She was a robust woman with a determined expression and weak blue eyes —a paradox, I noted at the time, that one so often meets in so-called strong faces. She was about sixty-five years of age and beginning to be garrulous. Her husband was dead. But she was much interested that I came from England because her husband's people came from England, from Lancashire, of a very old (and probably broken down) family. And forthwith she took me into the "front parlour," which looked exactly like a first class carriage of an old-fashioned non-corridor train on the Continent, with its hard, grey upholstered seats and lace head-rests, and with its views of (1) the Leaning Tower of Pisa, (2) a handsome girl of the barmaid school embracing a bottle of Apollinaris, and (3) sunset over several dark figures bathing among some old rocks (probably herself and in-laws). . . and there, in this parlour, she proceeded to show me, not only pictures of her late husband and all his people from Lancashire, but also a whole series of photographs of her one child: a hairless and tortured-looking tot of eighteen months in *this* picture, a bewildered shaver of five in *that*, a dim boy of twelve with spectacles and a Windsor collar and tie in the next.

"That's my son John!" she exclaimed. "There's a bright boy for you! That boy should be President of the United States."

I murmured in the traditional style. Next morning, when I was taking my leave, she said:

"So you're going through Needles (California). Then you just stop and meet my son John. Everyone in Needles knows *him*. Just stop at the first filling station and ask for him."

"Oh," I replied, "I thought he was still a babe."

"Why! He's a fine big man like yourself now! And just as sure as you're born, Mister, that boy'll be President of the United States one day. If," she added with shrewd caution, "the government ever gits any sense into its head."

I went on. As I came into Needles I caught sight of a large petrol station, and I pulled up.

"Could you please tell me where John Summers lives?" I inquired of the man who came out.

"That's me," he replied with a friendly grin, "John Summers personally!"

I looked at him. He was a big, loose-jointed man with sloping shoulders, with skin that hung in folds about his chin, with wire spectacles and behind them the dimmest eyes I have ever seen. And he was fifty, at least.

I WONDER—how many of the 650,000 children born each year in England alone achieve the fame that Mrs. Summers, out there in America, but so really like most English mothers in her maternal pride, was convinced would come to her son John? I am sure, precious few. Here in England lives a goodly portion of the world-famous. Yet how many, or should we say how few, do they number? Who's Who of 1934 lists 40,000 names, but they are by no means all famous nor all English. If, in addition, we search through the various professional books of the stage, screen, or radio stars, through the lists of famous authors, playwrights, painters and illustrators, through the sporting annals, and through the more staid journals, where we shall find the great names in medicine and in science—if we search through them all, how many shall we find? Perhaps 5,000 English celebrities. While, if we consider only those who have achieved *world*-fame, our list would probably shrink a hundred-fold. Everyone reading this magazine knows Jack Hulbert, Commander Burney, Oswald Mosley, or Dame Ethel Smythe. But who in France knows them? How many in America know them? In Japan? In Russia? In China, Mei Lang Fang has a greater position than Charles Laughton has here, but I will wager that not many people in England have ever heard of him.

While further to shrink any list of world-famous people we should have to omit the names of royalty and inherited positions, where fame was principally gratuitous.

The population of England is roughly 40,000,000. If, as we say, generously, there are 5,000 celebrities in England, it means that only one out of every 8,000 makes a name. While if we change our ratio to include the population of the world, those millions of unknown Indians, the African tribes, the Chinese coolies, we shall find that not one in two million turns out a genius. Poor mother!

It is not extraordinary, then, in the face of such an infinitesimal chance to become famous, how in almost every one of us there persists a secret longing to be of The Great. And the further removed from fame that we are, the more we try to attain it vicariously, by catching some of the reflected glory, as we say: "Jack Hobbs? Why *I* seen him bowl a century *I* did!" Or "Bobby Howes? Why my daughter's greatest pal does the char for him!" Or "Maurice Chevalier? Why, they sent for me to give an imitation of him on the wireless the other night, I'm so much like him!"

What is it that nurtures this insistent longing? What is it that makes almost every mother in the world clasp her baby to her breast with such special care? For it obviously is not just mother-love; it isn't just pity for the helplessness and sweet innocence of the child. No. It is an absolute conviction that *this* child—not Mrs. Brown's boy, who is a horrid, mean little elf, clear enough! not Mrs. Jones's little girl, who may be pretty enough but is clearly an empty-headed doll—but *this child of mine*—ah there! there, there is something special, something extraordinary, something wonderful!

A budding genius! That is what is in that tender clasp!

And the finer the mother, the deeper goes her conviction that this is true, and the more painstakingly she will nurture this rarest of all flowers. And even when the child grows up, turns out quite ordinary, or becomes even a villain, his mother will still believe, in the depths of her heart, (*Continued on page* 112)

Decorations by Batt

People *are there* in the World?

Prime Ministers *must* The Odds *against* trifling matter *of*

The Marriage Racket

Pretty Wife, Young Admirer, Elderly

Illustrated by W. S. Hutton

SUZANNE GRANIER was extravagant. She herself admitted it. It stopped her husband complaining about it. Women discovered long ago that their greatest strength lay and always has lain in disarming and disarmament. It takes a man to think of a disarmament conference. Women never fool themselves : only other people.

Suzanne was never in funds except on treasury night, and by the following Sunday her very considerable salary had usually been spent in staving off old creditors and buying new frocks and hats. What could she do ? She had to look smarter than anyone else. Here she was, the most adorable, the most vivacious, the most promising soubrette in Paris. She had to look the part. She waved her flaxen curls like a little golden flag and men ran from every direction to answer the signal ; her eyes, her nose, her lips—oh, they were so charming, so good-resolution-shattering. How she used that tiny hipless figure ; how her legs and her feet laughed and joked through every part she played !

And her boys ! There were so many, and they were so silly. They made such mad conversation about her and to her. It was a wonder she kept her balance.

And when a brown young man in a beret and a blue polo vest who had driven his Mercédès-Benz all the way from Eden Roc specially to attend her first night—when he burst into her dressing-room and told her she was beautiful and luscious . . . and incomparable and . . . lovely and . . . beautiful and so terribly, painfully kissable—oh, so kissable . . . kiss, kiss, kiss, all up her fingers and her arm and her shoulder and her neck—when he'd finished, she would curb his impatience by showing him her . . . latest frock or coat. That method would switch off these lyrical devotees to ecstatic praise of her taste and the air she had in her new photographs, and so on. Oh, these French boys expected so much ! She had to be so *diplomatique*.

Well, it was no good ; she just had to live up to that reputation. She couldn't make a name for chic and lose it to someone else a week later. She just had to go on and beat 'em all. She'd got to be exclusive and extravagant and look wealthy and careless. It was a grand adventure.

But it all ended in flattery and flirtation. It was said and believed that Suzanne was utterly and indissolubly married. She was always the lovely unattainable. Her husband was devoted to her, brought her to the theatre every night and retrieved her after every performance like a faithful hound. Marcel was so kind. He was too kind. He was so kind that everyone said he had long ago become

A Very Parisian Comedy

By L'Estrange Fawcett

Husband, Posh Car . . . Vive l'Amour

WHEN he burst into her dressing-room and told her she was beautiful . . . she would curb his impatience by showing him her latest frock or coat

a fool. Suzanne would have liked more often to dash to a low café for supper, but Marcel had made it a rule that she must go out only to lunch and "five o'clock." After the show she must always or nearly always rest. She must safeguard her health, her most precious gift. She must be in bed early and take what the doctor ordered. She must have more care for the future than for the present, always considering her Art and her Public. Long sleep was an actress's best insurance.

Marcel talked like that because he was in the insurance business. He had all the old patter. Suzanne sighed that she knew it was all too true and told the blue beret it must be lunch in the Bois after all.

Often Suzanne looked cautiously at Marcel and wondered how long it could last.

Marcel was short, fussy, black-coated, pin-stripe-trousered, putting on weight and losing his hair. Although his clothes looked invariably too tight he was always ostentatiously neat and tidy. His collar and shirt were beautifully white, his tie and felt-topped patent leather boots the acme of elegance. He sweated a lot on the top of his head, which always made Suzanne think his clothes were squeezing moisture out of him. But he was always imperturbable and unmoved. Even when Suzanne was in a vile temper he put it down to her artistic temperament and excused it with exasperating persistence.

Suzanne often regretted marrying, but how could one foresee whether one would become a success or not? A year or two ago she was struggling for recognition. Her life one long rebuff and insult. It seemed so easy to get this dumpy little man to help her to pay her expenses and set her free from future anxiety. He was not a bad little chap, as little chaps went, and he made a decent income in an indecent manner. "Betting," said Suzanne, "on the length of life of his numerous clients."

AT the moment Suzanne was in a quandary. She had made a hit, but it wasn't big enough in these skimpy times. As yet Hollywood had not found her and French film studios paid so badly, Suzanne wanted her independence. She wanted to launch out and spend, spend, spend. She had a vague idea Marcel was a good business man, or might be some day. But he was so slow and so mean. How stupid the economists were! Why did wages, the wages she could earn, lag so slowly behind rising cost of living? Things ought to be managed better.

This was her moment. So silly of Marcel to talk of cheaper stockings, when everyone knew all her boys came to the formidably expensive front rows to look at her legs. She must dig more money out of Marcel—she deserved it.

Nor was he becoming any more romantic or gallant. Anything but! He often omitted now to descend from the car at the theatre and hand her out. Men ought to hand women about, oughtn't they? Not stretch over, push the door and then slam it with indecent haste and noise, almost before one is clear. Would she be better off without Marcel? How long would her boys await her signal? Would they wait until Marcel was run over by a tram or took on with another woman or killed himself in his car? He was a shocking driver. Suzanne pulled herself up: she was horrified at such cruel thoughts. People thought they were ideally married: that was enough.

Which all goes to show—as the recruit said when he upset the Indian ink over the sergeant's scarlet tunic—Life's a fraud and things aren't what they seem.

That car of Marcel's brought matters to a crisis. It was years old; well, at least two, and Suzanne said it was false economy not to show her off in a lovely machine. She wanted a honey-coloured Delage. Lovely! But Marcel had chosen this moment for one of his bi-monthly economy drives. He didn't want any heavy capital expenditure . . . just at the moment. Suzanne must be content. Perhaps later they would get the car she wanted.

"But, Marcel, I must *seem* extravagant . . . even if we are not. That's my special line. Can't I even hire a big car?"

"With petrol and oil the price they are!" Marcel laughed at her. Suzanne

liked people to laugh with her—that was her stage training—but not at her. She was not pleased. It was incredible that she, the loveliest, most adorable, most exquisite comedienne in Paris should be pushed about in a two-year-old car, let alone laughed at by an insurance man.

"I'll keep my eyes open for a bargain," said Marcel soothingly.

Suzanne didn't want a bargain. She hated bargains and the sellers and buyers thereof, and Marcel was an inveterate huckster. He couldn't help it. It was his job.

He was always calculating. Suzanne said an actress should never calculate. She must always plunge. She began to say she wouldn't travel any more in the old Ballot, and by and by Marcel ceased coming to the theatre. He was very busy at the office, and Suzanne travelled in taxis.

They were both getting vindictive—all over a two-year-old car. Suzanne didn't want to lose Marcel—not to make a deliberate, obvious break—but she did want to lose the car. Why wouldn't someone steal it? Just because Marcel, being so clever, would be sure to trace it and bring it back. Now and then they sat and glared at each other. At other times they just sat. They were reaching the lesson-teaching stage. They sulked, refused to yield to each other, and kept apart. Marcel was infuriating, always just running to the office or trotting back, everything and everybody subordinated to that. Suzanne went to more parties, because other people found her sparkling and clever and witty. Marcel refused to see her as anything but brainless and without character. He said she'd be a soubrette all her life. Suzanne believed it would be true as long as he was thwarting her.

AND then Etienne arrived. He was home from Saigon on five months' leave. He had seen most of Suzanne's newspaper photographs in distant Cochin-China, and her show was his first in Paris since the end of the war.

Suzanne's mother had told her how during the war one had to be kind to soldiers on leave. They had so little time to enjoy themselves. One let comparative strangers take one out to the cinema or the races and hold one's hand in a taxi and even kiss a little as long as no harm was intended.

Etienne, it seemed, was a distant cousin of Suzanne's mother, and that reminded her of her mother's conversation.

Suzanne's mother was dead. Etienne hadn't heard and had to be told. Suzanne was a little tearful, and Etienne put his strong arm round her shoulder. She noticed how slim and brown, how dry and cool his hand was, and it didn't seem wrong the very first time they had met, since . . . why, she was only a tiny girl with bare legs and socks. How they laughed and then were serious again, remembering Mamma.

It was all so strange, for Marcel was actually away that night. He was hardly ever away, but he had gone to Rouen on some business. Oh, it had been tiresome, packing him off. Suzanne had a vile headache and did want to rest before going to the theatre. But Marcel had demanded her help in packing. They had spent two hours filling a suitcase. It was unbelievable. For one night!

They had fought, because Suzanne said a "smoking" was quite superfluous in Rouen, and, why must he have a second suit to travel home in the next day? And, why two pairs of pyjamas? He must really make up his mind which pair to wear before he started, or else take an extra suitcase. It seemed elementary, and Suzanne yawned and said so. After that there was a monstrous argument, full of personalities, and doors were slammed. The concierge said he'd never seen Marcel in such a rage before—or, considering Marcel, in such a hurry.

Now Etienne had come and Suzanne's headache was all gone. In her dressing-room after the show he was so attractive, so sympathetic. Suzanne thought she had never seen such a lovely man before. He wanted her to show him Paris: he hadn't seen it since 1919, and it seemed to have altered. Suzanne thought there couldn't be any harm in showing an elderly cousin—he must be 37 at least—round Paris. In fact, the excuse that he was a stranger, comparatively, in their midst, and a cousin of her mother, made it almost essential that Suzanne should show him round Paris.

Marthe, her dresser, who was also her maid, had gone on home to get them something to eat—what more natural?

And soon they were in the quiet flat, standing on the balcony looking out over the river in the moonlight, remembering Mamma and getting quite sentimental. When Marthe fussed out with the news that supper was served, it was rather fun to have your arm taken by this strong, tall man, so different from those sleek boys from Antibes. It was all wrong that Etienne *was* so much taller and harder than Marcel. Etienne seemed a sort of Marshal Lyautey in the making—fighting the jungle—planting the flag amid the most ruthless savages in the world—burning heat and searing cold. What did two pairs or one pair of pyjamas matter compared with that? Why did people stay at home when Saigon made Etiennes?

Etienne had the palest blue eyes; marvellously innocent they looked and so quaintly humorous. And he had a small brown moustache which curled upwards a little, making him look very martial, but revealing a gently, smiling mouth. Despite his strong, handsome nose and the deep lines on his cheeks, his prevailing characteristic was kindness, especially towards women. Also, oh thrills! He had a scar on his forehead, caused by a kris or some other native weapon. It made him look rather

SUZANNE wanted to say he was the most marvellous person she had ever met—but that might be a little dangerous

fierce and domineering and frightening. He did seem to like looking urgently at his cousin. But she looked away, wishing . . . oh, anything—perhaps, that she could have given him a better supper—a little caviare or bortsch and some champagne.

That simply invited the gallant retort, but, instead, he glanced at his watch and Suzanne thought he was going. But he only begged leave to telephone—a matter of pressing business—he had not anticipated supping with the prettiest . . . . Suzanne said the telephone was in Marcel's study, behind his large photograph.

While Etienne telephoned he regarded the worried silver-framed visage of Marcel and contemplated the mentality of a man who could tolerate the photograph of such an incredibly ugly person in his own study.

A few moments after Etienne had returned to Suzanne's side, Marthe bustled in with a picnic basket, and before Suzanne could ask questions, Etienne took the basket and opened it.

"Will you forgive me, Cousin Suzanne," he begged. "I had this stuff over at my hotel simply going to waste." He took out of the basket a couple of bottles of Pol Roger and the largest jar of caviare Suzanne had ever seen. She gasped. It was inexcusably presumptious, of course, but also irresistibly exciting. And Suzanne loved feeling extravagant.

"Do you *mind* taking caviare after omelette," he asked; "it is quite irregular, though I don't see why, if *you* don't object."

Suzanne wanted to say he was the most marvellous person she had ever met, but that might be a little dangerous.

After they had eaten and the second bottle had been opened, Etienne declared that Suzanne must rest with her feet up, while he talked to her—or should he go—if she was tired? But he did not go and soon his engagement book was out and he was filling it with assignations.

Suzanne found herself accepting luncheons, teas and suppers. She was a little flushed and very pretty. Oh, it was fun! She hadn't had champagne like that since her wedding, when her mother provided it. The stuff she celebrated (?) first nights with in various stuffy, grease-painty dressing-rooms tasted usually like warm ginger ale. But this stuff; it was a wine. It made her happy. Etienne was rather a darling. She believed she would let him kiss her before he left—if ever he did. It was awfully late, but she didn't mind, and Etienne was so soon going back to Saigon. What ever would Marcel say? He was at Rouen—two pyjamas! Suzanne laughed out loud.

Etienne was lighting his pipe—she permitted it, yes? It really didn't matter what Etienne did. She was sure he wouldn't mind if she put on something more restful. She really was tired. . . . Ah, that pale pink negligée was a bit better, and the feathers really were lovely.

"It is the *best*, the prettiest I've ever seen," he said, handing her back to her sofa. Etienne regularly handed people about. See, where had she had that thought before? Oh, it didn't matter. It was just a *gallant* sort of gesture; made one feel there were strong men still alive, not the wretched specimens Suzanne saw hanging about the theatre in Paris.

Etienne didn't seem to be going to sit down again. Oh dear, she was afraid he *was* going to kiss her. Oh dear, he was. Oh dear. . . ! *Mon Dieu*. . . !

THE rest of the story Etienne himself told me. I ran into him on the gangway of the *Ruritania* at Havre. He was off back to Saigon via the Panama. I was for Havana. We had soldiered together in the war and were very old friends. He told me what he had been doing—you had to like Etienne, because he never minded telling a good story against himself. This one certainly was.

I gathered that the Affaire Suzanne occupied all Etienne's spare time in Paris. Marcel made no protest. Probably, in his stuffy mind, Etienne's cousinship made all the difference. Besides, he was busy himself, actually not more than usual, but on the slightest provocation he imagined himself overwhelmed by his regular routine. The result was that Etienne practically monopolised Suzanne, and she raised no objection. She was hopelessly in love with him.

Etienne didn't say as much, but I know he never does things half-heartedly, and I know his temperament. He was going back to Saigon to recover or to forget (as the films say). I gathered also that he had spent all his cash. Suzanne, as I believe I mentioned, was extravagant, but Etienne seemed to have literally swamped himself with debts over her. Of course, he didn't grumble. All in the day's fun! And how he had enjoyed his vocation!

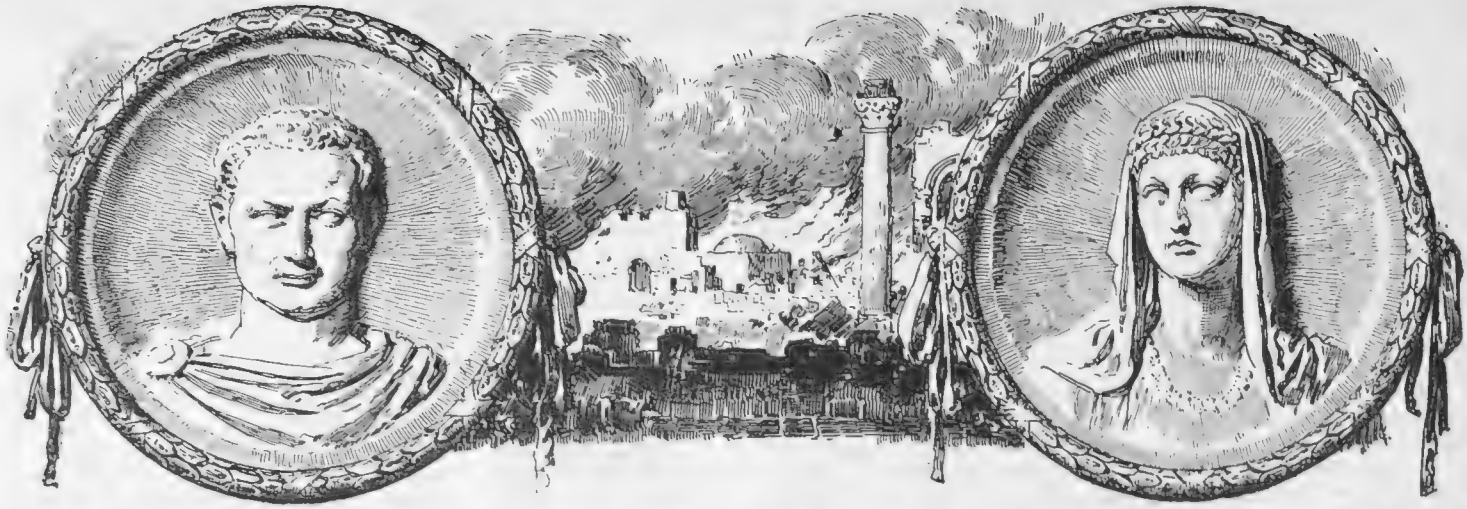
One evening on deck after a round of the inevitable games, he told me all about it. He found out about Marcel's kink on the subject of the car, and immediately he wanted to buy the most expensive Delage he could get and give it to Suzanne. It must be a honey-coloured one, awfully long and streamy and sleek.

"Marcel wouldn't hear of it," she said. "He'll never allow anyone to give me anything."

"Well, let me lend you a car. I had a card from a showroom only this morning. They've got just what you want." To put him off she let him have some cars round to his hotel, went there and tried out some of them. Of course, he made sure the sort of Delage coupé she wanted happened along. As they danced afterwards, she said he must behave himself. . . and not be silly about the car either. Why, it must be worth 200,000 francs or more. Easy.

At last they hit on a plan. Etienne was to pose as a great expert on cars and in the know. She would tell Marcel that Etienne had secured the car through a friend for 20,000 francs, as it was a last year's model and a definite throw-out. The chassis model had been scraped, as it was too big. Anyway Marcel was very stupid about cars and neither conspirator cared about the future. Etienne merely lived for the day, regardless of the consequences, and Suzanne seemed absolutely reckless. She evidently had had a very gay time.

"Why don't you marry and settle down," I asked (*Continued on page* 109)



OLD TALES RE-TOLD

Written *and* illustrated *by* F. MATANIA, R.I.

The Love Story of Titus and Berenice

"THE KING IS DEAD."

And when the kingdom over which he ruled was Palestine—Jewish by population, Roman by rule, a cosmopolitan mart by temperament—the death of the King brought out the quintessential characteristics of the inhabitants.

Sackcloth and ashes were the order of the day: wailing was the converse of the hour. Lamentations re-echoed throughout Cæsarea, lamentations for the Great, for the Benefactor, for *Pater Patriæ*. . . .

For the King was Agrippa.

But the royal decease was not only the signal for an orgy of tears. Stiff-necked and bigotedly narrow in their passionate patriotism, a section of the Jews, resenting the Roman influence and the broad Latin culture, saw in the interregnum the chance, if not for deliverance from the Cæsarean yoke, at least the opportunity to create such a turbulence as would force the authorities to take action; and, mayhap, that, in turn, would force the nation to unite in monotheistic Hebrew solidarity against Pantheistic Rome.

Insult gradually mingled with panegyric, epithets with eulogy. The bazaar shops were kept half-closed, the granaries were shut, the Palace guards were doubled, for there were housed the three princesses — Drusilla, Mariamne, and Berenice.

Six, ten, and sixteen were their ages, and Berenice, the eldest, had just been married to Herod, her uncle, brother of Agrippa.

For the nationalists had chosen their time well. Agrippa the younger, the legitimate heir to the throne, a boy not yet eighteen, was in Rome, completing his education. His uncle and brother-in-law, Herod, had no authority.

Only the Shadow of the Eagle preserved the Pax Romana . . .

One day a group of soldiers stormed the Palace. They were prevented from reaching the princesses, but they bore away their effigies.

As they retreated in triumph with their prizes—the ritual emblems of royalty, the statues of Regal Virginity—the scum of the populace rallied to them.

Cæsarea was a sea-port. Like all such towns, it had its "quarter." Latticed windows concealed sights better left unseen. Half-open doors, in which stood women with eyelids overlaid with kohl, with naked shoulders, dizened with all the unguents at once of the Orient and the Half-World—hinting blatantly of its shameful, shameless life. . . .

On the roof of one such *lupanar* the three effigies were placed. The virgin purity of marble was defaced with paint. Round their stone feet were enacted scenes of the lazar-house, culminating in a mock-auction for the carven bodies of the Royal House.

From the living daughters to the dead father spread the profanation. Libations were poured to Charon in gratitude for Agrippa's death.

And above the swirling miasma of hideous humanity, transcending even their smirches of paint, stood the three statues, aloof, austere, sublime. . . .

That was the atmosphere into which, that the baptism from which, Berenice made her entrance on to History's stage. She, poor pawn in the game of High Diplomacy, was queened first of Chalcis by her uncle; secondly, after his death, of Judæa by her brother. . . .

What, then, of the Eagles? What, indeed?

Eagles were no longer kings; their talons were trimmed, their wings were clipped. They were caged and jessed and belled. *The Eagles were just one more section of pampered pets in the vile menagerie of Nero.*

Weakness at the head means licence of the limbs. The statement is true nationally as physiologically. In Judæa revolt first raised its serpent head.

An outlaw called Florus waged war against the Jews with all the hideous concomitants of Oriental civil war. Emboldened by the huge army under his command, he took full advantage of the mildness of Agrippa. The latter tried to establish peace with speeches. He was laughed at and stoned.

Berenice also tried to mollify the brutal nature of Florus and impress the seditious and superstitious—by performing a vow in the temple of Jerusalem.

For thirty days she abstained from wine and all luxury. She shore off her hair and stood barefoot before the tribunal of the mighty assassin—a Hebrew Godiva—that no more lives should be sacrificed . . . to no purpose.

The war went on. An attempt was even made to burn the Palace. Only by a miracle did Agrippa and his sister, Berenice, escape.

The Jews were then against the government whatever it were. They were against any form of an organised State. They were against the Romans. Sometimes they were even against themselves. Every town was divided in two parties, making of them a battlefield, a cemetery and, too often, a heap of smoking ashes.

Again had come the reign of Chaos and Old Night, when a new hope came to the Queen—Vespasian arrived from Rome.

He was fully prepared to reduce to order the Holy—say, rather, Unholy Land.

When the news arrived that Vespasian was on his way, Agrippa mustered all the soldiers he could. He was deeply impressed by the sight of the Roman army and pleasantly impressed with the friendliness of Vespasian.

The Roman's appearance was far from suggesting the fierce warrior that he really was. He was rather fat; his round, pleasant face was unusually wrinkled and extremely mobile; he was witty, and often made jokes against himself.

He concealed beneath his fatherly ways a keen interest in women. The Shadow of the Purple was even then manifest in his character.

AS they retreated in triumph with their prizes—the ritual emblems of Royalty, the statues of Regal Virginity—the scum of the populace rallied to them

His little eyes shone as he paid homage to the Queen Berenice.

In 67 A.D., Titus, the son of Vespasian, reached Alexandria. He had put in order the remains of the colonial army. Other forces joined him from Cæsaria and Syria. He assembled his troops at Ptolomais, forming one of the greatest military organisations Syria had ever known.

Titus had inherited all the warlike nature of his father. Also a slight tendency to plumpness. He was twenty-six years old and an Admirable Crichton.

Nothing had been lost of the most exacting, many-sided education to which he had been submitted. He was supposed to be one of the quickest shorthand writers of his time. He could imitate signatures and handwriting of everyone with extraordinary facility. His friends used to tell him that his honesty was depriving Rome of a first-class criminal!

The charm of his conversation, together with his pleasant features, opened for Berenice the gates of a new world.

Her age then was thirty-nine, but she looked ten years younger. She had never known the meaning of the word love. If at thirty-nine a woman falls in love for the first time in her life, there is no violence of passion, no intensity of devotion, that can equal it.

For Titus, engaged in dry military duties, the intervals spent in an atmosphere saturated with the incense of Cirene, the perfumes of Antioch, the delights of an oriental court and the company of such an irresistible woman as Berenice, were ample compensation for the attractions of Rome.

BERENICE shore off her hair—a Hebrew Godiva—that no more lives should be sacrificed . . . to no purpose

Fortune had not been kind to him in love. He lost his first wife, Arricidia Tertulla, in the flower of her age. He married a second time, but the noble Marcia Furnillà did not prove to be a congenial companion to him.

Spiritually, he was free to plunge, body and soul, in what constituted the only real love affair of his life.

His task was gigantic—to create for himself and Berenice a kingdom ordered and controlled. (He had no dreams of the Purple, but regarded himself solely as a soldier.)

Even more difficult was it to achieve it without a tremendous loss of human life. The sweet nature of Berenice had no taste for bloodshed. She hoped that the mere display of force would persuade the Jews to come to their senses. It was with tears of joy and hope that she witnessed the departure of the legions in full panoply towards Jotapata.

One characteristic dominated all others in the Jewish race—

HE had arrived in Galilee again and Agrippa with every expre

determination. In their decadence this had intensified to blind obstinacy. It transcended even the instinct of self-preservation. The most clement of commanders *could* not spare them.

Nor could he break the rock of their religious fanaticism.

They could easily have preserved their own religion merely by abiding by the laws of Rome, the laws of civilisation and order; but the proud race of Israel, the Chosen of God, had not the humility to be saved by another people.

In God—in God alone—was their trust. News arrived that the massacre was increasing daily. Jotapata was penetrated by stratagem, but the inhabitants, instead of surrendering to the Romans, fell into such despair that a wave of collective folly obsessed them to the point that they commenced killing each other.

Every man slew his entire family, only to be slaughtered in his turn.

A mere 12,000 women and children survived, and were sold as slaves, while the servants of the Roman army undertook the task of burying forty thousand bodies.

The news was horrible, but in the heart of the Queen burned a secret consolation.

Titus was unhurt.

The life of the lovers was ruled by two things only—War and Love. The tragedy of to-day was obliterated in the kiss of to-morrow.

The Love Story of Titus and Berenice.

and was received by Berenice
sion of friendship and splendour

Ominous tidings from Rome described the growing mania of Nero. He intended to go to Gaul and pacify thousands of barbarians, and armies, and generals in rebellion—by singing to them!

He was preparing an expedition composed of hundreds of cart-loads of theatrical scenery and musical instruments. Scores of concubines and dancing girls, ordered to bob their hair for the occasion, were to be dressed as Amazons. The world laughed, but to Vespasian it was no laughing matter to dissimulate a slight worry through his laconicism.

For Titus and Berenice, Nero did not exist.

Rome did not exist.

Their world was bounded by themselves.

Then burst the bombshell.

Nero was dead.

Vespasian sent Titus to Rome.

This was the first time that the lovers tasted the sorrow of separation.

Rome in 68 rivalled Europe in 1918. Emperors were tottering and Kings on the run. Nero was Emperor—and died by his own hand. Galba was Emperor—and lynched. Otho was Emperor—and committed suicide. Vitellius was Emperor—and was slain.

In a few days Rome had seen four Emperors.

Vespasian decided to return to Rome. Titus was ordered back to take the place of his father as commander-in-chief. He had arrived in Galilee again and was

received by Berenice and Agrippa with every expression of friendship and splendour.

When Vespasian was proclaimed Emperor the army in Palestine went mad.

He was *their* Vespasian.

TITUS had determined to take Jerusalem intact. He wanted to preserve for Berenice all the splendours of that mighty city.

Manœuvres, preparations and entrenchments had been in progress for some time, when one day, Titus, who, with a few of his captains, was scouting around the walls of Jerusalem, was suddenly surrounded from the main army.

There was no way of escape, except the high folly of an attempt to break through.

Titus made it. Followed by his officers, he slashed his way athwart the multitude and came out safe on the other side.

Once again, the Spirit of Man was stronger than men.

"It is useless. They are all affected with a suicidal mania," said Titus to Berenice, beneath the slave-swung fan in the great hall. "I have taken the first wall. The Jews *must* understand that Jerusalem is practically in our hands—but John and Simon doubled their efforts and I had to take the second wall.

"They have learned to use the engines of war captured from Cestius and have turned them against us.

"In the hope of stilling the slaughter, I ordered a full review before the wall. All the inhabitants assembled on rampart roof. The temple, the towers, the house of David, the Feminarum, and every single roof in Jerusalem was thronged with soldiers and civilians."

Berenice, eyes gazing into space, murmured: "*Morituri!* . . . Those about to die."

And Titus repeated after her: "*Morituri! Vero morituri.* For four days I have been waiting but no words of peace reached me. I resorted to my last attempt.

"I sent Josephus, hoping that the sound of their own language would obtain a better effect than my display.

"Josephus was more than willing. He would willingly have sacrificed his life to improve the opinion that we had of his countrymen.

"Poor wretch! He had a tremendous difficulty in finding a place both within hearing distance and safe from the darts. The senseless fools knew well who he was. At first they sneered at him; eventually they listened. I have never heard such a flow of common-sense, such an array of arguments expressed with an inspired and masterly eloquence. No syllogism of logic, no flight of rhetoric did he leave untried to touch their hearts or awaken their reason. He told them that their lives, their wives, their children, the sanctity of their religion, would be respected. In my name he promised the safety of their temples and their gods.

"He even offered himself and his family as hostages for the preservation of Jerusalem.

"The result? Only more sneers, insults, and threats. By the time that he had finished shouting, his throat was bleeding."

As Titus was about to continue, Berenice said: "I know everything. You would not have waited for four hours had it not been for love of me. Your love and your sense of humanity have kept in check what nothing in the world has ever been able to keep in check, *Aquila Romana*. But I must admit that kindness to Israel is interpreted only as weakness. So it has been since the day that the waters of the Red Sea parted for them. So it will be through all eternity."

The fall of Jerusalem was a cataclysm. Jerusalem the Golden, the mighty town where kings had poured out their treasures, eternalised by magnificent architecture, filled with works of art by thousands of master hands, splendid with majestic buildings and towers and walls, gracious with tapestries made to defy time, glorious with a temple in which were

THE fall of Jerusalem. Jews were dying of famine in thousands. In order to check the unavoidable pestilence, innumerable dead bodies were cast over the walls of the doomed city

THE triumph of Vespasian and Titus was gigantic. The famous gold candlestick was carried on a special platform by itself

ıshrined the treasures of gold and gems ccumulated by the faith of generations, temple the mere façade of whose main or, built in the shape of a triumphal ch, was visible for miles, both from its and because it was completely vered by huge golden plates, "as ough one were looking at the sun itself," id Flavius Josephus. . . . This marvelus city was neither revered as a treasure even respected as a museum. It was the mercy of the scum of humanity l a populace of lunatics.

)F the hideous horrors of that destruction it were well not to speak. Jews dying in thousands of famine. In ler to check the unavoidable pestilence, umerable dead bodies were cast over walls of the doomed city. The iour spread that people were swallowgolden coins, hoping to escape with ir wealth from the town—and the d bodies of hundreds were cut open by thieves. . . .

A fresh attempt was made by the Romans to break down this fantastic resistance. They exhibited ound the walls of the besieged the most tempting display f food, but the spirit of Israel prevailed even over that temptation.

The tragedy had to run its fatal, fateful course.

Flames and clouds of smoke appeared in different places. The soldiers went mad with blood and loot and lust.

LATER, fragments of Jerusalem the Golden were rescued from the burning debris, torn from their original walls, uprooted from their native soil, and put on the Roman galleys Romeward bound.

While Berenice ran the hair of her departing lover through her fingers, she told him: "It was not your fault. When, between the waving palms, you will march triumphantly into the city with all Rome at your feet, you will forget the miseries that you have seen." Her voice trembled with the burthen of its passion. "If I could take the place of the statue of Victory on your triumphal chariot, I would hold the wreath of laurel over your head for ever."

Titus replied: "Then indeed it would be glorious. Without you the laurel wreath is only a crown of thorns. Without your kisses, my triumph is dust and ashes. If I have to stay in Rome for a long time, you must come to me. If I do not take you with me now, it is only because you are the Queen of those wretches who unfortunately must follow my Quadriga in chains, and, as such, you would be humiliated in my triumph.

"But when you do come, though I could not save for you Jerusalem, I will give you—Rome."

THE triumph of Vespasian and Titus was gigantic. The procession lasted an interminable time owing to its great length. Cartloads of silver, gold and jewels went before the chariot of the conquerors. Huge models, three and four storeys high, represented with every detail the principal episodes of the war, including the fire of the temple.

The famous gold candlestick—seven branched, emblem of Judaism and an unknown sect of freaks and cranks and slaves called Christians—with its three branches on each side of the central shaft, was carried on a special platform by itself.

It was not until A.D. 76 that Berenice reached Rome and enjoyed the hospitality of the Palatine.

In the years between the Pawn had again been queened twice, but when she came to Rome, Berenice lived openly with Titus as his wife.

But many unfriendly murmurs raised the one invisible but insuperable obstacle—the veto of public opinion.

The lovers' happiness lasted only three years. Then Berenice returned to her native land. But a new event reawakened hope in her heart.

Vespasian was dead. Titus was the master of the world. None could stand against the will of Cæsar.

She returned to Rome in A.D. 80.

Her arrival provoked obvious manifestations of public discontent. She was called "the barbarian," she was the woman who should have been made to take her place in the triumphal march as a captive. Most vital of all, Rome wanted an heir to the throne—and she was already over 50.

Titus, even as he met the one love of his life, realised bitterly that, far from being the master of the world, he was only its servant. He was not even master of his own heart.

"Vox Populi" had pronounced the sentence. Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus bowed his head to it—he was a soldier and knew how to obey—and bade farewell to Berenice.

HE was a soldier and knew how to obey—and bade farewell to Berenice

THE memory of the thirteen years of love was the only royal crown that Berenice received from the Emperor of Rome.

As she stepped on board the galley that was to take her back to the reeking treacheries of her Eastern Court, she stepped finally off the stage of History.

The pawn, four times Queened and once all but Empress, was, at the end, only a pawn again.

The *Smaller* Country House

Some plans for living in the country and a practical survey of costs

By Winifred Lewis

A BEAUTY spot in Sussex is enhanced by small thatched houses like this above. They are of modern construction with all conveniences and cost from £560 upwards

THIS brick, tile and half-timber house of traditional Kentish design has three rooms in addition to offices on the ground floor, three bedrooms with built-in cupboards and modern heating and lighting systems. The cost is estimated approximately at £1,000

WHETHER one has earned the leisure actually to live in the country, or whether one is merely toying with plans for the time when that elusive goal shall be accomplished, there is always pleasure for the country lover in investigating properties which may at some time be within reach.

What delightful speculation it is to roam the country in imagination, choosing a site which agrees with ideals whilst keeping on the same friendly terms with the pocket.

Building the small country house is, after all, one of the most exciting propositions for the person of limited means, because the possibilities of acquiring a modest house of some distinction at a really reasonable cost are far more promising in the country than in town. Some houses of varying types are shown on these pages and amply prove this point whilst showing what is to be gained in choosing a design in harmony with its rural surroundings.

A very successful architect has emphatically declared that there is no truth in the supposition that crude and ugly buildings are more economical than those of some artistic worth. Repose and homely simplicity (these are his own words), the right use of materials, the application of thought and good taste to produce graceful proportion and balance are some of the elements which help to harmonise a house with its surroundings without adding anything to the money expenditure.

The fact that many modern country houses are so detestably out of sympathy with their surroundings is often accounted for by the fact that no attempt had been made to use the materials which are most at home in that district. Local materials are in most cases more durable, more economical and æsthetically "right."

"In a brick district," writes a well-known architect, "use bricks, in stone neighbourhoods stone, and where suitable clean gravel is easily obtainable, some form of concrete and roughcast may be more sensible and less costly than anything else. Pantiles on the East Coast, slates on the West, plain tiles in the South and stone slabs in the Midlands between!"

THE cost of this house is approximately £900. The accommodation includes four bedrooms, bathroom and boxroom, with two sitting-rooms, kitchen and scullery and usual offices downstairs. The dining-room has a large bay window fitted with seats and a service hatch into the kitchen. Design by Gordon Allen

Thatching has, of course, no rival in its harmony with rural surroundings, but skilled thatchers are not always to be found near at hand, and those who adopt this style must be prepared to renew the thatching in twenty years or so. They may be sure, however, that no other roofing material will keep the house so warm in winter or so cool in summer or, for that matter, achieve such a picturesque effect.

THE choice of a site for a country house is influenced by many factors which have a bearing upon the ultimate cost of the property. On a sloping site, for instance, much extra expense is involved in levelling the ground, and where building materials have to be conveyed from a distant part the cost of building will advance by leaps and bounds. Two precisely similar houses might, in fact, be erected at vastly different costs according to the position chosen.

One of the houses photographed at the top of this page was erected in Surrey at a cost of £850. In this case it was possible to use locally grown oak for the exterior woodwork and brown tiles, made near at hand, for the roofing. These were important factors among others which made it possible to erect a house with all modern equipment and of attractive and dignified style for a comparatively modest sum.

A small house somewhere in Bucks, designed by the same architect, cost even less at under £600. This was achieved by using very little brickwork. Both upstairs rooms were contained in the roof, which was carried down somewhat lower than usual. The fact that tiles cost less than bricks led to this drastic expedient, which rather enhanced the appearance of the house from outside.

SO as to utilise every available inch of space for practical purposes, some smaller country houses of recent growth have dispensed with a hall and given over this space to enlarge the sitting-room. This may seem to have disadvantages, as indeed it has if the sitting-room also contains the stairs. But if some other arrangement can be made so that the means of access to the bedrooms do not lie through the sitting-room alone, the plan is an excellent one so long as a vestibule obviates the nuisance of opening the front door immediately into the sitting-room.

The two houses illustrated in the centre of these pages have a special character and offer good value in sound construction and distinguished design for £1,000 each. One of them is of traditional Kentish design, brick, tile and half-timber, and has a dining-room, drawing-room, hall and kitchen as well as a larder, lavatory, fuel store and tool shed on the ground floor. Upstairs there are three bedrooms with built-in cupboards, a bathroom and linen cupboard. A Kooksjoie stove in the kitchen provides an untailing supply of hot water to all parts of the house, while the same water system is used to heat the linen cupboard upstairs.

The other house of brick and tile has a dining-room, drawing-room and kitchen, a large larder, scullery, lavatory and coal store on the ground floor. Above there are three bedrooms with built-in cupboards and a fourth, smaller one, without. These costs are, of course, approximate, and would vary according to the district, whether gas, water, electric light and main drainage were available.

RECENTLY erected for £850, this house is built of lavender-tinted brick with exterior woodwork of locally grown oak. There are three bedrooms, bathroom and boxroom on the first floor and two sitting-rooms, kitchen and storeroom below. Architect: Gordon Allen

OF Sussex type, this house of brick and tile has three rooms downstairs with large larder and coal store and four bedrooms above. Again the approximate cost is £1,000. Architect: W. J. Palmer Jones

THE large dining-sitting-room running from back to front is very much favoured for the smaller country house, and whilst giving spaciousness when required is easily divided when necessary

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

DAME ETHEL SMYTH, author of "Pipings in Eden," a book of essays which includes one on Emmeline Pankhurst, written with great vigour and is a fine and moving piece of work

LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL, author of "A Gallery of Women," a book of pen pictures of twenty women famed in art, politics and sport

Slum

"Slum": *by Howard Marshall and Avice Trevelyan*

(Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)

THIS little book has many virtues. It is personal as well as statistical; the authors are writing of what they have seen and experienced, and not merely of what they have read. It is vivid without being hysterical. It always tries to be fair. It offers a solution of the evils it exposes. Lastly, it is quite short and easy to read.

Bad housing and overcrowding are scandals which speak for themselves.

HOWARD MARSHALL

The trouble is that hardly anybody listens. The world is unfortunately so full of evils that we are all prone to give attention to the nearest rather than to the worst of them. We willingly combine in demanding an extra delivery from the Post Office or an extra train from the railway company. The house in which the porter may have to live is something we do not worry about because we have not been into it and seen it. We have read, in our local paper, that it has been condemned and ought to be pulled down; we have muttered "Disgraceful!" and wondered who the landlord is; we may even have pictured the interior, rather dark and bare and draughty. Further than that the normal imagination does not go. It does not realise that stuffiness is a polite name for a stench so bad that it makes visitors sick or that inconvenient may mean one "convenience" to 50 or 60 people. If we had seen for ourselves the conditions in which millions of people live—decent chaps, good girls, ordinary blokes, nice women, none of them having done anything to deserve it—we should forget the postal and railway services, but we should unite once and for all. That is what *Slum* tries to do, to make us see for ourselves; and to tell us, when we have seen, what perhaps we should do. But the authors are far more anxious to rouse us than to convert us; and they would rather we argued with their conclusions than murmured a drowsy affirmative.

New

MR. BELL has written a very English book—shy and at times even a little slow, but enduring and wonderfully satisfying to those who can appreciate good material and sound workmanship. The Bredons are a family of boatbuilders. They carry on their business at a little town between Lowestoft and Thorpeness, in Suffolk; but their reputation extends, and has extended through many generations, up and down the whole of the east coast. The story told by Mr. Bell begins in 1844, and ends only in the years just passed. It is a very long story, like so many modern novels; but, unlike most of them, it is not a page too long, for it is entirely genuine, and it burns with a steady, unflickering flame. By its tempo, as well as by the locality which it describes, it invites comparison with some of the works of Mr. R. H. Mottram, and it is not too much to say that it emerges with honour from this searching test. Without any qualification, a good book.

After the roast beef of Mr. Bell, the other three novels come as sweets, if not as trifles. *Beatrice in Babel* is a story of a German language school and an English girl who is one of its pupils. ("Another *Nymph Errant?*" you ask. Well, no, not exactly. That naughty Mr. Laver, he really goes too

1913, *and* all *That*—
Mr. Asquith *and* Mrs. Pankhurst

FOLLOWING upon the publication of *H. H. A.: Letters to a Friend from Lord Oxford, 1915 to 1922* (Bles, 10s. 6d.), so much has been said, both in public and private, of the conflicting rights of friendship and posterity that it seems unnecessary to add to the discussion. Everybody now knows that the letters in question were written by the statesman to a young married woman with whom he formed, near the end of his life, a close and sympathetic friendship. The propriety of publishing the letters is a matter which concerns Mrs. Harrison, their recipient, alone. For the correspondence did not get under way until "Mr. Asquith" had ceased to be Premier and had finished the important years of his life. The letters, then, have little or no political interest. They serve merely to show what kind of man their author was, now that he had the peace and the leisure in which to look back on life, and to be himself.

What kind of man do we, who did not know him, encounter? What was his quality, who guided the national destinies during nine of the most critical years of British history? He was a greedy and rapid reader of books, with a striking power of assimilation and strong and rather formal opinions. His taste in literature was sometimes peculiar (whose isn't?), but never unreasoned. In his reading, as in his personal relationships, he seems to have been keenly perceptive rather than imaginative. He was far from being incapable of feeling, but he was apt to allow his interest in the expression of it to overlay the feeling itself. Like actors and all men whose profession brings them into frequent contact with large audiences, he responded quickly to personal references in the press, treating these references with a seriousness which he did not pay to its other opinions. As politicians go, he was not petty; but he was a politician, and he was a scholar, and he found it difficult to make allowances. His brain ran fully and smoothly, like a beautiful and well-oiled machine; a powerful, stationary engine, not a locomotive.

These are the impressions I get from those letters. They clash conflict strongly with the impressions people got from Lord Oxford, and they slightly conflict with the idea of him given me by some other letters of his which are contained in Lady Horner's volume of reminiscences, *Time Remembered* (Heinemann, 15s.). Mrs. Harrison's correspondent was a man full of years and honours, with a great career behind him. The man who wrote with such evident enjoyment to Lady Horner was standing on the threshold of that career, wondering if he would get a place in the Cabinet before he was 40; and his letters appear to be the outpourings of a far more sensitive nature. If that be so, there is little cause for surprise. Twenty-five years spent in the limelight must have an effect. . . . Before we leave the famous statesman, it is perhaps worth while to quote a remark which he once made to Lady Horner on this very question of correspondence. "If," he (*Continued on page 78*)

Senses of Humour

"The Over-Dose": *by Joyce Dennys* (Bodley Head, 5s.)
"The Biffin Papers": *by Harry Graham* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)
"Caran d'Ache the Supreme": *with an Introduction by H. M. Bateman* (Methuen, 5s.)

THERE are several differences between Miss Dennys's methods and Captain Graham's. Miss Dennys fixes her attention on the medical profession, and rarely glances further outwards than the patient. Captain Graham takes all Society for his theme, and deals indiscriminately with all men and all situations. The lady is naïve, the gentleman is highly sophisticated. They have, indeed, only one point of resemblance; but it is, for me, the essential one. They both made me laugh. Captain Graham is a trusted entertainer. Miss Dennys, although she has written two previous volumes about doctors, is new to me, and I may, therefore, describe her as an acquisition, a great acquisition. You will enjoy her sketches, especially if you (as doctor or doctor's wife or patient) don't mind finding that the laugh has a way of turning unexpectedly against you. The innocent look in her eyes is pretty searching. She will give you some delicious moments of discomfort. Captain Graham is a little—though not much—kinder. Unless you are or believe yourself to be an Important Person, most of his shafts will whistle past you in search of bigger game.

Caran d'Ache, who died in 1909, will be remembered as the French draughtsman who invented, or at least popularised,

JOYCE DENNYS

the "comic strip." His real name was Emmanuel Poiré, and he was born in Moscow, being the grandson of one of Napoleon's officers who had settled here. The present volume, which contains some 30 examples of his art, is, I believe, the first permanent record of his work to appear in England, although wooden toys, named after him, were popular some years ago. Mr. Bateman, in his excellent Introduction, pays handsome tribute to a man whose influence persists strongly to this day.

Novels

"Bredon and Sons": *by Neil Bell* (Collins, 8s. 6d.)
"Beatrice in Babel": *by Noel de Vic Beamish* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
"Murder Among Friends": *by "Simon"* (Wishart, 7s. 6d.).
"Mr. Digweed and Mr. Lumb": *by Eden Phillpotts* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
"Ring the Bells of Heaven!": *by A. E. Coppard* (White Owl Press, 3s. 6d.)

[illegible] doesn't he?) *Murder Among Friends*, as the title suggests, is a crime story—quite good, but perhaps rather too ambitious. A highbrow thriller, more highbrow than thrilling. Mr. Phillpotts's straightforward and apparently simple tale of detection goes a good deal deeper. It is exciting and it is well told. The mystery is maintained, and the solution is psychologically satisfying without being "steep."

It is the peculiar handicap of English fiction writers that they are expected to tell their stories in less than 5,000 or more than 75,000 words. Their works may be of surpassing merit; if they are too long for the magazines and too short to make a 7s. 6d. novel, they will not, as a rule, be produced since there are no arrangements for their production. I am glad, then, that the enterprise of a publisher has rescued a beautiful story of some 15,000 words by Mr. A. E. Coppard. Mr. Coppard shows himself once again a genuine and original writer, utterly himself and characteristic. Before you have read a full page of his story, you know that you have hold of the real thing.

NEIL BELL

There's Room to Build it in . . .

If you need some extra furniture as well as the space to accommodate it give some thought to these suggestions

RECESSES lend themselves easily to the construction of built-in furniture. Here a divan bed is placed in a recess which has built-in cupboards at each side. The dressing table is also built-in and colourings are blended so that this small room is as restful and spacious as many larger ones

SO far, only the more adventurous spirits have made extensive use of built-in furniture for practical use, but the time is near when the prejudices which always attach to something new will have been overcome and the many advantages of this furnishing expedient will be better known.

Most of us are slow to adopt for our own use anything which savours of the eccentric—and this is a term which can be applied to much of the built-in furniture we have seen—but no practical person can fail to recognise the importance of this method as applied to the average home, for average purposes. To investigate is to find that it is space-saving, work-saving and in some cases money-saving, and I defy anyone to despise such a combination as that!

Imagine a small room—simple enough in these days when our difficulty is to imagine something *large*—furnished in such a way that the balance of the scheme is perfectly sustained and the spacing wide and comfortable because the furniture merges into the background. Compare this picture in your mind with the average small sitting-room in which tables and chairs, sideboards and cabinets encroach upon floor space in a formidable crush, each piece defying the other to show itself to advantage. The comparison surely speaks for itself?

Then consider the small bedroom. This is obviously improved by a wardrobe built into the walls and a dressing-table arranged in some recess or fitted snugly into a corner so that the floor space remains free for the bed. Even a "box" room becomes restful and spacious in its effect and, contrary to general belief, built-in furniture need not sacrifice a fraction of beauty to efficiency.

Simple outlines are inevitable, of course, but as these are proved to be the most flattering to small rooms there can be no cause for regret on that score. Moreover, if

IN a bachelor bed-sitting room shelves for every kind of use are constructed about a Ferranti electric fire. The divan bed is also "attached" and balances a modern scheme which, in cost, compares favourably with other methods of furnishing

THE small "extra" bedroom becomes a spacious apartment when built-in furniture relieves the congestion caused by pieces which obtrude upon floor space. This dressing-table is built into the window recess and becomes a part of the background by being painted to match the walls

AN ordinary sideboard and table in this room would have left very little room for diners, so a recess was utilised to accommodate a small sideboard and a shelf above for china and glass. Concealed lighting enhances the importance of the arrangement and lamps appear again over the amusing table

and cupboards and, whilst also very inexpensive, can be painted or stained with equally good effect. More important pieces of furniture are fashioned from more important woods, of course, and in these days every furniture dealer of repute is prepared to submit estimates for furniture designed and built to meet the peculiar requirements of your home.

fine woods are employed they will prove sufficiently decorative in themselves.

Naturally, built-in furniture makes its soundest appeal to house-owners and those who intend to remain in the house they occupy. It is not a method to be adopted by those who are constantly on the move. But where circumstances allow its advantages are indisputable and it will be found to increase the spaciousness of a small house by half whilst reducing dusting and cleaning by the same amount.

FURNITURE clamped to the wall plainly offers less harbourage for dust and dirt, while the difficulties of reaching into inaccessible places with brooms and mops is almost eliminated.

Plywood is very much in favour as a medium for built-in shelves

THE crowding which is associated with the smaller sitting-room is conspicuously absent here. Built-in cupboards and shelves, painted to match the walls, provide accommodation for everything, including the radio, and leave the floor space comfortably free

ANOTHER tiny bedroom designed for a man attains a comfortable spaciousness by the replacement of a wardrobe with built-in cupboards and drawers. The bed has sliding shelves at the side and the wood used both for furniture and doors is mahogany ply in its natural colouring

You Never *can* tell with *a* Woman

Once aboard the Lugger and the Girl was . . . Whose?

By G. B. Lancaster

Illustrated by Osmond

CAPTAIN QUAYLE, a big, thick-shouldered man with a hard, still face and the far-seeing eyes of the sailor

CAPTAIN QUAYLE of the *Adelaide*, barque, came briskly up the pumice road to de Luz's drink-shop. The road was as black as the tall jungle either side, rank with the smell of fruit-bats, and disconcerting with the flicker of fireflies in the cane-brakes. Twice the Captain ran into a sago-palm, and once the low branch of a casuarina knocked his cap off, but—most surprisingly—he did not curse as he picked it up.

In every sailor is a dash of the dreamer, the mystic, along with a good broad slice of the buccaneer and a dislike of interference. This leaven had worked unceasingly in Quayle for years, building up in him a scheme which a few more weeks would put into action. He whistled as he walked, feeling that he walked on air. To hell with law, order and obedience. He was getting outside it as Paul Jones got outside it. He was going to live as he damn well pleased and do as he damn well liked, and if he and the old *Adelaide* couldn't get away with it, then he was no sailor. A heap of thought, a heap of work it had meant. But now the cargo was right, the season of the year was right, the crew selected one by one with patient drafting—were tremendously right. Not a man-jack of them but would get rolling drunk as soon as the Captain gave them the office. Not a man-jack but would get run in by the busy police at Antilla Cays, while he went bowling out across the blue Caribbean with a half-caste bunch of beachcombers—to liberty.

So that was all right, but he would have one nip with old de Luz first, seeing that he would never see the old reprobate again. It would have to be the East after this; Soerabaja, Macassar, Saigon and Hongkong. Never the well-loved little Western Islands again. And that would hurt; although the East was well enough, and what he did not know of reefs and mangrove-choked rivers he and the *Adelaide* were ready to learn together.

His white linens blurred faintly out of the dark; took shape as he crossed the low, dirty verandah into the bar, and exhibited him as he entered for a big, thick-shouldered man with a hard, still face and the far-seeing eyes of the sailor. Not a man to monkey with, his fellows said, and the high-pitched jabber in several languages stopped suddenly while the talkers turned and stared at him, rather curiously, as though they expected something.

"The usual, Billy," said Quayle, nodding to one and another. "Lord," he thought for the thousandth time, "what a lot of colours flesh can take." Mongrel Portuguese, Spaniards, Red Indians, Americans, Chinese with a good thick sprinkling of negro blood all up and down the West Indies had turned humanity everything from orange and ivory to stove-black. Himself was perhaps the only pure white in the port, if you except the few down-and-outers which even the niggers kicked around as "white trash." "Not a place I'd care to see my sisters in," thought Quayle, "supposing I had any." He tried to remember whether he had or not. He believed Alice had died or married or something, and there had been a slobbering kid or two in the nursery. But all that was years ago. Women of any kind touched the edge of his life lightly. They were too much trouble—always messed a man up.

But thinking of sisters reminded him of something else. "I suppose that concert troupe got away by the *Coromandel* all right?" he said, carelessly, sipping the Hollands. Good stuff it was, too.

The faces turned to him: black, yellow and mulatto, wet and shining with the heat. They grinned. Old de Luz—his name was Spanish, but Quayle would bet his mother came from China—said in his toothless, lisping way:

"Oh, quaite right, yeth. Thome one told you, then. Hey?"

"I knew they hoped for passages by the *Coromandel*, poor devils, if that's what you mean," said Quayle. The hard luck of the concert troupe had been the talk of the port for a week. First, the man running it had been taken sick and abruptly died, and then it was discovered that he had not two cents to his name. Some twenty male and female flotsam were left stranded and penniless in one

"SEEMS a pretty stiff price to pay for a bath." "Well," said Quayle furiously, "take it or leave it, I don't care"

of the last and hottest places God made, and Quayle had had to put all his hackles up when they approached him, begging to be taken somewhere—anywhere. He had not dared do it. Some of those young desperate men would have stuck to him like burrs; insisted on giving a hand when his own crew went drunk; got wind of his plan somehow . . . he did not know what, but he had known that he would not have them. And then the *Coromandel* had come in, loading pines, and so they had gone away in her and that was the last of them.

"So that's the last of them, poor devils," he said.

The men grinned, nudging each other. Old de Luz spread his yellow claws on the table and looked at them as though he liked them, which was more than Quayle did.

"Oh, quaite," he said. "There ith one leedle gal left, no?"

"What d'you mean? Left?"

"Haw, haw, haw," roared a great negro, slapping his knee. "Didn you 'member dat little white chile what play de fiddle?"

There had been a small pale girl with ash-blonde hair, and she had played the fiddle extremely well. So well that Quayle had been moved to tell her so more than once. And then she had not been pale, but such a wonderful rose-pink that he had remembered that too. Now he said with sudden sternness:

"You are not telling me that that girl has stayed behind—alone?"

"Juist that," nodded de Luz, picking his teeth.

"Why?"

Quayle shot it out with a force that made a half-asleep Portuguese spring lithely up, spreading his hands in apology of he knew not what.

"Pardon, senhor. Eet is not my doing."

Quayle turned from him. His head was singing.

"Why?" he asked de Luz.

"Search me. Perhap she like some gentleman here. I do not know. You can ask her."

"Where is she?"

"On the side verandah. My wife say she can haf a bed here to-night. My wife very kind. To-morrow . . . I do not know."

He spoke to the air. Quayle had gone. He marched out to the side verandah literally frozen with fury. Of course all these women about during the last week had done their best to get hold of him. Without being a conceited man he could see that, and in some ways he could not blame them. Poor little devils all, with jobs so difficult to get and keep, and ghastly futures of want and desolation ahead. He could not blame any woman of those half-baked helpless types for trying to secure someone to look after her, but that little pale girl had been so different, scarcely speaking to him, never waylaying him like the others.

No, she had held all her cards to the last, and now they were tabled. Now he must take her, for no man with a grain of decency—Quayle did not own to many grains—could leave a white woman alone here. He must take her, and what in hell could he do with her? His next cargo was at Antilla, a purely native port for which he had been planning this six months and more. There he would leave his own crew, drunk, and ship a hastily-gathered raffle of beach natives. And then away down round the Cape and up the Pacific, where the *Adelaide* would be re-rigged in some lonely bay, receive an auxiliary engine at Madagascar or Zanzibar, and proceed East and always East, dropping her crew one by one on little-known islands and replacing them with others, until, round about Singapore or Sumatra or somewhere, the *Sea-Swallow*, H. Durant master, would be safe to trade anywhere she chose.

QUAYLE had everything prepared, down to the bottle signed by himself and reporting how the *Adelaide*, having sprung a leak in a gale, was fast sinking by the head. This would go overboard at the proper time; and when the current took it ashore the owners would get their insurance. And as for the insurance companies they would have to stand the racket. It was what they were for.

The wild dream-adventure of his boyhood had been whittled and shaped and expanded by the man until it was not so wild after all. This could be done. It should be done, by hell, and it would take more than one pale girl to stop him. The fact that he had liked her quite a bit made him angrier with her now. The bare-faced attack of the little wanton! He'd show her.

He strode up to the huddle of white in a broken-down basket-chair, and straddled before her, hands deep in his pockets.

"What have you landed yourself in this hell of a mess for?" he demanded. "Are you mad?"

She did not answer, and her face was hidden. This infuriated him. Scheming for pity, of course.

"I can't take you on the *Adelaide*."

"I don't expect you to."

"Eh? Damn it! Why not?" He was suspicious. Some trap here.

"You wouldn't take the others. Why should you take me?"

Her voice was infinitely weary and weak from crying or lack of food. He had to stoop to hear it.

"Why didn't you go with the others?" he asked. But of course she wouldn't tell him the truth.

"Molly said she'd come back for me. I wasn't ready. And . . . I suppose . . . she forgot."

"Wasn't ready?" Did ever a man hear such ineptitude when it was practically a case of life and death. "What the devil were you doing that you couldn't be ready?"

"I was having a bath."

A faint sob accompanied the faint words. Quayle stood up with a long breath and scratched his head. There was truth here if he knew anything of women. But he didn't know so very much. Nor of truth either.

"How any sane girl could have a bath under the circumstances I can't think," he said severely.

"Molly *promised* to come back."

There was another faint sob. Then silence. Quayle wished he could see her face. That might tell him . . .

"Well? What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

"Damn it; haven't you thought of anything?" (Now he would get it.)

"Perhaps I can get work here . . . until another boat comes."

"My eternal hell, girl! Don't you know what this place is like? You must be mad to think a white woman could stay here."

"Very likely," she said, indifferently.

Quayle scratched his head again. The interview was proceeding not at all according to schedule. Why the devil didn't she ask him to take her aboard? Did she think him such an ill-conditioned brute as all that came to?

ONE would think the man had never looked at his wife before; and here

" Why don't you ask me to take you ? " he said, furiously.

"You've said all along that you couldn't take a passenger."

" That's right. I can't."

She received this in silence. She did not move nor look at him.

" Can't you look at a chap ? " he cried, more angry than ever.

She moved then, bringing her white heart-shaped face with the big mournful eyes into the weak lamp-light. Her smallness and frailty struck him like a blow. A little waif of the world, a wan English wind-flower stranded here in the dark forest, surrounded by wolfish eyes, by yellow and clutching hands. For the moment he marvelled that he had found her alone. But, of course, they had expected him to come for her—he understood their sly looks now—and, wolves all, they had been afraid to touch his kill. But with him away . . .

" What d'you expect to happen to you now you've finished your bath ? "

" I can always kill myself."

It was as if a pale moth talked of assault and battery. Quayle said :

" You couldn't."

" Yes, I could. I have a revolver. See."

She fumbled in the limp muslin at her breast and brought out the toy.

" I wouldn't so much mind doing that. There isn't much in the future anyway." She stated it simply as a fact. Quayle, with the hot, gay adventure of his future opening before him, felt a sudden clutch of pity at his throat.

" You poor little devil," he said, huskily.

She stood up. She was tiny, like a flower-stalk, with her fluff of silky ash-pale hair for the flower.

"I wish you'd go," she said, with sudden energy. " I don't know by what right you come here and pity me."

" B—but"—the attack so rattled him that he could only stammer—"but I *do*."

" Well, I can pity myself, thank you. Good-night."

He caught her arm as she moved. It was so thin that he almost dropped it with fright.

" Now, don't be a fool," he said, roughly. " You know what's bound to happen if you stay here ? "

" Of course I do. I'm not the fool you think."

" Then why did you talk that tosh about finding work ? "

" To get rid of you."

" Get rid of me ? " He was outraged. " My hat, girl ! Don't you know I am your only way of escape ? "

" You're not. I have this." He saw the gleam of the toy again.

" Is it loaded ? " he asked, grimly.

" Oh ! You are . . . are a b-beast." She collapsed suddenly on the dirty verandah, hiding her face, rocking to and fro. " I don't know," she confessed, sobbing. " But I think it isn't."

QUAYLE walked down the verandah and back. He had never been so cornered in his life. She'd be no better off if he took her to Antilla, and it was vital to his plans to call nowhere else until the Pacific was crossed. Zanzibar was probably the first place where he could leave her, and what tales she'd be able to tell by then ! Unless he shut her mouth ? But there was only one way to do that, and the idea came on him so staggeringly that he stood still with one hand grasping the crazy verandah-post. A burst of laughter came from the distant bar, and down the passage he saw the gleam of curious eyes. Prowling, tail down, like the wolves they were, to see what he was doing with his kill.

Well, let them !

There was only one way to shut her mouth. A wife couldn't testify against her husband, he believed ; and, although he'd been pretty near it more than once, he had no wife. The thought came again with an unexpected thrill. Wife ? Yes, it would have to be that. Although believing himself no worse than many men he could not answer for the way he might treat her during those long, lonely months out at sea. If he took her he must marry her, both for her safety and his. And though the devil was in it he'd have to take her. And now the notion seemed not altogether displeasing. She was so utterly a feminine woman, with her tears and her courage, her tiny limbs and her feminine logic. Trying to send him away so she could shoot herself with an unloaded gun, eh ? His grim lips twisted in a smile. A real woman, this, who'd likely come to letting him make up her mind for her, come to loving him . . .

Oh, well ; damn it all, he'd take her ! As a wife she couldn't inconvenience him much ; and through the long days ahead, when the Trades failed and the days were molten gold and the nights a still witchery of dreaming water and dreaming sky, she might be . . . would be . . .

With pulses beating faster he went back.

" I'll take you," he said, abruptly, " on one condition."

" What is it ? " she asked, muffled.

he was keeping away from her long enough to set the whole ship talking

"I'll have to marry you."

A long pause. Then, doubtfully, "Why?"

"Because I will. I can't have a woman knocking around unless I have control of her."

"I see." Another pause. "How much control do you want?"

"Good Lord! How can I tell you now? Depends on how you behave."

There was another silence, followed by a sigh.

"Seems a pretty stiff price to pay for a bath."

"Well," said Quayle furiously, "take it or leave it. I don't care."

"But I do, of course." She got up, peering at him with her big, serious eyes.

"I must do it if you make such a point of it, but I can't see why you're so afraid of having anyone on your ship. What are you? A pirate?"

QUAYLE reminded himself that it was woman's logic to rend a man when he tried to help her. And remembered suddenly that the tide would be full on the reef in less than two hours.

"All right," he said. "I'll bring along a parson of sorts as soon as I can find him. I know there's one kicking around. And you be ready. Don't," he hurled it at her spitefully, "don't go taking another bath."

He went down the passage into the bar.

"Hey, Pietro," he hailed de Luz. "I'm bringing up Blackburn to marry me to that lady. Know where I'll find him?"

De Luz was oozing sentiment in a moment, and the few men left in the bar were equally pleased. One began strumming a guitar and babbling of serenades; Mrs. de Luz talked of wedding garments, and someone else of a wedding-feast. Quayle, realising that it was going to cost him something to salvage a female not one-thousandth part as large as the *Adelaide*, went out with a negro, seeking Blackburn. All languorous sweets of tropical flowers and earth were loosed on the hot, damp night, and the negro sang Spirituals amorously in his beautiful throaty bass. Love, reflected Quayle, striding along; that was all these coots could think of in this climate, under these conditions. That little girl was luckier than she knew.

Blackburn, an unfrocked priest, was playing cards outside his hovel with two

WITH Lena leading they stepped into a track, silent, as though the hushed night and the awful knowledge of what they had come to do cast a spell

Portuguese and a Chinaman while his barefoot wife stirred some awful-smelling decoction in an oil-drum. He looked up with bleazed eyes in the light of a guttering candle, and brushed the circling moths away from his face before he answered.

"I can do it, since there's no one else. If I can find a Prayer Book . . ." He lurched into the hut and fumbled in a dim cupboard while Quayle waited impatiently. Lord, lord; what men can come to! A Cambridge man who'd had a London living . . . and here were chickens on the mud floor and bats hung in the roof. Blackburn brought out paper and ink and began writing with shaking hands. "What's her name?" he asked, looking up. Quayle thought a minute.

"They called her Lena," he said at last.

"Surname?"

"Damned if I know."

"Ne'er mind. She'll soon change it. Come along. Sorry I've no surplice. Will she mind?"

"She might." Quayle was troubled. Wouldn't do for Lena to doubt the legality of this. "Take your nightshirt," he suggested.

"I don't possess one."

"Take your wife's."

"I can't remember if she . . . Seita!"

He consulted a few minutes in the ack room, came out with a crushed g under his arm. "Now we're set. me along," he said, almost cheerfully. Captain Quayle would be good for a spectable fee."

A half-hour later the strange marriage ok place on the verandah where de uz's arc-lamp showed up hideously e dirt and disintegration of the place d of the crowding, grinning men. n every side the jungle stood ink-black e a threat, and full of sibilant sounds; yond all was the eternal crash of seas the reef. Mrs. de Luz provided a g (left over from one of my own ddings, she explained) and later secured on Lena's slim finger with a thread of k.

AND now they were in the long-boat and speeding across the level surface of the star-sprinkled water to the *Adelaide*. And now they were in Quayle's cabin, and he was trying to find words at last.

"This will be your dump. I'll take the mate's and he can bunk forward with the crew. He's only a nigger, anyway," he said.

Lena looked silently about her. A man less distressed in mind would have known that she was dazed. Quayle thought her critical of the small plain place, neat as a pin.

"There's a bathroom through that door," he said, bitterly. He could not forgive her for that bath which had been the cause of all this business.

"Thank you," she said. "I'd like to be left alone, please."

"You'll get plenty of that." He went out, slamming the door. Yes, you'll get plenty of that, my lady, he thought, climbing up to the bridge.

Phosphorescence glittered ahead. The loom of the island dropped behind, the ghosts of others accompanied them as the *Adelaide*, her yards squared to the light breeze, crept up to Antilla. Quayle never left the bridge. It was vital that he should reach Antilla by midday, or his plan might be spoiled after all. A devastating heat came with the sun and the breeze lessened. Quayle took chances and a short cut between the Somma Reefs. The brown smudge that was Antilla stood up in the dazzle of blue; developed to the usual mangrove foreshore and huddle of tin sheds radiating light and heat. A crowd of loafers sat or stood in the black thin line of shade, hoping for the jobs that so rarely came. From them Quayle must presently draw his crew unless one of the boarding-house masters could supply better.

THE *Adelaide* with shortened sail lost the breeze and was warped up to the stumpy pier by a dirty little tug-boat. Quayle had the crew stripping hatches almost before the ropes were fast. A great fury was on him and a sailor's superstition kept the hair wet on his forehead and a nervousness in his soul. Such things as had happened didn't happen for nothing, and that girl in the cabin would surely be a mascot or a Jonah. Which? Sweating, cursing, driving and dawdling men, Quayle wished he knew. Aft, the black naked figures ran down with the flour-bags. Forward, more naked figures laboured up with the bags of raw cotton, raw linseed and other mixed goods of the new cargo.

Quayle kept them at it until the short day flamed into the quick tropic night, the clatter of winches and the cries of the men ceased, the hatches were made fast and all noise and dirt and colour seemed to have dissolved, leaving the wet exhausting heat to work its will. So far so good. He called up the mate and ordered an advance to the men of so much pay in addition to a couple of hours ashore. It was a mad order and a tidy bit of money and Magnus stared with goggle eyes. But he said nothing. Too keen for the fleshpots himself, Quayle knew.

Within twenty minutes the *Adelaide* lay like a slender, idle maid at her moorings with no one on board but the captain on the poop-deck, (*Continued on page* 90)

THERE were no gods in this jungle; nothing but the suffocating heat that drenched their bodies and made their hands lose hold

The Stream-line Form

How to achieve and maintain a well-proportioned figure which is also the basis of good health

By Peggy Winefred Yeomans

SIT cross-legged, hands grasping knees, and rotate the trunk well

IN studying form and weight there is much more to it than slimness or grades of increasing "heftiness," up to what the outfitters term O.O.S. Many women whose weight does not exceed eight stone are less shapely and supple, well-poised and elegant than others tipping the scale at nine stone and more.

Here distribution of matter and the centre of gravity decide the issue. Consider the suspension bridge, it is a thing of infinite beauty, utility and endurance, but its materials could have been built or can degenerate into a heavy, bulky mass.

A 24 in. waist is no indication of slimness; indeed it frequently accompanies a wide and protruding hip-line or a bodily boniness that is anything but sleek and attractive. The back view of the hip-line (alias the seat), is often neglected, for while the side view may give a flat aspect, the back may give an uncomely width that is neither trim nor chic.

The exaggeratedly high and sometimes unbalanced heel which many women wear is another cause of a bad figure. Also it jars the spine, disorders nerves and functions, deforms foot and pelvis, throws the stomach forward and the waist spines in. It has its appropriate uses, but always to wear a high heel, particularly before the age of twenty-five while the bones are settling, is to court trouble and spoil the figure.

Most women could be taller and slimmer and more elegant if they stood straight. But when you tell an untrained woman to "stand straight" she immediately throws out the abdomen, whereby increasing both the seat and back-hollow. In standing straight one should keep the shoulders back and down, draw abdomen up and in, and coax out those waist spines chiefly by tightening up leg and gluteal muscles (buttocks). This adds to height and makes for that desirable stream-line effect.

The following are some of my best suggestions for posture correction and for the inducement of firm, attractive lines allied to grace, dignity and physical harmony.

STAND with feet apart, one hand at knee, the other under armpit, and reverse position slowly. See exercise No. 6

1.

SHUT the knee as the step is completed in walking and as the body poises itself forward on the advancing foot. Do and observe this before a mirror: note its smartness and, in actual practice, note how pleasurable and tireless it is. This movement (a phase of the "balance slow-step") vastly improves the shape of leg and ankle, removes knobbly knees and helps to massage away loose, flabby tissue on the thighs and buttocks. Its action is felt from ankle to waist: the foot, of course, being planted straight.

2.

TAKE frequent opportunity to tighten up, rhythmically, those gluteal muscles, namely, the muscles operating through the thighs and buttocks. The effect of this is to give fine, firm contours, reduce fat, tone up the abdominal circulation and to strengthen the abdominal muscles. It can be done at any time and is a very valuable movement heartily to be commended to all women, particularly to those who are flabby and to those whose work is of a sedentary nature.

3.

FREQUENTLY take a rest sitting cross-legged with feet tucked as close to the groin as possible, knees wide apart and arms resting on knees. This is a nice position for a chat.

4.

STILL in this position, hands grasping knees, rotate the trunk well . . . three times to one direction and three to another. Rest.

5.

SAME position. Relax and rotate the head entirely without strain and with the eyes closed. Stretch the neck well forward on the forward movement, holding chin firm and teeth meeting.

6.

STAND. Feet about 8 in. apart. Place left hand well down leg with fingers towards toes. The palm should reach to the knee if the waist is muscular and supple. Place right hand in like position on the right ribs below armpit. Now raise the left hand up the body, pressing all the way and lower the right hand similarly. Up and down slowly, preferably to music, this simple movement has a slimming, stretching effect on waist, hips and abdomen and loosens the spine while exercising many of its important muscles.

7.

PRACTISE tucking in the back and drawing up the abdomen, as one does in squeezing through a very narrow space.

8.

EVERY day do the Monkey Walk, that is, walk with hands flat on the ground, close to feet, keeping knees stiff and "tummy" contracted. Perseverance will bring success quite soon.

TO achieve a slender, straight outline, and counteract "sway-back" tendencies practise tucking in the back and drawing up the abdomen

Beauty *needs* Adornment

Woman unadorned is seldom truly lovely, for nothing worth while was ever achieved without care

IN long-ago days men *fought* for their brides. Doubtless the prize was worth the pain for, in pre-chemist-cum-modiste - cum - beauty - parlour days, competition must have been quite severe. Not one woman in a hundred had a rudiment of an idea about displaying her charms to advantage, and, naturally, those who *had* were fought for.

In *Penguin Island*, Anatole France amusingly tells how naked savage women were, for the first time, given skins and silks with which to adorn themselves. In those who accepted the clothing a subtle metamorphosis immediately took place. They walked differently, they thought differently, their acquired self-assurance made them irresistibly attractive to the menfolk of the tribe. The adornment idea spread like a bush fire. Soon there were no naked women in the island. The men would no longer tolerate the crudities of beauty unadorned.

Young Madame 1934, when attending a ball in the guise of Mary Queen of Scots, or Queen Elizabeth, shudders to think of the amenities of perfect grooming which the ladies of Tudor days must have lacked. Feeling her lithe and fragrant body, small and almost insignificant, among the heavy draperies, she wonders in her downright modern way if the Tudor girls were really quite hygienic.

"Imagine all those trailing draperies sweeping a floor over which no vacuum could ever have travelled," says she. "And was not dry-cleaning invented some *decades* after these ladies had their day, in silks and tapestries which were quite unsuited to the washtub? Worse still! Did they lack every subtle refinement in toilet accessories with which we prepare our bodies *before* we step into our clothes?"

"Oh! but they used scent pretty freely," says her amused companion. "Horrible thought, I know, to use scent with an *ulterior* motive! But I expect the Tudor girls used it all right."

Doubtless they did, and doubtless they needed it. Heavy, sweet, cloying odours were patently wafted on the breeze at every movement of these gorgeously-clad dames. Of beauty preparations they were by no means innocent. Sorcery supplied to them what science failed to give. With suitable incantation, the hind legs of the 5th lizard, seen on the 5th month by moonlight, burned to a cinder and pounded together with the heart of a male nightingale —of such were their cosmetics composed! Credulity held sway. Greasy preparations were hopefully expected to act as aids to perfect grooming. Obviously true fastidiousness had not yet come into its own.

1934 has now solved these problems for its discriminating daughters. Every woman now stands an equal chance of quickly, and inexpensively, making the most of her natural charms. Madame Nineteen-thirty-four has in her handbag, and on her toilet-table, a little weapon for which many a lady of the past would have given a great deal. Immaculately groomed, poised and dainty, she pins her faith to one of the latest gifts which science has brought her—a little black and white case, in which she keeps her Perstik. This is no bigger than the usual lipstick and is made in the same solid form. With just a few deft pencil strokes under the arm, or here or there, she knows that she has put the finishing touches to an immaculate toilet.

So Madame Nineteen-thirty-four adorns herself, sighing happily to think that she no longer has to use her credulity, or depend upon some local sorcerer for her beauty aids. She knows that Perstik, the clean, greaseless deodorant, will put her at her ease and make her feel "less-than-none." It is all so simple too, no bottles to be spilled or greasy cream to use. Unlike the perfumes of the past it does not attempt to *hide* anything; it prevents it occurring at all. Perstik is like all modern beauty ideas, its virtues are based on the principle of "Prevention is better than cure."

And so the lady of to-day becomes increasingly more fastidious as she becomes increasingly more beautiful. Her menfolk now *expect* this of her. She has no choice—lovely she has *got* to be

Trim, skilful, deft, with laboratories and scientists to aid her, the modern woman can afford to look back derisively upon the unsophisticated women of the past.

"Thank Heaven the 'Good Olde Days' are gone!" sings Miss Nineteen-thirty-four as she stands before her mirror, groomed and perfect to the last detail.

Nursery

Unless money and time are to be wasted, include careful consideration not comfort but also of the growing

By Florence M. Surfleet

(*Lisa*)

A LARGE wall-blackboard should be included in the furnishing of every nursery. It is a continual delight and lends itself to educational purposes as well

(*Humphrey and Vera Joel*)

A DAY nursery at Kingswood, Surrey, has gaily painted furniture and a flowered curtain to screen off one corner where a wash-basin and cooking utensils are kept

NURSERY equipment necessarily varies with the age of the child (or children) for whom it is intended; at the same time some articles of furniture and equipment are equally suitable for the tiny baby and for the older child. In choosing furnishings for a nursery it is well to remember this, and to visualise the occupant of the nursery at successive stages, trying to realise what the essential requirements are at each stage.

It is not unusual for the young parents to think only of the needs of a tiny baby when first planning the nursery, and this leads to unsuitable conditions for the child as he grows older, or else entails much extra expense at a later date.

One very important part of the equipment of every nursery for the older child is ample cupboard accommodation. There must be room for woolly toys, hard toys, outdoor toys, table games, drawing and painting equipment, building materials, etc., and moreover all the shelves must be well within the child's reach. When planning the nursery for the new baby, therefore, it is well to make sure that this later need is definitely considered.

ANOTHER requirement for the older child is a bookcase or shelves, and these should contain some accommodation for specially large books as well as smaller ones.

A chest of drawers in the day nursery is a great joy to a child, even when his clothes and toilet equipment are stored elsewhere, for it seems to hold some treasured possessions so much more safely than a cupboard.

There is still one further demand on the wall and floor space which should be remembered in the early planning of the nursery, and that is the room for a large wall-blackboard. This should, of course, be in that part of the wall-space which is in the best position for the light. It should be at

(*Lisa*)

THIS small chintz chair, which has a life-like portrait of Wilfred carved on its back, makes a tune whenever it is sat upon—a delightful surprise to all small visitors. It can be obtained from the Treasure Cot Company

Furnishings

clever nursery planning must only of the infant's care and child's changing needs

(Lisa)

RUGS for the small crawler must of course be washable. The Treasure Cot have a selection of charming nursery rugs patterned with attractive designs in fast colours which wash perfectly

It is necessary to increase the height of table and chairs as the child grows taller, to avoid his twisting about in uncomfortable attitudes, and running the danger of becoming round-shouldered and clumsy in his movements.

Some parents forget the need of supplying one or more easy chairs for the nursery, to fit the child's size. They would certainly not forget if they could recall the joys of some treasured basket or armchair of their own early days.

The child may prove to have very definite preferences for certain colours or he may go through periods of preferring one and then another. It is therefore wise to choose for the colouring of walls, floor and furniture, shades that will harmonise well with others, since the changing of these involves a good deal of time and expense. Table cloth, cushion covers, curtains, friezes and pictures can very readily be changed and the child's individual choice should be allowed as much play as possible in these less permanent parts of his nursery equipment.

AN ingenious bedroom arrangement for twins includes two built-in beds with a cupboard between and small steps leading up to each bed. The entire side of the opposite wall is composed of low cupboards and drawers. Decorated by Roma

right angles to the window, if possible, and near enough to it to avoid the child's shadow or the shadow from any of the furniture falling on it when he is standing in front of it to draw; a light from the left is better than one from the right side. If it is a large size it will be convenient when he is older, as well as when he first begins to experiment with chalks at about two or three.

IN planning the floor-covering, it is necessary in the same way to consider the needs of the toddler as well as of the baby. Some smooth, durable, washable surface which does not easily scratch or stain is essential —cork, rubber or linoleum; and an under-lay of Linovent is an excellent preventive of damp. Rugs, of course, should be washable.

(Humphrey and Vera Joel)

THE night nursery at Kingswood has a painted nursery rhyme screen around the cot and built-in furniture which, as the small occupant grows older, can have its nursery illustrations replaced by a plain colour

IT is important to remember in choosing the room for the nursery that sunshine is essential to the child's health and well-being, and the nursery room will be not only warmer and brighter but definitely more health-giving if it can face a sunny aspect, particularly with windows of vita-glass. If it is a choice between an east and a west window it is usually found more satisfactory to choose the one facing east, for the child wakens early and spends more time in the nursery early in the morning than in the evening. The nursery room should of course be in that part of the house where noise is least disturbing to the other members of the family.

Everything else being equal nothing can be better than a room on the ground floor opening on to a verandah or a garden, for the child can then spend much more time out of doors.

The March *of* Time

A glimpse of one of the largest factories in Great Britain for the production of such labour-saving inventions as electric fires, clocks and radio receivers

By
Madge Garland

A VIEW of one of the long shops, and a close-up of girls at work. On the extreme right is seen a batch of electrically-run clocks

IN the days of James I, a certain household in the country employed no fewer than 111 servants, and this in spite of the regret, voiced in a letter of an even earlier period and referring to the same establishment, that "housekeeping is so decayed."

In these times when with a greater show of justice we might regretfully refer to the shrinkage of housekeeping considered in bulk, I think there is a great deal to be said about the development of housekeeping as an art. And when I say "art" I mean a skilled and efficient ordering of one's daily life as opposed to a life-time of drudgery.

It would require five times five of the scullery men of Jacobean days to do the amount of work now achieved by a flick of a finger in what is rightly termed a labour-saving flat. We touch a button and a glowing fire immediately warms the room; if we go out, the fire need not; with no care at all it will remain burning indefinitely. We need never ask in despair what is the time; our clocks run to exact Greenwich time without our ever winding them; we turn another button and our rooms are filled with the best music the world can produce.

It was recently my good fortune to be shown over the huge factory of Messrs. Ferranti, Ltd., where are made one of the greatest labour-saving gadgets yet invented—the electric fire. This enormous conglomeration of buildings covers no less than fourteen acres and employs about 5,000 workers, at least one half of which are women—and very suitable it is that the production of what is such a boon to the often servantless woman of to-day (no yeoman of the buttery, clerk of the kitchen or five men in the scullery!) should be mainly the output of women workers. They look, too, as if the work were congenial to them, for it is clean, the factory is admirably lit, there are no unpleasant odours, and when I remember some of the machinery I have heard rather than seen in motion, very little noise. Looking down the long lines of girls sitting at their benches, the moving belts and over-head carriers bringing to them and carrying away the various parts of the machines to which each girl contributes just that one action or part for which she has been particularly trained, I thought that a revolution not yet recorded in any history book, but surely epoch making, had taken place, for every head was shingled, nine out of ten were permanently waved, and all were as well cared for as the work on which they were engaged and the clean beige overalls worn over their dresses. How different from the days not far distant when the greatest nobles in the land thought nothing of harbouring strangers in their wigs or elaborately dressed but never washed hair!

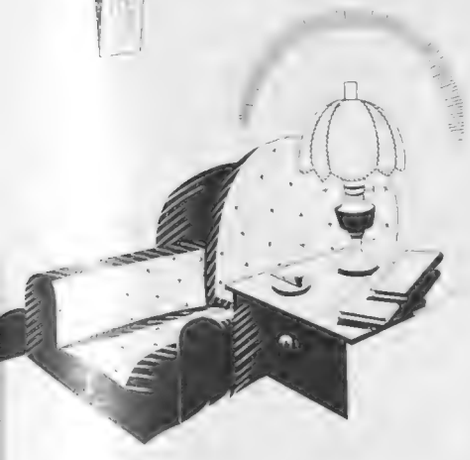
Little patches of colour were added to the scene by bunches of coloured cords and by groups of coloured bulbs used for (*Continued on page* 92)

THIS Ferranti fire is in the London drawing-room of Mrs. James Hamilton. One entire wall of the room is composed of mirrors and the chromium setting of the fire adds to the multiplicity of reflections and to the lightness and gaiety of the beige, white and brown colour scheme

The Busybody's Notebook

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia and Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

"SEEING RED" is not a state to be encouraged, but anyone buying paraffin should always make a point of "seeing pink," for the brand which is *couleur de rose* is by far the best obtainable. And the lamps designed specially for it are so deliciously attractive that the sight of them sent my thoughts galloping towards a country cottage in which to house them. The pale pink of the paraffin adds considerably to the colour scheme of a room and no lamp now-a-days need be drab.



IS there anything more tiresome than to have barely time to dress for an important party and to discover that something has got to be done about that wretched superfluous hair? All the old-fashioned methods of razors and depilatories are time-taking and messy and a fruitful source of friction in many a household. With a wonderful new method which I have just discovered the friction remains but with a difference. All you have to do is to gently rub the part to be treated with a dainty little plaque and, hey presto! the deed is done. No fuss, no smell, and in the twinkling of an eye your skin is smooth, white and free from hair.

HAVE you got a birthday soon? If so, why not peruse the following paragraph carefully. I have just received from a friend, not only generous but intelligent, the most perfect set of silk sheets and pillow slip, pyjamas and negligée all in a *luscious* shade of raspberry and pink and completed by a fluffy Angora blanket in the same ravishing colour and all fitting into the neatest silk case imaginable. Could there be more seductive companions for a night journey by train—or night anywhere for that matter? And from the same shop came other presents too. Why not make yourself a present if others won't? How about a little square black box lined with silver and containing a bottle of the most intoxicatingly sweet concentrated perfume and another little black and silver box holding the world's most perfect lipstick and powder? And I might add that you will find every other conceivable thing to make you look and feel at the top of your form in the home of these attractive novelties. SO what about it?

I WISH someone would explain to me why the most delectable parties *always* take place on the days when one is tired out and the east wind has been blowing great guns for hours on end. I know my face would never have stood up to the strain of shopping and a round of golf, followed by a dinner party and a game of bridge, if it were not for my own pet beauty secret. This is an incredibly refreshing face lotion which has the most marvellous effect on one's complexion. A few drops sprinkled on a pad of cotton wool take away every trace of grime, make-up and tiredness, leaving the skin fresh and tingling with life. A great advantage is the fact that it suits both dry and greasy skins, leaving them supple and smooth and without that unpleasant tightness astringents produce. And I've found lots of other times when it is the perfect skin refresher: before going to bed (you wake up in the morning with a skin like a baby's), after motoring and for all the moments when you simply *must* have a fresh make-up and haven't time to go through all the ritual of a cream cleansing. And on a long train journey it certainly is the answer to a maiden's prayer.

TIME was when the word "uplift" was in current use only in those circles where beauty of mind and soul was considered of more importance than beauty of face or form. To-day it is a word which is freely bandied about wherever two or more well-dressed women are gathered and it is used in a very different sense indeed! Goodness knows that with all these new revealing fashions and clinging materials even the most impeccable figure is all the better for a certain entrancing little garment to gently lead it on to an upward path. As for hips, they become positively non-existent beneath the girdle planned to complete this foundation set, and that, of course, is every woman's ambition. Even if basques *are* "in" hips are still definitely "out."

ISN'T it odd how sometimes people who most pride themselves on their modernity are hopelessly old-fashioned without realising it? This great thought is prompted by a holiday visit I paid a friend of mine the other day. Her house is the last word in up-to-date labour-saving appliances, and she always looks on me and my methods as too antediluvian for words. I caught her out the other day and have been puffed up with pride ever since. Last week she gave a party for some tiny children. Well, you can imagine what the floor looked like after tea, especially as she clings to the good old comfort of a fitted carpet. When tea was over and the carpet looked as if it had been strewn with crumbs to attract the sparrows, everyone got down and games were the order of the day. But to my horror nothing was done about it, and energetic little feet began treading the crumbs into the carpet and mischievous little fingers began popping them into greedy little mouths. In agony I whispered "Where is the carpet sweeper?" and was answered "There isn't one; we use a brush"! Well, obviously, we couldn't use a brush and dust-pan and make a lot of dust, but a carpet-sweeper would have made the floor tidy in a jiffy. *No* house is complete without one for all the hundred and one times when a handy and efficient cleaner is an absolute necessity. And as *my* home is equipped with a British carpet sweeper made by the firm who were pioneers of this labour-saving device, I think I may be excused if I went round for the rest of the afternoon with a definite superiority complex. If you want to know more about its qualities and write to me I'll give you more details; it has everything in its favour.

A Knitted Jersey with Cap to match

Directions for Jersey

34 to 36 inch Bust.
18½ inches in length.

Materials required

1 pair No. 10 needles.
1 pair No. 12 needles.
6 ozs. "Sirdar" Super Shetland 3-ply knitting wool.

Pattern

Cast on a number of stitches divisible by 4.

First Row.—Knit 3, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1 to end of row.

Second Row.—Knit 2, purl 1, * knit 3, purl 1. Continue from * to end of row.

Third Row.—Same as 1st row.

Fourth Row.—Same as 2nd row, and so on.

Front of Jersey.

Cast on 112 stitches on small needles. Knit 2½ inches ribbing, 2 plain, 2 purl. Change to larger needles to begin pattern. Knit 100 rows of pattern (9 inches) increasing 1 stitch each end every 7th row, making 140 stitches at armhole. Decrease for armhole 1 stitch at each end every 2nd row for 30 rows, making 110 stitches.

Divide stitches for neck opening, putting 55 on each needle. Continue knitting both sides till jersey measures 16 inches in length.

Cast off 15 stitches at centre end of both sides. Knit 10 rows decreasing 1 stitch every row both sides at centre, till you have 30 stitches each side. Knit 10 rows. Cast off.

Front should measure about 18½ inches from shoulder to bottom.

Back of Jersey.

Cast on 92 stitches on small needles. Knit 2½ inches of ribbing, 2 plain, 2 purl. Knit 100 rows of pattern, increasing 1 stitch each end every 7th row, till you have 120 stitches at armhole.

Decrease for armhole 1 stitch at each end, every other row for 10 rows, making 110 stitches. Knit till back measures 17½ inches in length.. Cast off 36 stitches in the centre, leaving 37 each side. Knit 7 rows, decreasing 1 stitch every row, at centre, both sides for neckline. Cast off. Back should measure about 18½ inches.

Sleeves.

Cast on 80 stitches on small needles. Knit 8 rows of ribbing 2 plain, 2 purl. Change to larger needles for pattern. Knit 32 rows of pattern, increasing 1 stitch each end every 4th row, making 96 stitches at armhole. Knit 36 rows decreasing 1 stitch at each end every other row, then knit 10 rows decreasing one stitch each end every row, leaving 40 stitches at top of arm. Cast off.

Neckband and Tie.

Cast on 180 on larger needles. Knit 12 rows of pattern. Cast off.

To Sew Up Jersey.

Sew back and front together, matching arm seams and side seams. Sew neckband to neck, matching centre of band to centre of back, leaving ends loose in front to form tie.

Care should be taken when increasing and decreasing to work the extra stitches correctly into the pattern.

Directions for Knitted Cap

Pattern same as Jersey.

Materials required

1 oz. "Sirdar" Super Shetland 3-ply knitting wool.
1 pair No. 7 needles.
1 pair No. 10 needles.
1 pair No. 12 needles.

Directions

For Turn Up Band and Bow.

Cast on 200 stitches on No. 7 needles Knit 14 rows in pattern. Cast off 50 stitches at both ends. Knit 20 rows on remaining 100 stitches. Cast off.

For Cap.

Cast on 100 stitches on No. 7 needles. Knit pattern for 44 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and knit 8 rows. Change to No. 12 needles and knit 4 rows. Proceed as follows :—

1st row : Knit 2 together, * purl 3 together, knit one, and repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row : Knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, to end of row.

3rd row : Knit 2 together, purl 2 together to end of row.

Cast off, pulling the wool through each stitch. Draw up wool tightly and finish off with a needle.

To Sew Up Cap.

Sew up back seam of cap. Sew short ends of band together leaving long ends loose for bow.

Join top of band to lower edge of cap matching pattern ribs, placing seam of band slightly to the side of middle front of cap. Turn up band and tie loose ends into bow.

DIVERSITY is the KEYNOTE of our Coiffures in this YEAR of GRACE, 1934

APART from the fact that ninety per cent. of our coiffures to-day utilise curls, our heads this year present a great diversity of styles. Sketched on this page are just a few of the prevalent fashions. Above, on the left, the new diagonal parting is shown, the hair is smoothly waved and two curls break the line of the forehead. A diadem looks particularly well with this type of hair-dressing. Above, on the right, is a charming style for the older woman, the hair is waved back from the face, and the ends arranged in soft curls rather high on the head

TO achieve the charming coiffure on the left a really good permanent wave is required. Nestlé are prepared to give a wave which is soft and amenable even to hair which has been bleached—always a difficulty—and to white hair, which must be most carefully treated if the hair is not to become discoloured and brittle. They also undertake to tint the hair harmlessly, and are specialists in studying the features and contour of the head in order to suggest the requisite coiffure. The sketch on the right shows a very popular style of the moment, the hair brushed back and curled; with this a jewelled comb or a separate plait of hair may be worn

ADVANCE

PATTERNED materials are staging a come-back, and there is a wide range of small patterned silks for spring and summer wear. The majority show a dark ground, navy, brown, or black, with either tiny floral designs or small, unevenly distributed spots or dashes of a lighter colour. The dress shown on the left above is typical of this new style. It is made in a dark crêpe-de-Chine with a small all-over design in blues and yellows, and has a lattice-work of the material which forms two panels on the bodice. Sleeves are omitted in favour of small shoulder capes. The second figure is wearing a particularly attractive early spring costume composed of a skirt of beige plaid and a short wrap cape of plain beige which ties in front. Both these models come from Marshall and Snelgrove

THREE designs which are indicative of the new line. The coat and skirt on the left is of navy blue wool with a high fitted collar of white piqué. It is trimmed with lines of white stitching and has raglan sleeves, a leather belt, and white enamel buttons. The centre sketch shows an afternoon frock in two shades of grey which has a long tunic; and the third is of a white washing silk tennis frock

IT seems that 1934 will be a year of contradictions—a reasonable enough state for fashion to be in since it is designed for, and nowadays very largely by, women, and that they are notoriously changeable! Side by side with the high décolletages which muffle the base of our throats even on our most formal gowns, are new models cut down almost to the waist; taffetas and failles stiffened still more by quilting or stitching are just as popular as floating chiffons; long, trailing gowns of satin or crêpe rival frilled and pleated tulle and, provided our figure is closely followed from waist to knee, almost every silhouette is permissible.

Waists are in, whether accentuated by fanciful belts of leather and metal during the day, by sashes in the evening or merely by closely moulding the stuff of the gown to our figure; shoulders are no longer artificially broadened, but a squarish line is good for day wear, and many evening gowns achieve this by berthas or folds of the material which drape the upper arm.

Skirts are of every length, from the middle of the calf for walking and sports wear to four-yard trains for formal evening occasions; with the rider that several new dinner-gowns have been seen which clear the ankle—a new length which is rumoured to be a portent of next summer's fashions.

Sleeves are still important, indeed, this winter, the sleeved evening gown has reappeared and several of the smartest women in town have been seen supping at restaurants in long-sleeved gowns. Tiny chiffon coats with full sleeves sewn all over with glittering beads and gathered into a tight cuff at the wrists are responsible for this effect on more than one occasion.

The general line both for day and evening is a squarish shoulder, a muffled neck in front, a low décolletage at the back, a fitted waist, a moderately full skirt, in the day to just below the calf and given fullness by inverted pleats or slight flaring; in the evening to the ankles, with immense fullness from the knee down, often accentuated by frills and flounces.

Coats continue to offer every variety, they can be short and fitted to the waist, three-quarter length and loose, seven-eighths and loose, or long and either fitted or loose. One of the most charming styles is to wear a three-quarter length coat and slip a belt through a slit on either side in front, and clasp the front panels closely to the figure. Three-quarter length coats are predicted as the winners for early spring and capes are also popular.

SPRING FASHIONS by MADGE GARLAND

EVENING as well as day dresses are made of patterned materials. This lovely Mainbocher gown of dark red ottoman silk is patterned with black and white corn-ears, and is cut on extremely graceful lines. The high neck-line in front is accentuated by flowers of the same colour, and the draperies which constitute sleeves hang down almost to the knees. On the right is a lovely gown of white satin inspired by the classical tradition. The wide shoulder-straps end in a sash at the waist, and the skirt, which is tight to the knees, flows out into a train from a second bow placed low down at the back. Both these models come from Debenham and Freebody

AN afternoon ensemble in green and brown ...ws a new coat length ... the use of a cape on ... dress. The coat is ...lless, but buttons ... the front and has ...teresting gauntlet sleeves

DARK BROWN wool trimmed with a short red plaid scarf makes this practical full-length coat, which has a belt at the back only and buttons high on one shoulder

A CHARMING LONDON HOUSE

62, Cadogan Place, the home of Mrs. Walter

Photographed by Humphrey and Vera Joel
Described by Pamela Murray

EVERY house has a personality, an individual meaning, not only for the owner, who naturally looks upon his home as incomparable, but for each guest who crosses the threshold, whether for the first or the five-hundredth time. Where Mrs. Walter's home is concerned the "something" is definitely interwoven with musical execution and appreciation. One knows at once that the ground-floor music-room, with its domed-glass ceiling, is a setting where musicians feel compelled to give of their best, while sympathetic audiences applaud.

A wide corridor unites the music-room with the rest of the house, no intervening doors or arches spoil the spacious perspective. The walls in both

ONE of the bed-rooms has a bedspread in the same floral design as the screen, while flower prints decorate the plain green walls

LOOKING down the broad corridor which leads to the music-room. There are priceless Aubusson rugs on the polished floors, and walls and ceilings are painted green

AN exceptionally fine carved mantelpiece dominates the music-room, where orange velvets cover the settee and stool

corridor and music-room are painted leaf-green, and every window is curtained in heavy apricot silk. The wisdom of leaving the wide corridor almost bare of furniture is proved by the presence of three Aubusson rugs, whose herbaceous designs harmonise with the flower pictures hanging above them and contrast with the gleaming parquet floor. There is a delicate four-leafed screen, Italian in origin and classical in allusion, and cushions of yellow, apricot, tangerine and maize add notes of vivid colour. A low stool stands in front of the mediæval grate, where iron fire-dogs are supported on a brick foundation, and richly carved marble forms a superb overmantel, on which are displayed fragile alabaster dishes and priceless Chinese vases.

Looking towards the trees of Cadogan Place, the ground-floor dining-room windows are curtained in lemon silk, which gives a radiance, and even a false sunshine on the darkest winter day. The carpet is beige and the walls duck-egg green. A round dining-room table makes for intimate conversation, and this one's polished mahogany surface supports a Celadon dish in which yellow water-lilies float. A French mirror, with carvings devoted to the portrayal of musical instruments, is a further indication of the subject never far from the owner's heart, and a miniature Italian dressing-table, lined with glass, makes an attractive stand for flowers.

The "back" drawing-room has been made into an intimate morning-room with chintzes, photographs and books, scattered in friendly confusion, but possessing the same general colouring as the rest of the room. Apricot painted walls, green curtains shot with yellow, beige carpets and inner net-curtains make a pleasant scheme when aided by a dark-red settee and a green fire-stool. Some wrought-iron light fittings have pale apricot shades and a buff sofa, over which hangs a lovely flower-piece, provides a foil for an arm-chair upholstered in striped Italian silk.

The front drawing-room has paintwork in a lovely shade of peach colour and attractive wall-brackets of electric candles set on plaques of mirror. Several pieces of fine antique furniture harmonise well with comfortable modern armchairs upholstered in damask, and a beautifully embroidered fire-screen stands against the wall. Long curtains with braided pelmets frame the French

FINE Italian furniture graces the dining-room, which is lit by a pair of flambeaux, concealing electric bulbs, above the beautiful wall alcoves which are lined with antique glass

PEACH paintwork contrasts effectively with taffeta cushions of many pastel shades in the front drawing-room. A lacquered tray holds books and papers. A charming old desk divides the French windows, which open on to a typically London view of plane trees

windows, which look out on to a pleasant view of plane trees, softened by inner curtains of fine net.

One of the most delightful bed-rooms belongs to a daughter of the house. Miss Walter's deep built-in cupboards are painted the same light green as the walls, while an old oak writing-desk supplies a studious note, as does the long brocaded book-rest, which holds far more favourite volumes than the familiar "book-ends" could do, and yet stands on top of an antique chest-of-drawers without looking out of proportion. Gold curtains and coarse-mesh window-nets harmonise with the green flowered bed-cover and chair seats.

There is a green screen with flower designs on each leaf, and a "dickery-dock" of a wall clock finds itself in sympathy with the set of lustre jugs on the mantel shelf. A tip-up Victorian table inlaid with mother-o'-pearl makes a charming bed-table when required.

THIS fire-proof casserole dish of Pyrex glass can be obtained in a stainless chromium holder which makes it instantly presentable for the table

GLASS

Above stairs and Below

By ROBIN KNIGHT

IT used to be said that "people in glass houses should not throw stones"; and then the Crystal Palace was built, making one realise that there are some kinds of glass-houses in which stone-throwing would be quite an innocuous occupation.

Anyway, whether we live in a glass-house or not, we certainly put glass to uses which would make our great-grandmothers gape with wonder, and it is no exaggeration to state that in an increasing number of modern households, glass is the most frequently used material for the equipment both of the kitchen and the dining-room.

Let us start with a visit to any well-equipped modern kitchen. The first thing we notice is the brave array of glass cooking-utensils, all of them guaranteed by "Pyrex," the pioneers of fireproof glassware. Dishes of all sizes and shapes, with lids and without. Deep dishes, hollow ones, ovals, squares, everything we can possibly want for cooking, either simple or elaborate, and with each article purchased we know that an undertaking is given to replace it if, within twelve months of purchase, the dish or any part of it should be broken by overheat.

The blessings of this service can only be fully realised by people who have to cook and serve meals. The time wasted by having to transfer a dish, when cooked, to some other vessel, which has first of all to be heated, the anxiety of heating that dish and wondering if one dares to put it in the oven for a few minutes (the rack is probably already full of plates) without a disaster and the worry of keeping hot a dish we have prepared in advance purposely to save time later on. All of these worries are automatically removed by "Pyrex," and one can safely say that they must have saved quite half the time, and goodness only knows how much of the temper, of a busy cook.

But, apart from all these practical issues, modern women are more than ever particular about the appearance and presentation of the food they serve, and the charm and cleanliness of "Pyrex" glassware are an additional appeal; with the result that a smart hostess has the satisfaction of seeing her tea in a glass teapot and her scones kept hot on charming Wedgwood patterned glass dishes which are not only fireproof but eminently decorative. And this brings us back to the subject of glass in the dining-room.

ALTHOUGH the name of Lalique is now so well-known that, whenever we hear it, we at once think of beautiful glass, many people do not yet realise that the artist has combined with the craftsman in producing glass table-ware which is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. But what is even more striking is the very unusual lovely designs applied to really practical objects. A visit to the new Breves Lalique Galleries in Bond Street is almost bewildering, so great is the choice and variety of table glass; and one enters this enchanting shop with the satisfaction of knowing that it will be impossible to leave without finding exactly what one is looking for and a great many things hitherto not thought of, but which, the moment one sees them, seem altogether indispensable.

Whether it is a set of wine-glasses with decanters, cocktail, lemonade, or beer sets; salad bowls and dessert services; menu tablets, or holders; grape fruit or custard glasses, we will see each perfect piece reproduced in innumerable styles and designs; in fact, it would require so much space to describe in detail the contents of Breves show-cases that one can only take a few specimens which, however, are representative of the collection.

A LALIQUE dessert service has moulded edges to the plate and base of the finger bowls and the stems of the glasses repeat the same motif

A particularly attractive feature is one of the glass salad services. The bowl, which is really large enough to comfortably stir a salad—this in itself is not easy to find—is carried out in a graceful dandelion-leaf pattern with plates to match, and there is also a very fine fruit-salad bowl with a pineapple design in pale green.

Hors d'œuvre sets are made in a variety of shapes, and the little dishes are grouped around a central dish, the whole collection fitting into a glass tray. They have the added advantage of being quite suitable for many purposes and can be bought separately.

Among the many lovely matched glasses and decanters there is a very fine arrangement of a modern, almost severe pattern in black, which would make a perfect *ensemble* with a central table-decoration consisting of Lalique full-blown glass poppies with black seeds arranged in one of the many glass bowls ; while the oyster-shell dessert service is almost a decoration in itself.

Once one has used the glass fruit-plates which, complete with finger bowls, are made to match the sets of glasses and decanters, all other table-ware seems dull and ordinary. In fact, when one realises that everything, from the dining-table itself down to a simple ash-tray can be had from Breves Lalique Galleries, one understands the fun of living in the " Glass Age."

ENTITLED " Bamboo " because of its vertically marked stems, this port wine set, consisting of a decanter, tray, and glasses, is definitely an antique of the future

JAPAN has inspired this delightful table service, which has a series of moulded circles reminiscent of the Japanese symbol of the rising sun

AN unusual set of table glass and dessert service to match is decorated with a severely modern design in black

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Here are some additions to the wardrobe which

406.—A useful and easily made addition to one's early spring wardrobe, which could be worn over any coat and skirt or woollen dress, is a short cape of checked tweed. This would not require a lining and is simplicity itself to make. It requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 58" material. Price 1/-.

407.—Dressing gowns are apt to be attractive and not useful, or practical and anything but decorative, but this one combines both qualities. It is made of the softest Angora wool, which never creases, and is trimmed with bands of cross-stitch, the design for which is shown above and can be easily traced. $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 58" material are required. Price 1/-.

for the HOME DRESSMAKER

will help us to prepare for the coming of Spring

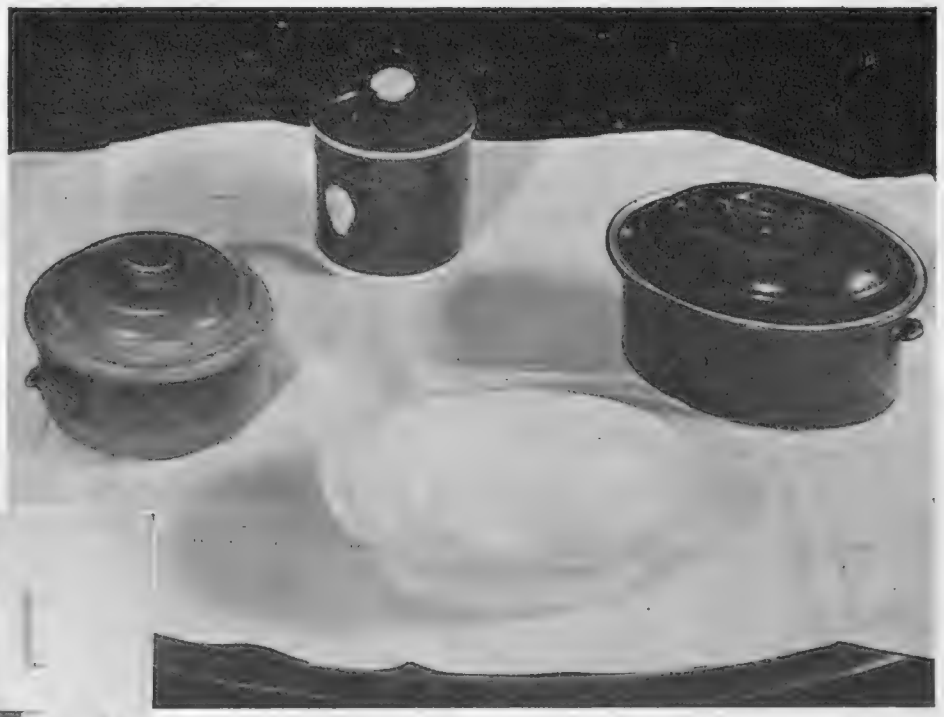
How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 408.—Here is a useful ensemble: the skirt is made of two shaped panels and has an attached belt. The blouse of blue and white striped material could be either of zephyr or crêpe de Chine. The short coat has loose sleeves set on a low shoulder line which makes fitting easy and, furthermore, this same pattern can be used for an evening or bridge coatee (as shown on the seated figure). Make it of satin, add two bands of fur and four paste buttons and you have a most attractive evening wrap. Price of ensemble, 1/6

For *the* Larder *and the* Store Cupboard

By
A. H. Adair



TERRINES can be made in any fireproof pie-dish, but they look much better when a proper green or brown glazed dish is used

EVEN a small store-cupboard can be kept well stocked and is invaluable in emergency cases

WE never know when we are going to receive an emergency "run" so to speak, on our larder and store-cupboard, and the wise housewife will take care that they are always well stocked.

Apart from the usual supply of tinned and bottled things and dry foods such as rice, beans, peas, lentils, etc., there are many little things which we can make ourselves and which will keep for several weeks if properly prepared and covered.

It is a good plan to watch prices and choose a time when game or poultry is being offered at cheaper figures, and of course, for galantines and such-like we do not require the youngest and tenderest of bird or beast.

Another important thing—this time from the labour-saving point of view—is to do as much of one thing at a time as is possible, for once we have started it is just as easy to make three or more galantines as it is to make one.

Galantines

Galantines are really cooked, in the form of a large sausage, in the skin of chicken or duck or whatever bird is being used, or else tied in a cloth. Cooked in this way, of course, they will not keep for long, but if we make them in a dish they will keep, covered with fat, for three weeks or longer according to the temperature.

Terrine of Chicken or Game

Take your bird raw, bone it, and keep on one side the best white parts. Cut and scrape away as much flesh as you can get from the bones and put it through the mincing machine. Then mince half a pound of lean veal, half a pound of lean pork and a quarter of a pound of fat pork. Mix all these minced meats well together, add plenty of salt and pepper, a little grated nutmeg and a pinch of mixed spice.

Take the terrine or pie-dish and put at the bottom a thin rasher of streaky bacon, a layer of mincemeat, a filet of the best flesh, making alternate layers until the dish is full, finishing with a layer of mince and a rasher of bacon. After each layer of mince is put in, press it down lightly with a fork. When thus prepared they should be called "Terrines," which is the name given to that particular pie-dish which is made of glazed fireproof pottery, either brown or green. If these are not available we can use an ordinary china pie-dish.

Put the dish in a pan containing boiling water so that the water comes to about half the height of the dish, and cook it in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter, when you remove it and let it cool with a weight on top. Now take some melted lard or pork fat and cover the top of the dish so that no meat is exposed to the air. When set, cover with greaseproof paper.

Potted Pork

Take four pounds of pork, choosing a part in which half is lean and half fat. Put this through a mincing machine using the coarsest knife, and put the mince into a thick saucepan to melt, when you add half a pound of boiled pigs' liver, also minced or chopped. Add plenty of salt and pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Let the mixture come to the boil and then simmer gently for half an hour, stirring occasionally. Remove the pan from the fire and let the contents become tepid. Pour into pots and, when the mixture is cold, if enough fat has not formed on top to completely hide the meat add a little melted pork fat. Use for *hors d'œuvre* or sandwich fillings.

Tomato Jam

Take some good ripe tomatoes, peel them, cut them in two and scrape away all the seeds. Weigh them and have ready the same weight of lump sugar which you put in a pan with enough water to dissolve it. Bring to the boil, skim well and put in the tomatoes. Boil gentle for two hours, stirring occasionally. Towards the end put in a flavouring of vanilla according to taste. Fill your jam pots and tie them down in the usual manner.

Coffee Syrup

Put three ounces of coffee into a saucepan with a quart of water and an egg-shell. Bring to the boil and boil for three minutes. Strain through a muslin into a clean saucepan, bring to the boil again and add one and a half pounds of lump sugar. Boil for another three minutes, adding an eggspoonful of vanilla essence. Remove from the fire and put in a pudding-spoonful of rum. When cool enough pour the syrup into bottles which you keep corked. Use for flavouring custard.

VEGETABLE Pilaff makes a perfect luncheon dish. It is cheaply and quickly prepared and is always in season

Savoury Rice Dishes

By A. H. Adair

A FOOL-PROOF method of cooking rice is to start it on the fire, finishing covered, in the oven

THE sustaining and nourishing qualities of rice are too well known to require any explanation in this short article. Everybody knows that in many Eastern countries rice is often the only, and always the principal food of the inhabitants, while in the West—Central America, Cuba, and other West Indian Islands—rice served in some spicy, appetising fashion, plays an important part in the daily menus.

Nearer home we find it also constantly used in Italy, Spain and the Southern parts of France, always served in a very savoury form, and it seems that England is the only country where rice is almost invariably served as a pudding. Since the introduction of curried dishes we often meet plain rice, but we very rarely find any of the nourishing spicy dishes enjoyed by people of other nations.

This is definitely a loss to us, as we are neglecting one of the cheapest and most easily prepared forms of food, which has a further, and not to be despised, advantage of being always in season.

To Cook Rice

When a dish of rice is required for serving with curry or some other preparation we always want it firm, white, dry, and with each grain separate. Many people say that they find this difficult to achieve, which it certainly is; here is an absolutely fool-proof recipe.

Peel and chop finely one onion and put it in a pan in which you have put butter, letting the butter reach the foaming stage. Cook the onion for a few minutes over a moderate fire without allowing it to brown. Then put in the rice, allowing a handful for each person, and measuring carefully the rice before using it. Mix with the onion and cook for two or three minutes together. Then add twice the amount of cold water as you have of rice, bring it to the boil and cover it with a buttered paper, put a lid on the pan and place this in a moderate oven for exactly seventeen minutes. The rice should be quite cooked, yet firm, and it will be found that all the liquid has been absorbed.

Vegetable Pilaff

Cook the rice as described above and meanwhile make the following preparation. Peel and chop one onion and brown it in butter, olive oil or dripping. Then add a few tomatoes peeled, cut into small pieces and with the pips removed, salt and pepper and a sprinkling of curry powder to taste. Cook until you have a smooth purée and then add the rice. Mix well together and serve. The quantity of onion and tomatoes depends on the number of people to be served. A good proportion would be one onion and two tomatoes to each person, but in any case the dish should be well flavoured and spicy.

Pilaff of Mussels

The rice for this dish can be cooked according to any method provided it is not overdone or sodden, and it should be removed before it is quite done. Strain well and put it in a frying pan in which you have melted a piece of butter and fry it until it is quite cooked. Meanwhile prepare the mussels, allowing a handful to each person. Wash and scrape them well and put them in a saucepan with an onion finely chopped, a little chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cover the pan tightly and put it on a quick fire for seven minutes, shaking it occasionally. The shells will open and the mussels will cook in their own liquid. Remove the mussels from their shells and mix them with the rice, adding salt, pepper and enough of the liquid from the saucepan to give a smooth softness to the dish.

Pilaff of Chicken or Mutton

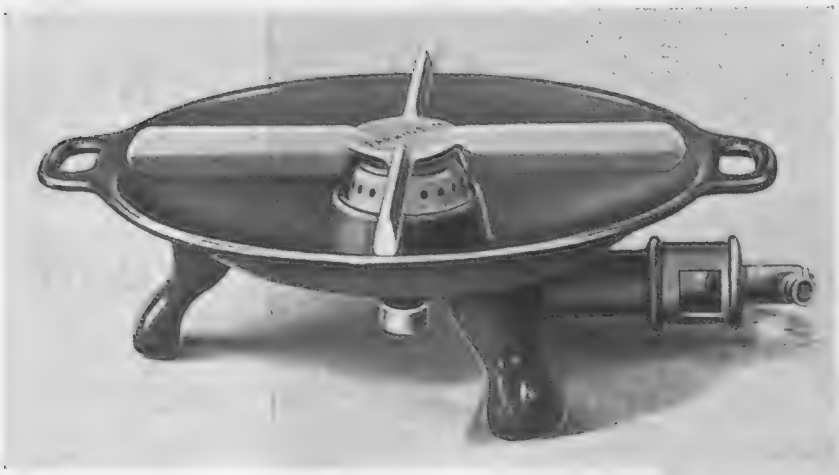
Any "left-overs" of cooked chicken or mutton can be made into a pleasant dish with rice. Trim the meat and cut it into small pieces which you fry for a few minutes in butter or dripping. Season with salt and pepper and a pinch of saffron and mixed spices—curry powder also can be used—and add the rice cooked as for the Mussel Pilaff. Stir well together, see that the dish is well seasoned and spicy, and serve.

Grilled Mutton with Rice

Cut the mutton, raw (it is not necessary to use the most expensive parts), into pieces about two to three inches square and half an inch thick, removing excessive fat. Put these on skewers with a bay leaf between each piece of meat, sprinkle them with salt and pepper and paint them with melted butter, after which you grill them so that they are crisp and brown outside but not too cooked inside.

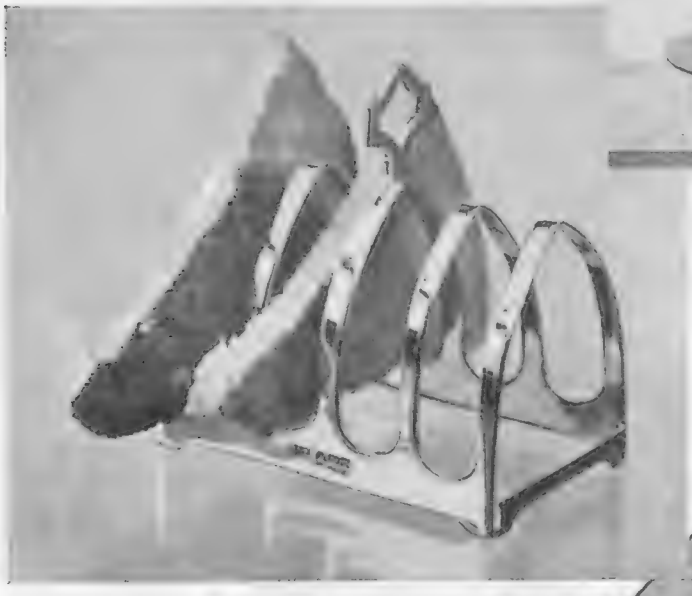
Have ready on a hot dish some rice cooked as described in the first recipe, or better still a Vegetable Pilaff, and arrange the pieces of mutton on top. Serve with Worcester or some other hot, spicy sauce. It is well to remind your guests that the bay leaves are not to be eaten!

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

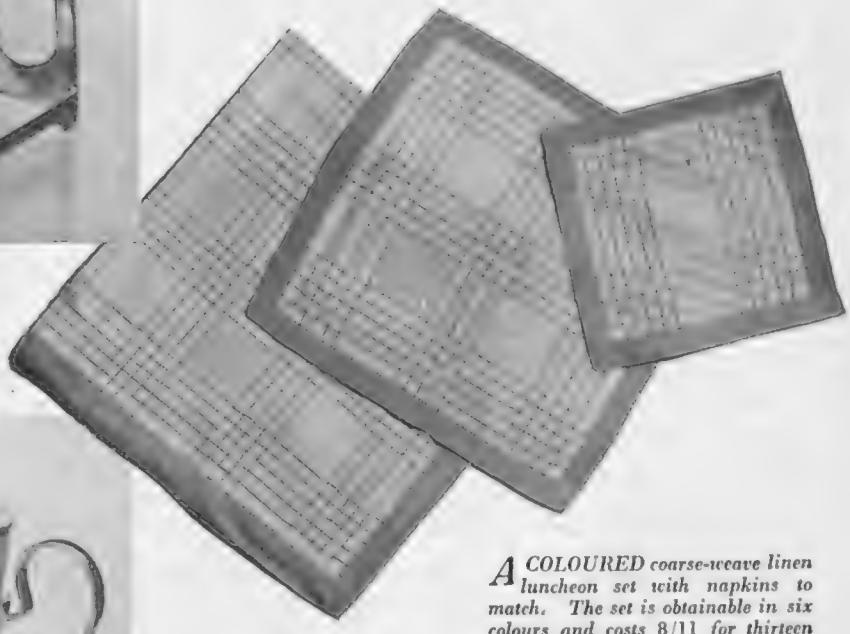


A GAS bowl which solves the problem of kettles and saucepans boiling over on to the floor when making bedroom tea or heating nursery feeds. The bowl is of coloured enamel finish, with aluminium burner. 9/6

TWO charming and practical gifts for the table. An English pewter biscuit box costing 25/6, and a butter dish with glass lining for only 6/6



A SOLID silver toast rack costing 7/6 is a very special bargain. The rack is prettily shaped and holds four pieces of toast



A COLOURED coarse-weave linen luncheon set with napkins to match. The set is obtainable in six colours and costs 8/11 for thirteen pieces. The napkins are extra

SOMETHING pretty for the nursery. A hot-milk mug with a coloured nursery-rhyme picture and an E.P.N.S. frame for 3/6. The larger one for grown-ups is in a plain colour and costs 4/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply.

. . and that's how they came to INVEST !

They deserved a good car—their questions were pointed, intelligent . . . In what way, they asked, was an Austin a better investment? "Well," he said, "you pay no more for it when you *buy it*, you get more out of it while you *run it*, and command more for it when you *sell it*. This Austin dependability," he went on, "spells so little trouble, so little cost, means so much less wear and tear, so much greater mileage. Reduced to terms of the pocket it means *more miles for money*. We don't claim," he said, "that Austin's never wear out—but we do claim that they take longer to do so. And this season," he wound up, "there are so many extras—at no extra cost. New Synchromesh for simplified gear-changing. New cross-braced frames for greater rigidity and road stability. New body styles, lavish comfort, greater driving ease—in short, a fine investment all round." He'd got the right car—they thought so, too . . . and that's how they came to 'invest'!

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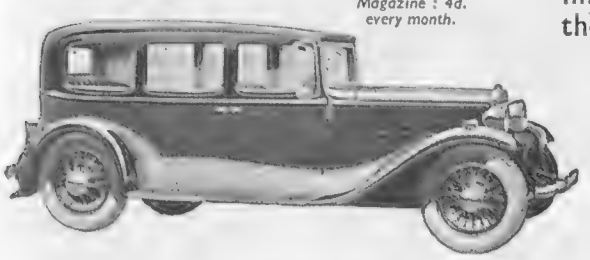
Read the Austin Magazine : 4d. every month.



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Don't Call it Love

(*Continued from page 17*)

they are not exactly crazy about each other. The film called "Red Dust" happened to include a scene in which the redoubtable Mr. Gable, in the rôle of a tough knock-'em-down-and-leave-'em-cold lover, surprised the blonde Miss Harlow in her bath—of all places!—and after a few terse words grabbed hold of her by the knob of platinum hair that was bunched on the top of her head, and almost yanked it off! The kind of grip that Mr. Gable put into that yank was not called for by the 'script, so Miss Harlow is said to have complained. So fierce glances and harsh feelings became the order of the day, and have not altered very much, judging from recent studio reports.

For although Miss Harlow and Mr. Gable *do* speak to each other, during working hours, their conversation is generally of a somewhat frigid nature; it appears to centre round toneless enquiries as to whether Miss Harlow is thinking of going ice skating or if Mr. Gable saw any snow during his last trip to the mountains. But their love scenes are torrid, none the less.

Miriam Hopkins did not exactly enthuse about Jack La Rue, the newest screen menace, when they acted together in "The Story of Temple Drake." Mr. La Rue was fairly new to Hollywood: Miss Hopkins is a brilliant and experienced actress. One scene found her in a cornrick; the rustic door opened, revealing the farmyard beyond, filled with genuine pigs, chickens and plenty of muddy straw. Through that open door Mr. La Rue entered, making his way towards Miss Hopkins for a thrilling seduction scene, while she backed away from him.

It took six hours and a half to get this apparently simple piece of action filmed satisfactorily. Sketches were made of the two players from every angle, to help the camera work. Eight times, when Mr. La Rue started to walk towards the camera he was asked to move two inches to the right, or three inches to the left. This was because, all unconsciously, he was hiding Miss Hopkins from the camera. Is it surprising that two people who have to act under such a strain, and for so many hours on end, are inclined to blame each other in their hearts for things that are really not anybody's fault?

When Marlene Dietrich first started to dazzle filmgoers through her exotic appearance and enticing acting in "Morocco" there was a definite case of antipathy between Gary Cooper, the star of the film as it was originally planned, and the newcomer from Germany, with only a film called "The Blue Angel" to her credit. Gary Cooper was an established favourite in America; his contract stated that he was to star in the film. Yet as the production went on its way he discovered that he was being put further and further on one side, in order that Miss Dietrich might be given every chance.

His scenes without her were cut; and the final version of the film showed that she had become the star, while he was her leading man. Moreover, when the film was exhibited the name MARLENE DIETRICH appeared above the name of Gary Cooper, and in far larger letters! For all these reasons, the love scenes played by the American man and the German actress were *really* acting—for mutual affection was far away!

There is one very favourite trick that actors and actresses indulge in when they know they are going to play a hectic love-scene with somebody they do not like very much. *They eat onions!* I know this is true, for I have heard Joan Crawford announce her intention of doing just this thing; and I have sat at lunch with Aileen Pringle more than once, in the days when she was being co-starred with Lew Cody in a series of comedies. The making of those comedies was one long battle, from the word "Go"; and Miss Pringle would chuckle with glee as she ordered and consumed a copious quantity of onions, having announced that the afternoon was to be devoted to making "a perfect flock of Love Scenes!"

You may call it Love, if you like. But is it?

END

Books

(*Continued from page 49*)

said, "we were given fewer of a man's letters to his friends, and more of his friends' letters to him, we should get to know him better, because among other reasons we should be better able to realise how his personality affected and appealed to others."

Lady Horner has known so many famous and interesting people that only one chapter in her very delightful book is devoted to Lord Oxford. I cannot give even a list of the celebrities with whom she has been on terms of close friendship, but there is one portrait in her book which in fullness and charm surpasses all the rest—that of Edward Burne-Jones. Art and politics and her beautiful home have been the three chief interests of an unusually full life. I have already mentioned her friendship with Burne-Jones, and with Lord Oxford, whose son married her daughter. As for her beautiful home, every one has heard of it, though perhaps every one does not know that her husband's family traces back to a certain little Jack who put in his thumb and pulled out a plum.

A VERY uncommon volume of stage memories is *Dame Madge Kendal*, by Herself (Murray. 10s. 6d.); a very striking and downright personality emerges. I have called it a volume of memories, but it would be as accurate to describe it as a volume of opinions; or as Selections from an Autobiography, rather than an autobiography. The renown of this famous actress is so great and unassailable that one may make certain observations which would not be permissible if her reputation were less firmly established. For instance, here is one of those rare beings, an absolutely first-rate artist, who is troubled hardly at all by the artistic temperament. In an aside, Dame Madge Kendal notes that she is not a business woman. In a sense, of course, this is true; but few readers will lay aside the book without reflecting that the author would have risen to pre-eminence in any profession she had adopted. When she went on the stage few professions were open to women, and this continued to be true until the War. The enthusiasm with which actresses espoused the cause of women's suffrage suggested that, popular and successful as many of them were, they had not willingly entered the theatre. We shall never know how much the Vote has cost the Drama.

This comment upon female suffrage, appearing at the end of my pen by chance and not by design, comes in very handily, for a third of Dame Ethel Smyth's *Female Pipings in Eden* (Davies. 8s. 6d.) is devoted to an essay on Emmeline Pankhurst. The long biographical note is written with great vigour, and is a fine and moving piece of work. How difficult to realise that the events here described took place only twenty years ago! One seems to be reading early Victorian history. (Mr. Asquith crops up again, of course, in a very unfavourable light. When every allowance has been made, he was not very receptive of new ideas. This seems to argue a lack of imagination, a lack which I noted earlier when discussing his letters.) The rest of Dame Ethel's book is made up of sundry papers and lectures—rather a heterogeneous collection, linked together by a dominant personality. Like most people, I take great pleasure in her strongly individual writings. There is a good chapter on Sullivan's *tempi*, a charming paper on Brahms, and other essays on other subjects taken by the author in her powerful stride.

Photographs of Mrs. Pankhurst struggling in the arms of a large policeman; of Anmer being brought down at Tattenham Corner; of suffragists, with portmanteaux already packed, awaiting trial at Bow Street—all these, and hundreds of other pictures of the dead past, appear in *Ourselves* 1900–1930, compiled and written by Iris Clephane (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.). Here, thanks to the cinema, is a record of the times through which all middle-aged English men and women have lived. And very odd and remote it looks. The explanatory matter underneath the pictures is presumably taken from contemporary newspapers. I note with interest that, where I have personal knowledge of the event, the comment is generally erroneous. From this amusing album I turned to *A Gallery of Women* (Collins. 12s. 6d.), wherein Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell, not unknown to readers of this magazine, provides pen pictures of 20 women famed in art, politics and sport: from Lady Oxford to Tilly Losch, from Greta Garbo to Dora Russell. In spite of Mr. Drawbell's own views on the subject, I suggest that his vivid, racy pages are, in their way, a striking testimony to the work of Mrs. Pankhurst. And so, perhaps, is this article, in which he is the first male writer to be mentioned.

I, poor wretch, would like to allude to one other member of my sex before concluding. This is Mr. Hugh Kingsmill, whose *Samuel Johnson* (Barker. 10s.) has, I am glad to see, been "recommended" by the Book Society. Faithful readers (if any) of this page will know why I rejoice at the recognition of this author. For a long time I have been pressing the claims of his work—always light and firm and of high quality. In his new book he examines the Doctor and Boswell's version of the Doctor. The two are not always the same. The result is a lively and diverting work. I hope the Society will "choose" Mr. Kingsmill outright before long. The gesture is overdue.

END

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New Contributions to Motoring *Comfort*

Accessories for 1934

By the Earl of Cardigan

FOR much that makes modern motoring convenient and comfortable we owe a debt, very seldom acknowledged, to the makers and designers of accessories. It should be more generally recognised that if any car were to be stripped of those little mechanical aids which we group under the heading of "accessories," it would be shorn of nearly all that "refinement" which makes it attractive to the purchaser and owner. It would remain, perhaps, a perfectly efficient vehicle, but it would no longer commend itself to the discerning motorist.

I can remember the days when almost all the accessories offered by motor manufacturers were listed as "extras," and added not a little to the price of a fully equipped car. Nowadays, of course, most manufacturers supply quite a lavish equipment of accessories, even with cars of the £200–£300 class. Even so, there are many motorists who like to "go one better," and to add one or two small items of their own choice. There is always a sale for additional fittings of proved usefulness and value.

Needless to say, it is as well, if one is contemplating making small improvements to one's car, to distinguish clearly between accessories and mere "gadgets." The latter are attractive at first sight, and often most ingenious, but they are apt to be sadly disappointing when put to the stern test of everyday working. I myself have occasionally been ensnared by the "gadget's" undeniable appeal, but I have always found that the collection of such devices is to be regarded as a hobby and extravagance rather than as a practical investment. The only permanently worthwhile "extra" is an accessory which has been built on sound, workmanlike lines by a firm of established reputation.

To my mind, perhaps the most desirable of all modern accessories (if it can fairly be classed as such) is a set of permanent jacks fitted underneath the chassis. The car so equipped gains enormously in convenience from the owner-driver's point of view. If required, all four wheels can be raised from the ground—for wheel changing, brake adjustment or general inspection—with practically no effort, no discomfort and no waste of time.

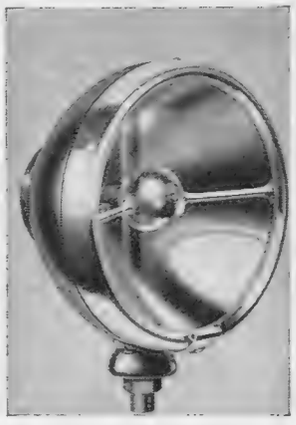
The best known permanent jacking set is no doubt the "Jackall," which is supplied by Smith and Sons of Cricklewood. This works on the hydraulic principle, and is now so arranged that it can be operated from the driving seat. A few movements of a lever are sufficient to raise either front or rear wheels, and all four can be lifted from the ground within half a minute. Naturally, to fit the whole system into a car is a moderately expensive business (sets are priced at 12 and 14 guineas, and there is a further charge for fitting), yet it would be difficult to think of anything more valuable to the busy motorist, or more welcome to the fastidious owner who objects to the groping and grovelling entailed by jacks of the ordinary sort.

The same firm also supplies special instruments, either of novel or well-established varieties. Among the latter, the revolution indicator must be mentioned. This is an instrument which has always been favoured by keen motorists, and which is of very definite usefulness, although seldom fitted as standard to cars other than sports models. To those who know and appreciate the "rev. counter," its function is as important as that of the ubiquitous speedometer.

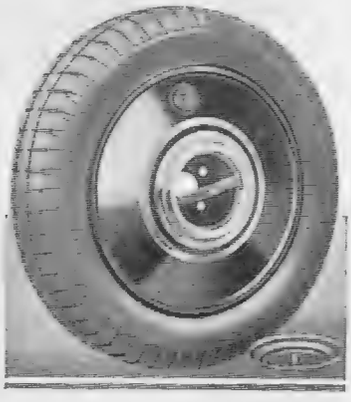
An interesting novelty is the I.B.E. motor-car compass, which one can well imagine being helpful under certain circumstances. I can myself remember once motoring 500 miles (through Central Greece) without ever seeing a signpost or possessing a road map worthy of the name. On that occasion, I found my way by the rough-and-ready method of observing the position of the sun—but I should certainly have been happier with a reliable compass for guidance!

In England, no doubt, there are more (*Continued on page* 86)

PERHAPS the most desirable of all modern accessories is a set of permanent jacks fitted underneath the chassis. A Rolls-Royce car elevated by "Jackall" four-wheel jacks (S. Smith & Sons Ltd.)



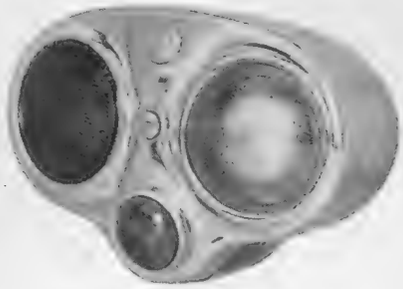
ADDITIONAL lamps are of great value for driving through fog. The Lucas High-Power Fog Lamp and "Pass Light"



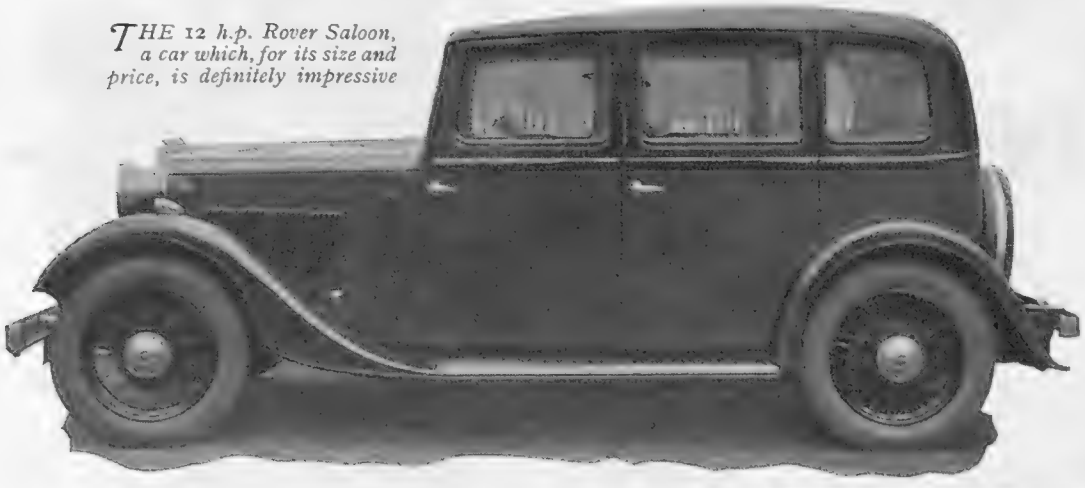
THE owner-driver who dislikes the tedious and dirty job of cleaning muddy wire spokes should invest in a set of Ace "Magnachrome" Discs (Cornercroft Ltd.)

A VERY useful accessory for the car is a "Trafficator" set (Joseph Lucas Ltd.)

THERE is no more useful asset than the familiar portable inspection lamp (Joseph Lucas Ltd.)



THE new "Stop" tail and reversing lamp A separate switch throws a beam of white light out behind the car, so that reversing by night is made almost as simple as by day (Joseph Lucas Ltd.)



THE 12 h.p. Rover Saloon, a car which, for its size and price, is definitely impressive

A Notable New ROVER

The "Twelve" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 12 h.p. Rover at a glance

ENGINE. 12 h.p. 4-cylinder. Notably smooth-running.
PERFORMANCE. Top gear 65–70 m.p.h. Third gear 50 m.p.h.
GEARBOX. Four speeds, with free-wheel.
BRAKES. Good, mechanically operated.
STEERING. Light, pleasant.
SPRINGING. Good, steady at all speeds.
COACHWORK. Exceptionally good for relatively small car.
PRICE. Saloon, £268.

AT a time when the motor-car is being improved and developed at an exceptionally rapid rate, it must be satisfactory for light car owners to observe the immense strides being made in the 12 h.p. class. Personally, I have the opportunity to drive most of the new cars, of all types between 7 and 40 h.p., and my recent experience has convinced me that, for sheer progress, the 12 h.p. models at present lead the field. Between the "twelve" of 1934 and the corresponding car of, say, 1930 there is practically no basis of comparison.

In particular, the 12 h.p. four-cylinder engine of 1934 is a revelation in combined smoothness and efficiency. It is becoming well-nigh impossible, without reference to the catalogue, to distinguish some of these small "fours" from "sixes." The flexibility which was once the hall-mark of the six-cylinder unit seems to be achieved, with almost equal completeness, by engines of perfectly conventional four-cylinder design.

All this, of course, is by way of a preface to my impressions of the 12 h.p. Rover. I do not hesitate to say that here is a car which, for its size and price, is definitely impressive. It has, in the first place, a top speed of between 65 and 70 m.p.h. Since the day of my test run was shrouded in fog, I was not able to ascertain the actual figure. I did, however, verify the 35 m.p.h. claimed for second, and the 50 m.p.h. quoted for third gear performance. These latter, I also noted, represented the comfortable maximum, rather than the absolute top speeds in either case.

In other words this Rover model must be regarded as a distinctly fast car for its size. It will exceed by perhaps 20 m.p.h. the cruising speed likely to be maintained by the average owner. At the same time, it is silent, smooth running and perfectly free from vibration, no doubt partly owing to the flexible mounting of the engine in the frame.

The gearbox is an interesting one. Used in the normal way, it gives very pleasant and easy changes, being silent and very nearly fool-proof in second, third and top gears. As if this were not enough, however, a free-wheel is added. With this device in use (for the free-wheel can be engaged and disengaged at will), it becomes literally impossible to make a clumsy gear-change. Undoubtedly, this is an asset—even though the free-wheel simplifies that which is already simple.

THE new Rover jacking system. If the jack head is first fitted into the slot there can be no difficulty in raising the wheel

THE chassis is well sprung, and an interesting feature is the "harmonic stabiliser" incorporated in the bumper between the front dumb irons. The latter plays a part in absorbing road vibrations, and is calculated to prevent possible "wheel-patter"—an obscure motoring malady which, when it does occur, can be exceedingly unpleasant.

The steering is pleasant, and the brakes, which operate mechanically, give ample power with a satisfactory degree of smoothness. A minor, but very useful, chassis fitting is the easy jacking system, which consists of a slotted block attached beneath the axle close to each wheel. Into this the jack head is fitted, so that the jack, in the first instance, hangs vertically below the block. It is then only necessary to wind the jack down until firm contact with the ground is made.

This is, perhaps, an indifferent explanation—but it should be clear that it is infinitely easier to wind a jack *down* on to the ground than to wind the same jack *up* so as to fit firmly beneath a somewhat inaccessible axle.

AS to coachwork, it is worth noting that, at the recent Motor Show, the Rover Company was, for the second year in succession, awarded a prize for the best coachwork in one of the light car classes. One can hardly doubt that the award was well deserved. Certainly, in the case of the 12 h.p. saloon, a truly remarkable degree of comfort and convenience has been achieved. There is plenty of head-room and leg-room for both front and back seat passengers, although this roominess has in no way detracted from the "lines" and general smart appearance of the car.

For £268, in other words, this Rover provides a standard both of comfort and performance which one has not formerly been accustomed to associate with a 12 h.p. model. It would hardly be too much to say that it is only in regard to price and annual tax that it reveals its relatively modest size and power.

From *The Autocar* 25/8/33

ROVER TWELVE-FOUR SALOON
DATA FOR THE DRIVER

12 h.p., four cylinders, 69 × 100 mm. (1,485 c.c.). Tax 12.

Gear ratios.	Acceleration from steady speed 10 to 30 m.p.h.	20 to 40 m.p.h.	30 to 50 m.p.h.
19.3 to 1	—	—	—
9.12 to 1	7⅛ sec.	—	—
6.15 to 1	9⅜ sec.	11 sec.	14⅜ sec.
4.77 to 1	15⅜ sec.	15⅛ sec.	18⅛ sec.

Timed speed over ¼ mile, 67.16 m.p.h.
Acceleration from standing start to 50 m.p.h., 22⅛ sec.
Speed up Brooklands Test hill from a standing start, 16 m.p.h.
Brakes: stopping distance from 30 m.p.h., 23ft.
Turning circle, 40ft. Tank capacity, 9½ gallons; fuel consumption, 28 m.p.g. 12-volt lighting set cuts in at 12 m.p.h.; Two-rate charging.
Weight, 22 cwt. 3 qr. Price with saloon body, £268.

ROVER

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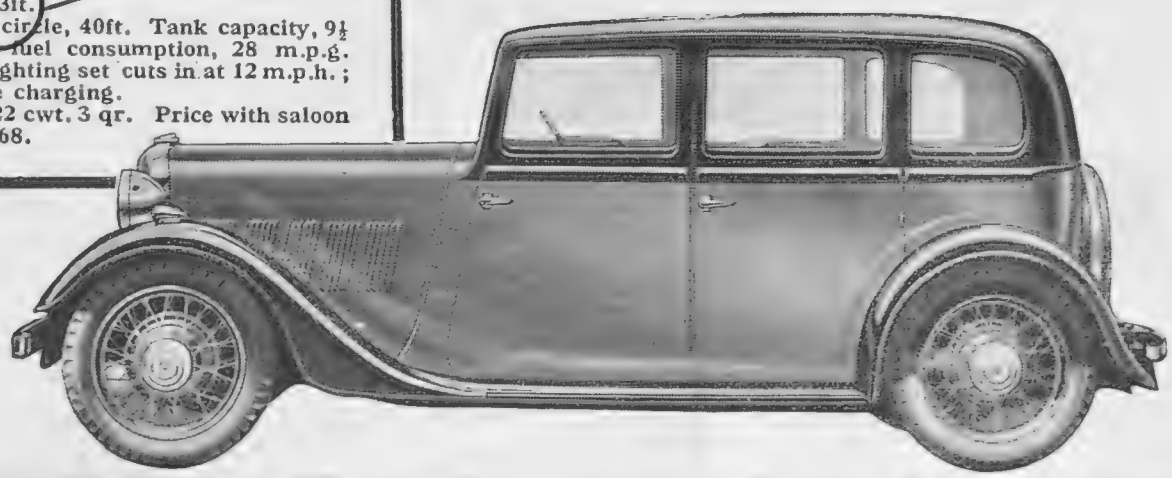

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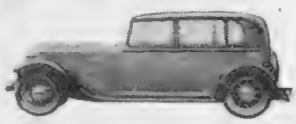

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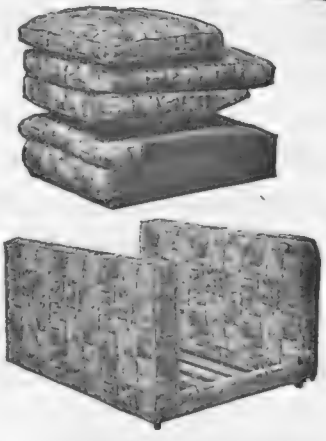
The new "MERTON" Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

The "MERTON" ECONOMY MODEL

THE "ISIS"

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED

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Prices of "ISIS" Model according to length of seat.

CHAIR from **£5.19.6**

SETTEE from **£10.10.0**

Prices of "MERTON" Model

CHAIR from **£3.19.6**

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A *Light* Car with Fluid Transmission

The 10 *h.p.* B.S.A.

By the Earl of Cardigan

AS the smallest and most moderately priced car to be fitted with the now well-known Daimler transmission system, the 10 h.p. B.S.A. cannot fail to be of more than ordinary interest to the motoring public. It represents the last link in a chain of 1934 cars designed to cater for almost every class of purchaser.

Regarding this 10 h.p. model, for the moment, without reference to its special transmission, we find in the new B.S.A. saloon a distinctly sturdy and comfortable little car. It is of sufficient size to provide four passengers with ample seating space, and with reasonable head-room. A good point is that the right-hand brake lever works on the Daimler principle—that is to say, it is pushed forward to apply the brake. Thus, when the car is brought to a standstill, the lever is naturally clear of the doorway and can offer no impediment to the driver getting out. Here is a good and simple solution to one of the car designer's minor problems.

The engine has no lack of power, and, although perhaps not attaining to Lanchester standards of smoothness, runs very pleasantly throughout its range. In third gear I was able to reach 40 m.p.h. with ease, and could possibly have exceeded this figure had not discretion, instilled by the fact that the individual car concerned had not been thoroughly "run in," restrained me. In top gear I found the comfortable maximum to be around 55 m.p.h.

Road-holding proved very good and steady, even during the steady drizzle which accompanied my test run. The steering was light and very definite, having a useful amount of self-centring action. The springing also was good, although hardly outstanding.

The roads being wet, the excellent braking was a point to be appreciated, for the four-wheel brakes showed themselves to be of ample power, although perfectly smooth in their action. Altogether, even with normal transmission, the B.S.A. could be regarded as a thoroughly sound and attractive proposition.

Naturally, however, it is the transmission system which will appear, to a great many drivers, to be the car's most striking characteristic. This consists, as most people are aware, of a "fluid flywheel" (taking the place of the ordinary friction clutch) and a Wilson epicyclic gearbox of the pre-selective type.

In effect, the result obtained by such transmission is simply this. Both clutch pedal and gear lever become mere accessory aids to driving—controls which the driver *may* use, as and when he so desires, to give the car increased efficiency. In reasonably level country, they are reduced to the status of, say, the ignition lever or the air control.

The 10 *h.p. B.S.A. in brief*

Engine: 10 h.p. four cylinder, with side valves.
Gearbox: Special pre-selective, having four forward speeds, fully fool-proof.
Clutch: Replaced by fluid flywheel, giving smooth automatic start from standstill.
Performance: Third gear, over 40 m.p.h.; top, 55 m.p.h.
Steering: Good.
Springing: Fair.
Braking: Good, smooth.
Coachwork: Comfortable, plenty of room.
Price: With "Special" saloon body, £245.

This will be clear when I say that, for ordinary driving on the level, it is perfectly possible to handle the car by means of the accelerator and brake pedals only. Top gear may be engaged before even the hand brake is released. The car will remain stationary, with the engine "ticking over," until the accelerator pedal is depressed. It will then gently move off, increase its pace, or come to a standstill again, no gear other than top being used throughout.

"Curiouser and curiouser," it is literally not possible at any time to stop the engine unintentionally. The car may be driven to a standstill in top gear on a hill, or the throttle may be opened while the hand brake is hard on; still the engine will continue turning over, and, more remarkable still, will not suffer any appreciable harm by such treatment!

Obviously, it is "stunt" driving which reveals these astounding qualities. In ordinary practice it naturally pays to use the lower gears whenever additional power or acceleration is required. No gear-changing troubles can possibly arise, since it is only necessary, first, to move a small lever on the steering column into the appropriate notch, and, secondly, to dab the gear-changing pedal at the appropriate moment. The clutch, as such, need not be used at all.

To the practical man, the real advantage of all this is that it is restful, particularly so in negotiating heavy traffic. Whatever gear is engaged, the car will always respond to the accelerator pedal, and it is mere child's play to use the gearbox to the best advantage. In these degenerate (?) days, such considerations are to be reckoned with, and this additional merit of the B.S.A. is one which is bound to be a powerful argument in its favour. Not less appealing is the price, only £245 for the well-equipped "Special" saloon.

Incidentally a light car of this type provides an interesting "pointer" to the direction which motoring progress nowadays is taking. It must remain, for the present, a matter of opinion whether or not the Daimler transmission system is destined to eclipse all others. Similar, if not quite the same, results have been obtained by other means. What seems certain is that the practically fool-proof car is here to stay, that it can be built even on a 10 h.p. scale, and that it can be sold at a price which the man in the street is well able to pay.

To all but the reactionaries, development on these lines should be welcome. The tendency towards extreme simplicity is right and logical, and the new B.S.A. may well be quoted as an excellent example of it.

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VESTS
Low neck, no sleeves, or ribbed arms, or short sleeves. Also Opera Top.
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COMBS.
Low neck, no sleeves, or ribbed arms, or short sleeves. Also Opera Top.
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prosaic motoring contingencies to be provided for. One of these is the difficult business of reversing in the dark. It is often quite impossible, with standard lighting equipment, to back a car confidently into an unlit garage or a narrow gateway. This is where accessories of the electrical variety are called for.

A good instance is the new "Stop," tail and reversing lamp. This lighting combination set is supplied by Joseph Lucas, Ltd., and takes the place of the usual tail lamp. A small red light is shown in the ordinary way, and there is a further red warning light shown when the foot brake is applied. In addition, a separate switch throws a beam of white light out behind the car, so that reversing by night is made almost as simple as by day. To a great many motorists, this should prove a real boon.

Lucas lamps, of one type or another, are, of course, largely used for accessory purposes. A spot-light is always a handy thing to have fitted to a car, being particularly useful when one is touring after dark in unfamiliar country. There are still many signposts in use which are not readily visible by the light of ordinary headlamps,

Accessories *for* 1934

and the spot-light may well be the only convenient means of reading their directions.

Additional lamps are also of great value for driving through fog. True, it is always possible to readjust headlamps so as to throw an intense light on the near side of the road, but it is obviously a convenience if a special fog lamp, aided perhaps by the spot-light, is available for this purpose.

Finally, there is no more useful asset than the familiar portable inspection lamp. This can be instantly plugged in when required, and has a long reel of cable which enables it to throw light into any part of the car. The difficulty of making night-time adjustments is definitely halved by this means.

With lamps, it need hardly be said, the list of electrical accessories is very far from being exhausted. Indeed, an accessory catalogue is nowadays a very big book. It is worth looking through, if only as an illustration of what can be done, even with well-equipped modern cars, to add the last iota which makes for complete convenience and thorough luxury.

Making To-morrow (*Continued from page* 19)

every year must support a great acreage of wheat for a greater number of people: and of the limited supply of mineral phosphates for fertilising and other purposes. A quarter of a century back two-thirds of the supply of this came from Chile . . . *but nitrogenous compounds were needed*, for fertiliser for drugs, for artificial silk dyestuffs and, in the four dreadful years from 1914, especially for explosives. *And the chemists produced what was needed* on a commercial scale by fixation of nitrogen from the air by the arc process, the cyanamide process and the direct synthesis of ammonia, and the course of the history of man's supplies wrenched back to the upward curve.

Since so much, everywhere, depends upon them, it is worth while going behind the scenes and seeing these extremely romantic realists at work, and in embryo: without differentiating too much between the finer gradations of research chemist, industrial chemist and chemical engineer. Two facts emerge: the chemists have made a tremendous proportion of the things we eat, handle, wear and see and the research man holds more of to-morrow in his two hands than do the more talkative statesmen. A world without politicians is conceivable—*without chemists, impossible.*

Up a corkscrew staircase in a Victorian building behind the Law Courts is a most historic laboratory: its existence probably unknown to those millions of people, chiefly women, for whom it has altered a great part of their lives . . . for here was the birthplace of viscose artificial silk. It was here in 1892 that C. F. Cross, the late E. J. Bevan and C. Beadle discovered cellulose xanthate: and here to-day, against much the same background, the same firm of Cross and Bevan carries on the same research work—advanced further!

That discovery altered not only the aspect of many of us, but—our outlook! No longer do we see the staid servant in black woollen stockings with red flannel petticoats under her decent stuff dress . . . the modern maid is smart in synthetic stockings, "undies" and "silk" dress. She does not merely dress better: she has all the poise of a new dress-democracy—more than the vote, she thanks viscose!

Doctor C. J. J. Fox, enthusiast and expert, tells the story—but not before he has told of the incident lately of the Japanese visitors who displayed actually religious reverence to the site of the discovery of the synthetic silkworm!

Meanwhile in the small, unpretentious and efficient laboratory, work goes on: a "jam jar" of treacle-like substance reveals itself as the material from which the silk is finally spun; and the visitor hears the story of Topham's ingenious "spinning box" that made first the thread, which you can still see in the Science Museum.

You see raw material: *spruce chips!* Then the asbestos-looking affair that is sheet wood pulp—and finally the treacle that is the viscose. Topham, and the perfecters of his method who now produce some 90 per cent. of the artificial silk in the world, forced this tacky liquid through the multi-holed end of a jet: the fine filaments were then fixed by a "coagulating" solution and—there are the silken threads.

About 2d. a lb. is the wood pulp, against the 5d. or so needed for the raw material of an alternative method, acetate silk, a method of manufacture from the ginned raw cotton.

Doctor Fox is murmuring statistics as the visitor holds a historic skein, the first artificial silk spun by viscose methods; fifty million lb. of viscose in 1920—12 years later ten times that amount . . . and Topham's first filaments were only spun through his first jet as late as 1901!

This is a friendly laboratory: some day probably to be reconstructed in some Museum: marked by a blue tablet on the wall outside . . . and so on! Meanwhile typists, waitresses, maids, errant girls, "society beauties"—*and female journalists* thank the inventors of viscose for colour and smartness in a drab world!

CEMENT, that colossal modernity, was not made by modernity but by man: and—took some making! And it was not until the meticulous and exacting work of the research man had been expended upon it that our generation was able to make up the prescription of the industrial chemist and our engineers could design the tremendous buildings, grey, snow-white and coloured, that are making the skyline of the new world.

It was half-way through the eighteenth century that Smeaton carried out his experiments because he wanted something suitable for the rebuilding of the Eddystone Lighthouse . . . he was dabbling (though he may not have realised it) in the very foundations of the modern world, for thus it was that the interest in hydraulic cements began. Very little notice, however, was taken of Smeaton's discovery, and 50 years later a distinguished chemist went a step further and produced a cement by burning together finely pulverised chalk and clay after mixing them in a paste. But it was in 1824 that a bricklayer of Leeds, Joseph Aspidin, found that by mixing specified proportions of finely pulverised chalk and clay, burning them at high temperature and grinding the resultant clinker, he was able to produce a hydraulic binding material far superior to anything so far used. This he patented, calling it Portland cement, owing to its resemblance in colour, when used, to Portland stone.

Possibly none of these pioneers had then even a faint vision of the reinforced concrete buildings, bridges, arterial roads, swimming baths, façades, factories . . . of grey, white and coloured cement that is the raw material of our towns of to-morrow!

And, to-day, talk to the men who make this amazing stuff: come behind the scenes and watch them with their retorts, with their delicate scales and balances: fidgeting about the exact quality of their aggregate . . . fussing about this and that as if, for all the world, the commodity they are handling must be as meticulously carefully produced as a phial of perfume.

You have some inkling of the mind of these industrial chemists when you hear one of them talk about the new snowcrete and coloured cements. (As if grey material were not enough!) Talking with enthusiasm these men tell you that ordinary Portland cement contains a percentage of oxide of iron: this makes it greyish . . . even should they add colour, it is partially masked by that grey. Then came a time of research, trial, error and experiment; finally those chemists emerged triumphant: they need not now offer us a drab world, for they had achieved the prescription for pure white and gaily bright concrete. And they insist (exalted, no doubt, with the success of their labours!) that instead of grey pavements, grey roads and grisly buildings they can offer us a world of clean colour to live in and to walk upon.

Visit the scene of the making-up of the mighty prescription *under the direct control of the works chemist.*

AND now another picture: the material of the moderns that is, in one form at least, as strong as steel, usually one-sixth the weight of steel and one-half the weight of aluminium . . . one of the plastics, Bakelite. Your telephone hand-microphone, your (*Continued on page* 88)

Innoxa Treatment for Special Events

FOR that evening when so much may depend upon the revelation of your true loveliness unmasked by any passing blemish, the correct use of the beauty aids below, as revealed in the Innoxa Guide to Beauty, will give most gratifying results.

INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK. Cleanses, softens, whitens . . . . . per bottle 21/-, 11/6, 6/6, 3/6.

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Or in place of Skin Tonic if the skin is greasy—
INNOXA ASTRINGENT LOTION . . . per bottle 11/6, 6/6, 3/6.

Finish with
INNOXA MOUSSE DAY CREAM for dry skins, per vase 6/6, 3/6, 2/-.

INNOXA MATINE DAY CREAM for greasy skins, per vase 6/6, 3/6, 2/-.

And finally your favourite shade of
INNOXA COMPLEXION POWDER . . . . per box 6/6 and 3/6.

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3-Piece Suit of Jumper, Skirt and Cardigan (wool) ..	**4/6**
Sleeveless Coatee	**1/-**
Man's Suit	**4/-**
Raincoat (with re-proofing) ..	**5/6**
Trousers or Plus Fours ..	**1/6**

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ash tray, plates, wireless cabinet, electric insulators—these are of Bakelite. At the same time this material that will stand up to acid, moisture, fire and blows is regarded with favour by aircraft constructors, machinery constructors for their gears, makers of golf clubs . . .

It is a synthetic affair; a chemists' triumph, and it has the toughness of rubber and the rigidity of glass; it belongs to the amazing range of plastics that are typical of to-day—casein plastics, synthetic resins (which this is), cellulose compounds, pitch compounds and natural resins.

Watch the hydraulic press "all set," ready, with 2,000 lb. pressure to the square inch, already to "cure". yet another moulded object that begins as a chemists' prescription and ends up, bright, hard, pleasant to look upon, anything from an ash tray to a golf club or something for aviation and wireless!

Bakelite is a fused compound of phenol and formaldehyde; these react chemically together and produce the amber material that is indifferent to solvents and a good insulator—in goes the powder, down goes the ram—through the mould the substance is pressed and fused, and after perhaps a few minutes out comes the hard, bright object—synthetic, cheap, modern!

THEN, another modern picture: safety for pioneers.

Come behind the scenes and see the industrial research experts really "on active service"—and that for the dangers of peace as the moderns take it. True, this is perhaps the most famous firm in all the world for its anti-gas devices, and equally true it is that in their workrooms may be seen stands of grim, hideous masks. But even they would be the first to agree (these experts who specialise in the delicate business of man's breathing apparatus) that their interests lie not in war, but in making the modern world safe for the modern man who insists upon exploring its "roof" and its foundations . . . *the altitude pioneer and the under-water worker!*

The Research Expert stopped in front of row on row of animal-like faces of rubber and glass—*gas masks.* But he smiled pityingly at my interest in them. "Only gas masks," he said, "and peace time is just as important from our point of view, *we are saving life all the time.* . . ." And then, in a building unique in London and perhaps in all the world, he showed me just exactly how and why the research men—chemists, electricians and doctors—are working.

We left the gas masks—complete with ugly snout and canister and tubing—hundreds of them. But they are definitely the least interesting of the astounding appliances behind that demure frontage in Westminster Bridge Road and—— "Anyhow," he went on to say, "there's a new gas, heavy stuff, corrosive, that gets you through your skin . . . you need a whole suit as a protection against that; we have just made two for private customers—who could afford them!"

And so we left the grim array and went into a huge room, holding—among other things—a sixteen foot deep tank of warm water, equipped with observation portholes and surrounded by strange boiler-like apparatus. Below the faintly steaming water of the tank can be seen a stool and some metal lying on a tiny table; and the heavy metal shoulder and headpiece of the diver is obvious with the other tackle, on the benches around the gallery.

Testing equipment for divers; salvage men, and under-water workers, and pressure tanks as well as that grim reminder of the death that always hovers over the shoulder of these men, the "first aid" chamber for the victim overcome with illness that may attack the diver who comes up too swiftly.

It is here, in this strangest of all "laboratories," that triumphs like the saving of the crew of the *Poseidon* were made possible; here and in the quietness and concentration of the laboratory upstairs.

Making To-morrow

HIGH above Kingsway, in a quiet office, sits another man who is coping with the perils of peace—a man who has, in Britain alone, some 44 *million* enemies . . . any two of whom, if they "marry," can increase from 2 to 87,000 within two years.

This quiet man, who has spent his life in this war, tells the story of the dogged researches of bacteriology in this war against this enemy who has fought mankind to a standstill. For it is no less a person than Lord Horder who, I think, has said that this army of disease-carrying rats and mice is supported by the community in food alone to the tune of some 90 *million* in pounds each year . . . more than the Army, Navy and Air Force estimates combined for 1932. Against this ominous menace; against bubonic plague, filth and poison, science is our only line of defence.

And so, in France, Germany, Russia, America—all over the world—scientists set to work to find something that would outwit the most cunning of animals who is gnawing at the foundations of to-morrow. Traps, poison and ferrets made relatively small impression—the brown rat lives in the sewers and basements . . . *the death rat*, the black rat, *can climb!* Walls, ropes, telegraph wires—anything, and he was seen making his debut in the House of Commons.

What was needed was some "culture" that he would eat and that would have deferred action, inimical only to him, and that would kill him in thousands where he was slain only in tens, and by its deferred action lull his most formidable weapon, suspicion.

A bacteriologist, slogging away at this, at last perfected a culture, and Doctor Louis Bahr was the first man to feed rats on *ratin* and see them sicken and die at the end of some 10 days and after they had infected their companions . . . all lulled by security.

A queer, exciting story of this Danish scientist and his doctored beef tea. The bacteriologist concerned *not* in making war horrible, but peace possible!

AND, best of all, there comes, not from industrialised Russia, Germany or America, but unpublicised Britain, that fine healthy picture of the first laboratory in this country to be designed and erected for the definite purpose of teaching and research in the vital industrial subject of chemical engineering. Doctor Gibbs, professor of the Ramsay Memorial Laboratory of the University of London, teaches graduates in chemistry and engineering their practical part in to-morrow's industry. Here watch them, as I did, working enthusiastically not under "ideal" laboratory conditions, but with the problem of large-scale commercial problems to be solved in their own workshops, learning not academically, but by the sweat of real practical *work!*

Professor Gibbs, who certainly ought to know, says of the type of men he is training "*here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.* . . ."

END

His Only "Fan"

(*Continued from page 25*)

Hollywood and all its works—"That Mixture of harlotry and dolldom," he called it! For it had killed his trade. It was a century in front of him.

Rory O'Mahon was forgotten by the playgoers of to-day. He was passed by. "The Complete Lover" was a complete wash-out—and every one knew it except himself.

And he had nothing else to play.

While Malcolm was thinking, some germ of the idea even penetrated the old actor's head. He remembered the knighthood he had missed—"queered by jealousy," he had always said—the long years of fruitless touring. He was asked to the Garden Party, every year, but that was all, and stand though he did in the line, he never got presented, even there.

Then it all came out in a sudden burst of wrath. He turned to Mabel.

"Everything's your fault," he shouted, standing up, and strutting the room, his hands waving in gesticulation. "I shouldn't have married you. They hate these man-and-wife lovers. It kills Romance. I found you when you were nothing. I married you and made you. How can a man make love to his wife? They don't believe it."

Then came the avalanche. Mabel launched it from the pinnacle of her dignity. She was not over-tall, for a leading lady, but she grew in height.

"You old fool!" she began. "Don't you know that you have been through for twenty years? Don't you know that we've been losing money for three seasons, now? Don't you know that nearly all my savings have gone to buy stalls to give away, so that we could all pretend, just to flatter you?

"Don't you know that you mouth your words and rant and strut? Can't you see, you old fossil, that you and your generation are all long-forgotten mummies?

"Don't you know that I have twice refused contracts in Hollywood at twenty times the salary you ever paid me, just to keep your vanity safe?

"Even your dull brain may have had a glimmering of that.

"But there's one thing you don't know. I own the 'Lexicon.' It costs me £5,000 a year. I write all those fool articles about you myself, just to keep you sane.

"But now I've written the last one. I'm off to Hollywood."

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Right and Left

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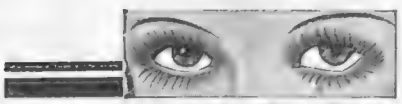

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You Never Can Tell with a Woman

(*Continued from page 57*)

the captain's wife down in her cabin, and the ship's cat happily hunting mice in the galley. Two hours later Quayle went down and knocked on the cabin door.

"I'm going ashore. You'd better lock yourself in," he called.

"I am locked in, thank you."

It was such a very sweet voice that it should not have roused such wrath in him. He had a moment's impulse to batter on the door, demand entrance. Damn it all, wasn't she his wife? But he thought better of it and went ashore, cursing, and looking, like any other primitive man, for trouble.

Soon enough he found it. In the narrow streets of the little native town was quite as much as he hoped for. From mate to cook-boy the crew of the *Adelaide* was blind but not speechless drunk and didn't care who knew it. Already the police—negroid-Portuguese for the most part and leading an ordinarily dull life—were merrily busy in the light from the flaring torches above the brothels or the dim shine from Chinese lanterns. Quayle, running up, felt a sense of utter contentment as his fist caught a hairy sweating jaw with bloodshot eyes above it and the man went down like a log. The boatswain. Ever since he set eyes on the dog he had wanted to land him one, and now he had done it. Unrecognised in the smother of dust, the hand-to-hand fighting, the cursing of men and the screams of women, all in the weak red flicker of light, he systematically helped prepare his crew for the arms of the law and saw them dragged off helpless to the squat stone tower built by the Spaniards in Torquemada's time. It would take days of this creaky bastard law to get them out of it, and by then he would be far away.

Mopping his forehead, shaking the blood from his knuckles he went down to the least objectionable boarding-house along the beach.

"Hallo, Machair," he said. "My crew have beaten up the town and got themselves jugged. Can you scrape me up enough hands to take me in to Kingston?"

Machair was Scotch with a good dash of the tar-brush. He would drive a hard bargain, but he would produce sailors and not doped landlubbers. With alacrity he set to work, and by daybreak Quayle had his new crew aboard. The scourings of Antilla, he called them to Machair, and indeed they looked an ugly lot under the clear sunrise. But there was only one to whom he made a real objection. The man put forward as mate had undeniable papers; but he was white, if one can call a full-blood Spaniard white, and he looked a patrician Castillian at that. Quayle would have preferred a burly mulatto, but none was forthcoming, and he dared not take that crew out to deep water without a mate who knew his business.

"By the look of him he'll soon know too much," thought Quayle. "I'll have to shoot him out first chance I get." Machair took him aside as the men trooped out.

"You watch that mate," he said. "You watch Da Fuca. He'd have his master's ticket if he hadn't killed two men. But he sure does know all there is about sailing ships."

"He won't kill me," said Quayle, grimly, and went aboard with a feeling of optimism which had been absent for some hours. That unseen female down in the cabin had weakened, upset him in some ways, but now he had men to deal with, and dangerous men at that. I'll learn 'em, he thought cheerfully as the anchor came up to a garbled version of

"*Leave her, Johnny, leave her.*"

But there was no leaving that damned girl who, quite naturally, he could not think of as his wife.

The *Adelaide*, her flying kites set and taking the sun like silver, bowled smoothly out to open sea, tossing now and then a light spray over her weather bow, and above the chart down in the saloon Quayle came to the first clash with his mate.

"We are not going to Kingston," he said, looking the young man straight in his handsome eyes. "We are going round the Cape and our first call will be at Ascension for water."

Da Fuca's sleepy, dark face showed a moment of almost haughty amaze. Then he gave the slight graceful shrug which Quayle was presently to hate so much.

"My mistake," he murmured.

"You bet it is," said Quayle, bluntly. "See that it doesn't spread to the men."

"But no." Da Fuca smiled. "They will be too happy. A long voyage instead of a short one. That is the very good news for a sailor."

He went out with a courteous bow, his elegant slim-waisted back leaving Quayle full of qualms. For a moment he thought of Lena almost with terror. It was no jigging counter-jumper he'd need to help him handle this precious crew, and if they got the better of him, overran the ship . . . .

"Goddam all women," he prayed fervently, and went on deck to see Da Fuca looking like a steel blade, shouting like a savage to the men up furling the royals before the freshening breeze:

"What kind of a stow d'you call that, you —— devils? Put a proper skin on or I'll——"

It was excellent language. Such as the scum of the West Indies understood and answered to heartily. Quayle began to feel better.

Towards the evening of the fourth day Lena came on deck. Until now she had had her meals in her cabin. Sick or sullen, Quayle supposed, and found it fairly easy to forget her while his loved and lovely barque went racing down the N.E. Trades, every spar, sail and halliard murmuring in happy union; sensitive as an eager live thing to every order he gave. Often he found himself asking of her more than he should, just to feel the joy of her response. From the first she had been his love, and soon she would be his only, and as to that pale girl, the devil might take her and welcome. Then the pale girl walked down the deck to him, pale no longer, tired and frightened no longer, and he gaped at her like a stupid boy.

What Lena had done to herself and her clothes during those days of rest and recuperation only a woman could say. Certain it is that her public life had taught her to value the appeal to the public life eye and, within possible limits, she had made the most of it. A rose-bud just peeping from its sheath, just coquetting with the notion of becoming a mature flower, thought Da Fuca, and turned his astonished eyes on Quayle, seeing there what astonished and interested him still more. Dios! One would think the man had never looked at his wife before; and here he was keeping away from her long enough to set the whole ship talking. Another mystery added to that of the new destination of the ship, and one equally worth the unravelling. Like all Latins, Da Fuca adored mysteries. The obvious was only for Englishmen and fools. The captain stammered when he introduced "My wife," and the charming little wife went red. Then both looked helpless, almost afraid, as though they had committed themselves to some unpardonable sin. Amused, Da Fuca came to their rescue with his courtly flow of words.

"I had thought we must have a mascot on board," he said. "Never have I known the winds so favourable at this time of year."

He sat by her later, when he should have been sleeping below, and found unexpected qualities in her. A quick tongue, but a shy one; a woman's reserve allied to a girl's frankness: a delicious laugh. . . .

After that he was frequently sitting or walking by her; and yet, thorough sailor as he was, clever man as he was, he never gave Quayle open cause for complaint. And from that first minute Quayle longed for it, and did not know why; and blamed the heat and the lack of wind, and the gale that blew up one night into a hurricane before they could snug down from close-reefed to lower maintopsail and storm staysail only. But on that night he flung the bottle containing his "last words" into the white foam racing along the counter, and the mate, staggering aft in his oilskins, saw him do it. Quayle knew that he saw, and turned on him with curses.

"Get the men at the pumps," he said. "Can't you see the water filling the decks to the gunwales?"

It was unnecessary, and another time he would not so have insulted the *Adelaide* who had lightly ridden out worse storms by far. But he had to say something; and through the later calm weather, loitering through the doldrums, in chase of the light breezes, he often felt himself called on to say something and couldn't find the words.

Lena and the Dago (he thought of Da Fuca as that now) were getting too thick by far. During the dog-watch when the brazen heat had gone from the world and the *Adelaide* moved level like a dream-ship between star-drenched sea and sky they would make music on the poop-deck; Lena, incredibly slight and ghostly with her white bow arm curving out of the shadows, and Da Fuca a dark mass at her feet, his long, dark fingers passionate, persuasive, tender, on the guitar. Sometimes they sang love-songs together, the man's rich baritone blending with her sweet little pipe melodiously and the soft humming of the *Adelaide's* shrouds joining in.

No man could stand that, thought Quayle, with a sudden sense of finality. No man could stand having both his ship and his wife taken from him. He tramped up to them; purposely noisy, purposely breaking the harmony.

"Time to set the course again, Mr. Mate. Lena, you ought to be off to bed." (*Continued on p. 92*)

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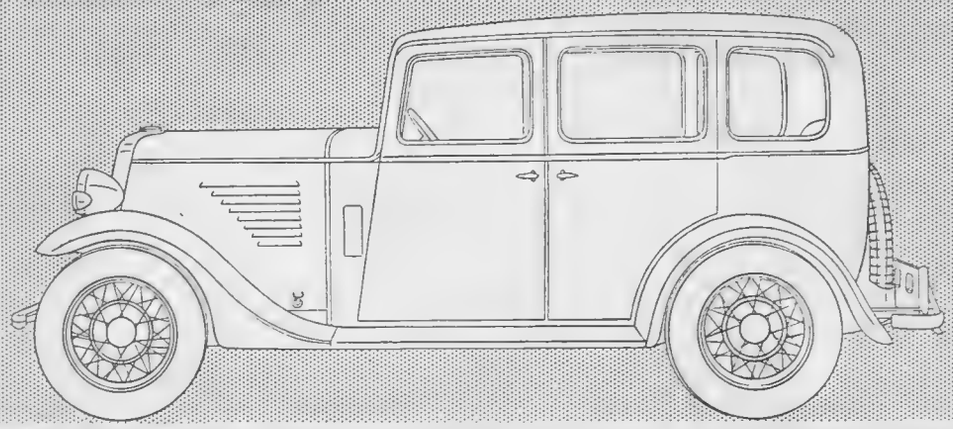

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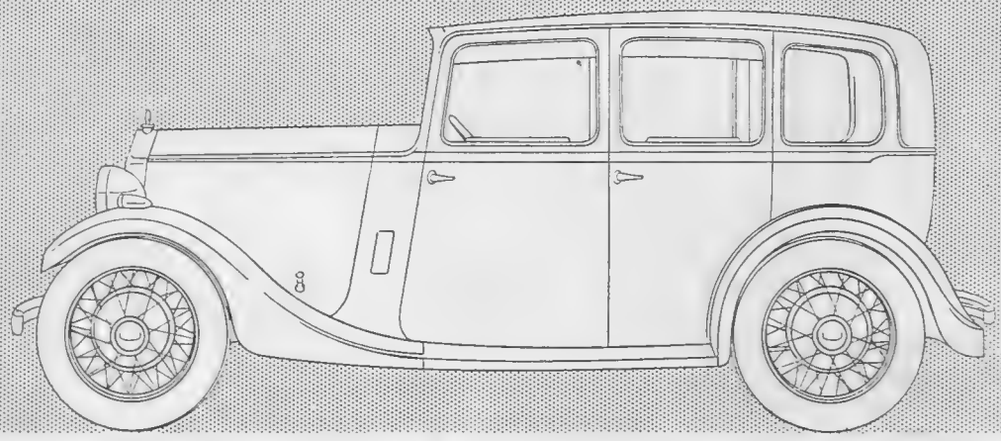

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He had found her a docile wife on the few occasions when he used authority, but he was helplessly aware that he knew no more of her now than he had ever done. It was the Dago who knew. The Dago who sprang to his feet now with sailor alertness and he was gone with a few graceful words of apology to the lady. Lena took up her violin case silently, clasping it in her arms. Quayle, inwardly ashamed of himself, made a movement to take it. She eluded him, and then he grabbed.

"Give it to me," he said, roughly.

She yielded it without a word, and went away. Equally silent he followed her down, feeling his pulses throbbing, his eyes burning. This had got to stop. She was his wife and it was time she knew it. This had got to *stop*. He walked into the cabin, slung the case on the berth, and shut the door.

"This has got to stop," he said, thickly, feeling all the inadequacy of his words.

She said nothing. It was her damned silences that upset him so, he often thought. Her damned silences. . . .

"Well, can't you speak?" he said, and heard the piteous note in his voice and cursed it. "You can talk fast enough to that cur."

"What do you want me to say?"

"By God! If you don't know I'll teach you," he cried, and crushed her into his arms.

If she had struggled, if she had spoken they might, he thought afterwards, have come to an understanding, if only of hate. But what can a man do with a white wax thing which seems neither to feel nor hear?

Quayle left her abruptly and went on deck.

The Cape was rounded at last, and at Madagascar Quayle purposed to change the *Adelaide's* rig. He would drop some of his men there, but not Da Fuca. The fellow was not to get away so easy as that. Some night he would catch him with Lena and kill him with the bare hands. He made no more overtures to Lena, rather avoided her, gave her chances. First settle the man and then the woman. That was how it was done. And that was how he would do it.

Da Fuca showed no surprise at the proposed alterations beyond saying, as any seaman must, that he thought it was asking her to carry too much top-hamper. Might pull the sticks out of her in a gale, he said. Quayle knew that, of course, and told the Spaniard it was none of his business. But he gave up the idea of putting her into steam. With all her gear it would shake the innards out of her, he thought, tender to her as he never could be to a woman. Goddam all women, he thought, hearing the two singing together on the poop-deck. A sudden thought came to him. Da Fuca had given orders for the painting out of the *Adelaide's* name, and never asked why. Very suspicious, that. Perhaps he guessed. Perhaps with what Lena had told him and one thing and another he *knew*.

Unnamed, the *Adelaide* crept across the Indian Ocean, into the scatter of islands lying below Java. Some superstition in Quayle forbad him give orders for the repainting. He felt in some way that it would lead to an instant show-down. Da Fuca could not fail then to guess what he was about, and would either accuse him of barratry, of ship-stealing, or come fawning for a share in the proceeds under the power of blackmail. And then he would kill the dog. And then he would have to settle with Lena.

It was the fear of having to settle with Lena that kept Quayle silent. Even to the exclusion of the *Adelaide* she was filling his thoughts now. He dreamed of her, and woke, crying out, stretching empty, impotent arms. He walked the deck for the pure sensuous joy of seeing her leaning on the rail, her young breast outlined by the thrusting breeze which lifted the soft hair away from her blue-veined temples, brought colour to that clear skin like a jasmin flower. And then, when he spoke, all the eager giving of herself to blue skies and sunshine would cease, and she would stiffen up and go away, silent and cold.

Once I have a hold on her she'll come to heel, he thought. More men keep their wives that way than the world knows. I won't be hard on her, and she'll be grateful, and by and by she'll love me. He felt himself go limp all over with desire, with helpless love; and when the hot tropic dusk fell, he prowled unseen in corners, waiting to catch her with Da Fuca.

It came at last, the proof he had been fearing and wanting. They were among the little-touched islets off Lombok, and scents from the near land drenched the *Adelaide* to her tall spars in the languors of vanilla, frangipani and other heady sweetness. The moon made serene paths of silver between the ink-black of land shadows, ship shadows; and there, on the shadowy edge of the mainsail blackness, Quayle saw his wife in Da Fuca's arms. He clutched at the shrouds, physically sick and giddy. There was a soft murmur of voices, and then Lena glided off and Da Fuca stood a moment, humming a tune, before he lit a pipe and went up to the bridge for his watch.

You Never Can Tell with a Woman

Quayle had no impulse to follow him. He walked into the waist of the ship and stood staring over the rail, his mind completely blank. This had hit harder than he had expected, for he knew now that in spite of everything he had believed her true. The *Adelaide* was snugged down for the night. Like a ghost she glided gently on her course, the faint murmur at her counter and the chorus of frogs in the mangroves off-shore seeming no more than scratches on the vast silence. Then Lena spoke behind Quayle, and he turned in heavy surprise, feeling as though each limb weighed a ton. Even in this dim light he could see that she was roused. Roused was the word for it, as if the sleeping woman in her had been suddenly kissed awake, struck into glad being. And she had no more shame than to come straight from the arms of the man who had done it to speak to her husband! She said, rather breathlessly:

"Couldn't we go ashore for a little while? It's so long since I've had a foot on land, and it is such a lovely night."

Quayle felt that he stared heavily; that his mind groped heavily for her meaning.

"Why?" he asked, stupidly.

"Why?" She gave a pretty shrug learned from Da Fuca. "You'll ask Why? at the Judgment Day, I think. Haven't I just told you. Let's go ashore for an hour or two . . . just you and I and Mr. Da Fuca. You can easily leave the boatswain in charge."

Quayle drew his hand slowly along the rail. He heard the sound the harsh skin made, like the grate of sandpaper on wood. Soon now he'd have that hand on Da Fuca's throat. Now he knew what they had been planning. Maroon him, and get away with the *Adelaide*, that was it. And they could do it, just as he had done it. In a paper at Antanarivo he saw that the *Adelaide* had been posted as missing after being long overdue on the run between Antilla and Kingston. The insurance would be paid by now, and the owner would want no more said. Even if Quayle should go to him later and tell the truth, the owner would want no more said. Once stolen, once off the list of shipping, the *Adelaide* could be stolen again, and Da Fuca, who had probably seen that paper also, would be astute enough to know it.

So that elegant young mate of his intended to have Quayle's boat as well as his wife, did he? Quayle was silent a few minutes, biting his lip. Incredibly it trembled. Incredibly tears stung his eyes. My God, he thought, is any woman on this earth true?

Then he straightened up, hearing his voice grating like a saw. "All right. Go and get ready. I'll give the orders."

This would end it, he thought, as the light gig flew through the still water a little later. On this green-forested islet they were now coming to he would choke the life out of Da Fuca with his hands and Lena should see him do it. And if she did not thereafter know him for the better man and love him, she should at least know him for her master. Her master he would be, and her husband. No more of this shilly-shallying which he should never have pandered to. He should have taken her from the first. Kept her. . . . If he'd had less respect for her girlishness he would have done it. By heaven, he thought, swinging to the oar, I'll have no respect now.

In the half-light, the moonlight, the islet was lovely and lonely as the Garden of Eden. It had a sense of enchantment, of waiting, Quayle thought, as the boat noiselessly grounded and Lena sprang out, unheeding the men. She stood a moment, slight hands clasped on her slight breast and face upturned to that other wanton lady, the moon. Quayle thought he had never seen her look so desirable, so young, so dear. He helped Da Fuca secure the boat, taking care there were no Hartlepool hitches in that knot, and trudged after the other two up the golden sand. Da Fuca was whistling softly an old chanty:

> "As I was a-walking down Ratcliffe highway,
> Way-ay, blow the man down.
> I met a young maiden by chance on my way,
> Give us some time to blow the man down."

Yes, he'd give them time, thought Quayle, the pulses drumming in his ears, and the sweat standing on him with more than the heat.

Beyond the pools of dark under the mangroves was a little patch of grass, and beyond that a network of narrow tracks where the spice-gatherers from other islands went into the jungle. With Lena leading they stepped into a track, silent, as though the hushed night and the awful knowledge of what they had come to do cast a spell. Only two would go back to the boat. Only two. . . .

Scent of spices was sharp and heady about them; cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and Lena's light treble as she spoke now and then seemed ethereal, part of another world. Quayle wondered when Da Fuca would suddenly turn and spring with his stiletto or whatever weapon he carried, and he lagged a little, keeping his hands ready. Trails crossed everywhere and between the occasional

patches of moonlight it was very dark. Quayle thought: We'll be getting lost in a minute. What am I waiting for? Why don't I grab him? What am I waiting for? And the sweat ran down his face, and he went on walking.

In the pitch dark among the tall palm-boles he heard Lena's voice at his ear, no more than a whisper's breath. She had stood aside in one of the cross-tracks, waiting for the men to come up.

"That'll do. Now we can leave him. Come back to the boat . . . quick."

"No, by God, you don't," roared Quayle. "I'm not your lover, you wanton." He flung her off into the bushes; and then Da Fuca came rushing back and they were at grips at last; the younger man like an eel for strength and litheness, the elder relentless as a battering-ram.

Up and down, silent except for their groans of effort, they thrashed about in the narrow place; torn by javelin grasses, stung by poisonous leaves, battered by the solid boles against which they struck. And above the dreadful intent silence of their male fury Quayle heard the voice of the woman, sobbing, imploring, praying. Let her pray. There were no gods in this jungle; nothing but the suffocating heat that drenched their bodies and made their hands lose hold; nothing but the hate which only a woman can engender in two men.

Quayle's foot slipped at last in some crushed juicy fruit that sent up a sickly odour. And then he was down, with the Spaniard's hard, slender fingers at his throat, and the black world turning red and an unbelievable anguish in his labouring lungs. It was over. Da Fuca had won . . . had won. . . . Far off, and thin as the hum of a mosquito he heard the report of a gun. The clutch at his throat slackened, fell away, and Quayle raised himself slowly, shaken by great breaths of returning life.

Moonlight slid unconcernedly down into the track; now showing up a foot and leg which lay in an unnatural attitude; now lingering on a woman with wild eyes crouched under a shrub with huge white blossoms like trumpets. Quayle had a misty notion that they were blowing at her all the scorn of the world, although he could not hear them. He turned Da Fuca over slowly. The fellow was quite dead, with his head in a pool of blood. So Lena's little pop-gun had come into use at last . . . to shoot the wrong man.

Standing there in the hot steaming dusk with the savage jungle smells and sounds about him he suddenly saw the joke of that.

"Ha, ha, ha," he roared. "You've shot the wrong man, my dear. The wrong man."

Lena gatheredherself up, tottered over to his side.

"Is he—quite dead?" she asked, fearfully.

"Dead as a rat, my dear. Ha, ha, ha. Dead as a rat."

"Oh," she cried. "Why didn't you come back to the boat with me when I wanted you to? Why didn't you?"

"I? What are you dithering about? It was Da Fuca. . . ."

"You never will know anything, I think," she said, bursting into angry tears. "Of course, when I knew he'd found out about the *Adelaide* I had to keep him quiet. And this was such a splendid chance to get rid of him without a fuss . . . and now you've made me go and do this. I do wish you'd learn some sense."

"But," Quayle mopped his face, staring at her. "But he was your lover. I saw you kissing him."

"You saw him kissing me, you mean. But you never do get anything straight. I never knew such a stupid man. And that was why I was so furious and made you both come ashore at once. And if you had just left it to me it would have been all right. He mightn't have got away for weeks. And now you've made me go and do *this*. Oh, I do wish you'd learn some sense."

Quayle stepped over the dead man and caught her hands.

"Lena, listen to me," he said, sternly. "Do you love me? Me? Not him?"

"Of course I love you. Wouldn't I have tried to make up to you all along if I hadn't? But because I cared I had to let you begin . . . and you wouldn't. Not even when I let him . . ."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Quayle, slowly. "I'll be damned. Shows how a man never can tell with a woman."

"But you all think you can," sobbed Lena, clinging to him. "That's what makes the trouble every time."

TOGETHER they sailed the Eastern Seas for years after, and made a very good thing out of it. But now and then o' nights, with wife and children safe asleep below, Captain Quayle would lean on the bridge-rail and watch his boat flirting with the light waves and wonder. . . . Supposing Lena had happened to shoot himself instead of Da Fuca? Would she be sleeping with her children just as happily down in the cabin while her husband trod the deck above her head? He thought it very likely.

For, as she herself said, a man never can tell with a woman.

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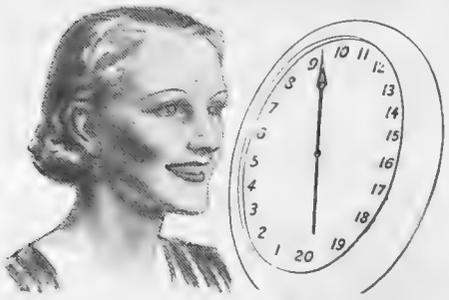
How to Lose Fat

On 3 ample meals a day

Wide choice of delicious dishes



It is not necessary to starve in order to lose weight. Of course, you can't eat four suffocating meals a day with second helpings of fatty dishes, and with snacks in between, and expect the same *rapid* results in reduction with Kruschen as people who pay a little attention to their food. You can eat your fill. But intelligent selection of food is the big secret.

There is a wide range of appealing and delicious dishes listed in the leaflet wrapped around the Kruschen bottle.

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I feel I owe you such a deep debt of gratitude that it is only fair you should know the result which is highly satisfactory, as I have reduced my weight from 12 stone 7 lb. to 10 stone 2 lb., my measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts being as follows :—

BEFORE		*AFTER*	
Bust ..	40 *in.*	*Bust* ..	36 *in.*
Waist ..	35 *in.*	*Waist* ..	30 *in.*
Hips ..	44 *in.*	*Hips* ..	39 *in.*
Weight ..	12 *st.* 7 *lb.*	*Weight* ..	10 *st.* 2 *lb.*

Your helpful food selection chart enclosed with the bottle is the greatest help possible in weight reducing, as it does not deny one the little etceteras that make one's food more inviting, but I most decidedly think that Kruschen Salts plays the biggest part, and helps to keep one fit while weight reducing goes on." (*Miss*) *A. P., Cirencester.*

The analysis of Kruschen, which is printed on the label for everyone to see, shows that it represents the residual ingredients of the mineral waters from various European spas, natural aperient waters which have been taken from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (last four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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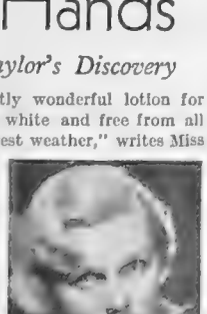

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor. Photo. by Walter Bird.

A toilet flask of Veldew, which will last you weeks, is priced at only 2/-, but in use is equal if not more effective than lotion costing several times as much. Most good quality chemists sell Veldew and you can obtain a dainty trial flask at 1/3.

The March *of* Time

(*Continued from page 62*)

testing purposes. (By the way, it is interesting to note that almost one-half of the work and the employees in this factory are engaged not on making, but on testing—so high is the grade of the finished article, so exact is its perfection.) Some of the work requires the greatest precision and the most accurate judgment. For instance, winding twelve bobbins at a time with copper wire only the thousandth part of an inch thick, or soldering together tiny portions of the machinery hardly larger than a pin's head, and it is interesting to note that women seem particularly suited to such delicate operations and perform them with almost unfailing accuracy and patience.

The girls are, of course, carefully graded to those tasks to which they are most adapted, and their happy and capable air testifies to the sympathetic care with which their intelligent superintendent looks after her vast family. The choice is enormous; there are, for instance, 14,000 separate jobs in one shop alone! And when you consider that this factory not only produces electric fires, but also electric radios and clocks, the electricity meters you use in your house, the biggest machinery for the National Electricity System, and that every single detail of every part is made on the premises, you can perhaps imagine what a tremendous and complicated organisation is required to maintain such a plant and its workers in proper order.

Suddenly a sound of music breaks through the all-pervading whir of machinery—it is the door of a sound-proof room opening. In these rooms composed of celotex, girls sit listening intently to the best music available. They long ago tired of listening to and testing their radio-gramophones on merely popular tunes and found that some of the classical music—perhaps at first voted too "high-brow"—is the best in the long run. Such a job presupposes a very accurate ear as well as an exact eye in the adjustment of the delicate machinery.

In another room I was allowed to talk, silently, to London. A message was typed before my eyes, it was simultaneously being read in the London office, 192 miles away! Immediately the typewriter began to work of its own accord, and the answer which was being typed in London lay before our eyes. A far cry from the gentleman of the horse, not to mention eleven groomsmen riding through the night. . . .

The Music Hall *of* Yesterday

(*Continued from page 27*)

surprising that the demand for good performers exceeded the supply and the programmes had to be padded out with some execrable "turns." So far from this proving that variety is moribund it is a true tribute to its vitality in that it was able to survive such bungling.

The "Crazy Weeks" have now become the rage, not wholly because they are crazy (and, incidentally, very, very funny) but because they have brought into being again direct sympathy, and sometimes even collaboration, between performer and spectator. The link in the distant past was the chairman, who presided at his table, acted as *compère*, and allowed favoured members of the audience to buy him drinks. That to-day is not feasible, and the present wild method of establishing intimacy will do well enough until another has been found, as assuredly it will be. "Craziness" has been rendered necessary not only because the individual has less liberty than he had in the 'sixties and has to confine his refreshment, while sitting in his stall, to lemonade, ices, or a box of chocolates, but also because the theatre where it is practised is a very large one. It is significant that variety has flourished unchecked at the one London music hall that remains which is not of vast size—the Holborn Empire.

Most modern variety houses are, for all their many virtues, architectually unfitted for that feeling the old halls always retained—of being part and parcel of a public-house, from the saloon bar of which one stepped into an entertainment which had at any rate the semblance of being free and easy. That was, of course, the genesis of the original music hall, and its modern successes have slipped rather too far from it. They had to. They became one of many cog-wheels in an enormous business organisation—again, because they had to. The music hall moved, perforce, with the times. It was also compelled, which was a real misfortune, to conform to repressive legislation.

It was not only the fact that one sat in a small and rather smoky building and listened to about twenty turns between 7.30 and midnight that made the old music (*Continued on page 96*)

The

TOILET PAPER

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halls unique and peculiarly British. It was the presence of bars, and still more bars, which were not tucked away down passages or in vestibules, but were actually in the auditorium. One could sip a whisky and soda with one foot in the brass rail and both eyes on the stage. If the turn was boring (and very frequently it was) there were voluminously blonde barmaids, specially chosen, I always imagined, for their cheeriness and their gift of repartee. They were good sorts, those barmaids, and given to mothering such of their patrons as were too full simultaneously of alcohol and the unwisdom of youth. "Now, then, my dear," have I heard some peroxide goddess say to a youth who held a heap of sovereigns (yes, sovereigns) in an uncertain palm, "You hand that money over to me, and come back for it when you feel better!"

LONDON'S music halls I do not remember in the "Naughty 'Nineties"; but in the not less naughty early nineteen-hundreds I considered them pleasant spots in which to spend an evening. One "dropped in." Can this be done, or is it done, in any music hall or any theatre, for that matter, to-day? I think not.

The main resort into which one "dropped" was the Empire. This, with the Alhambra, was somewhat more expensive than the rest and called itself, not without reason, "the cosmopolitan club of the world." The Oxford, the Tivoli, and the "Pav," together with sundry outlying halls, were more democratic but never less interesting and sometimes more so. The Empire is now remembered mainly as a place of Bacchanalian revelry on Boat-race night and "Rugger" night, from which riotous undergraduates were expelled by gray-liveried "chuckers out," chief among them the gigantic Bunkle. That is hardly a fair estimate. The Empire, with its mauve carpet, its ample lounges, and its comfortable stalls, was a seductive and well-conducted theatre. There was, of course, the famous, or infamous, "promenade." This was the cherished target of many a reformer; the Great War saw its disappearance, which was inevitable and not the work of either "prudes on the prowl" or publicity-seeking busybodies. If vice was flaunted in the overdressed persons of the ladies who haunted it, those ladies behaved as decorously as a curate's wife at the bishop's garden-party; for any one of them who did not would be refused admission.

The entertainment at the Empire was not considered of primary importance; but that, too, is somewhat unjust, for if some performances were perfunctory, among the theatre's *premières danseuses* were the incomparable Adeline Genée, drawing all London with her dance in a riding-habit and as the Doll in the ballet "Coppelia," and Lydia Kyasht, the wondrously beautiful.

The Alhambra, also with its "promenade," was run on precisely similar lines, concentrating mainly on ballet, with La Belle Leonore as a counter-attraction. Another "high-class" music hall which held a position of its own was the Palace, ruled by that strange, white-whiskered veteran, the late Charles Morton, and afterwards by Sir Alfred Butt. The Coliseum and the Hippodrome, the latter ranging in its early days from aquatic spectacle to grand opera, were a different development; they never had the true flavour of the English music hall, nor was it ever part of their policy.

When one looks at the aggressively vigorous George Robey it is difficult to believe that it was as long ago as 1891 that he made his first appearance at the Oxford. Robey has earned his title as "Prime Minister of Mirth," and has been forty years in office.

It was at the Oxford, also, that Harry Tate made his debut, only four years later.

The Music Hall *of* Yesterday

Dan Leno I was fortunate enough to see at the Pavilion, as well as in pantomime. His voice was his best-remembered feature—a rather high-pitched sing-song with a husky note in it—that of George Graves has something of the same quality—and it was backed by a pathetic face and a wide elastic mouth. "The Shopwalker" was one of his songs. "Feet?" he almost wailed. "These aren't my feet. My feet wore off years ago! These are the stumps of my legs turned up!" "Going to buy the milk for the twins" was a domestic ditty of not much account, but Leno made it a masterpiece of humour.

Poor Dan! His end was sad. He was writing out cheques for millions of pounds before it came.

Yes, there was a tragic side to "the halls" of those days. Breezy, loud-voiced Mark Sheridan, who, with absurd bell-bottomed trousers, sang "I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside," committed suicide; so did "The Limit of Eccentricity," T. E. Dunville.

Arthur Roberts, possibly the greatest comedian of all time, died at a good old age quite recently. But there was pathos about his last years, for the man who half a century before had been the king of London's humour, who had made a couple of generations laugh, was hard-up and almost forgotten.

One frequently hears comediennes described as "another Marie Lloyd." There will never be another Marie Lloyd. She was a consummate genius, as no less a person than Sarah Bernhardt proclaimed. Of course, she dealt in the double meaning and could convey oceans of impropriety with a wink. It was said that Marie could have made the A.B.C. railway guide indecent. No doubt she could. But it would have been a healthy indecency—and that is not a contradiction in terms.

Dapper Vesta Tilley—now Lady de Frece, and in honoured retirement—swaggered before the footlights as a "Piccadilly Johnnie" in those hansom-cab days, and survived to sing "Jolly Good Luck to the Girl Who Loves a Soldier," when many girls were loving many soldiers fighting and dying in the mud of Flanders. Another genius, Little Tich, with his comic boots; George Formby, with his quivering North-country croak; Albert Chevalier, a very great artist indeed, and a good actor, too; Gene Stratton, who sang Leslie Stuart's coon melodies; Cinquevalli, the juggler; Chirgwin, "the White-Eyed Kaffir" ("Blind boy! Blind boy!); old Jimmy Fawn; Herbert Campbell; Lottie ("Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay") Collins; R. G. Knowles, with his frock-coat and white trousers, who strode up and down like a caged lion—all these are gone. To extend the list would be easy, but it would make this article a catalogue. Many of that vintage remain, in addition to Robey and Tate—Sir Harry Lauder, of course, who could make West End audiences sing Auld Lang Syne on the eve of his voyages to Australia; Wilkie Bard, Charles Austin, and several who are in that band of "Veterans of Variety."

NOW there is also new talent—and strong talent, too. No one could say a variety "bill" is an impossibility while we have Billy Bennett, Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allan, Will Fyfe, the Western Brothers, Charlie Hayes, Lily Morris, Naughton and Gold, George Jackley, Gillie Potter, John Tilley, Gracie Fields, Nellie Wallace, G. S. Melvin and many more to whom I must apologise for not having space to mention.

But the music hall started its decline—a decline from which I am convinced it has long since emerged—partly because some of the survivors of those great days remained too conservative and would not change their material.

Captain Flood

(*Continued from page 33*)

danger so evident on the low, rusty deck of his own riven craft would be deadly disheartening to his exhausted men.

Suddenly he spread his elbows on the bridge rail and supported his head with his hand to get a steadier look at the *Tamroy*. Plunging through the tops of the heavy seas she was driving on with contemptuous disregard for the scattered wreckage from the *Crosbie's* bow. But there were greater menaces than mere balks of timber in those waters. Though the forward end of the schooner was breaking up, sizable parts of the derelict, barely showing their slimy green bulk on the surface, still hung together.

Captain Dan Flood, after one more glance at the *Tamroy*, ran to the lanyard of the whistle and jerked it. He blew two short blasts and one long one—the warning to a vessel standing into danger. Then he rushed out on to the bridge again for another look at the *Tamroy*.

Suddenly he closed his teeth with a click.

The *Tamroy* was in trouble. She was turning sharply to starboard. Along her side just aft of amidships there was sliding up into view a long submerged section of the derelict. That weed-covered, shell-encrusted piece of wreckage looked like a huge sea monster lifting up its snout toward the bright buff superstructure of the ship. Her every turn to avoid it had thrust the ship's quarter against the water-logged mass and now it ground inexorably along the plates towards her stern.

Captain Flood uttered a groan. "Put your helm over!" he whispered. "Swing her or——"

The thing happened. The wreckage, scraping aft, brought up hard against rudder and propeller.

The *Tamroy* suddenly ceased to turn. She rose high on the ridge of the swell and Dan Flood saw how strongly that heavy mass of timbers had crashed against screw and rudder of the ship.

In another instant the wreckage had dragged past, but it carried away with it the rudder of the *Tamroy*. And as the ship wavered and slid nose first off the broad-backed sea Dan Flood made out that the blades of the swift turning propeller had been sheered away, too, by their own whirring movement. (*Continued on page 98*)

PLAYER'S

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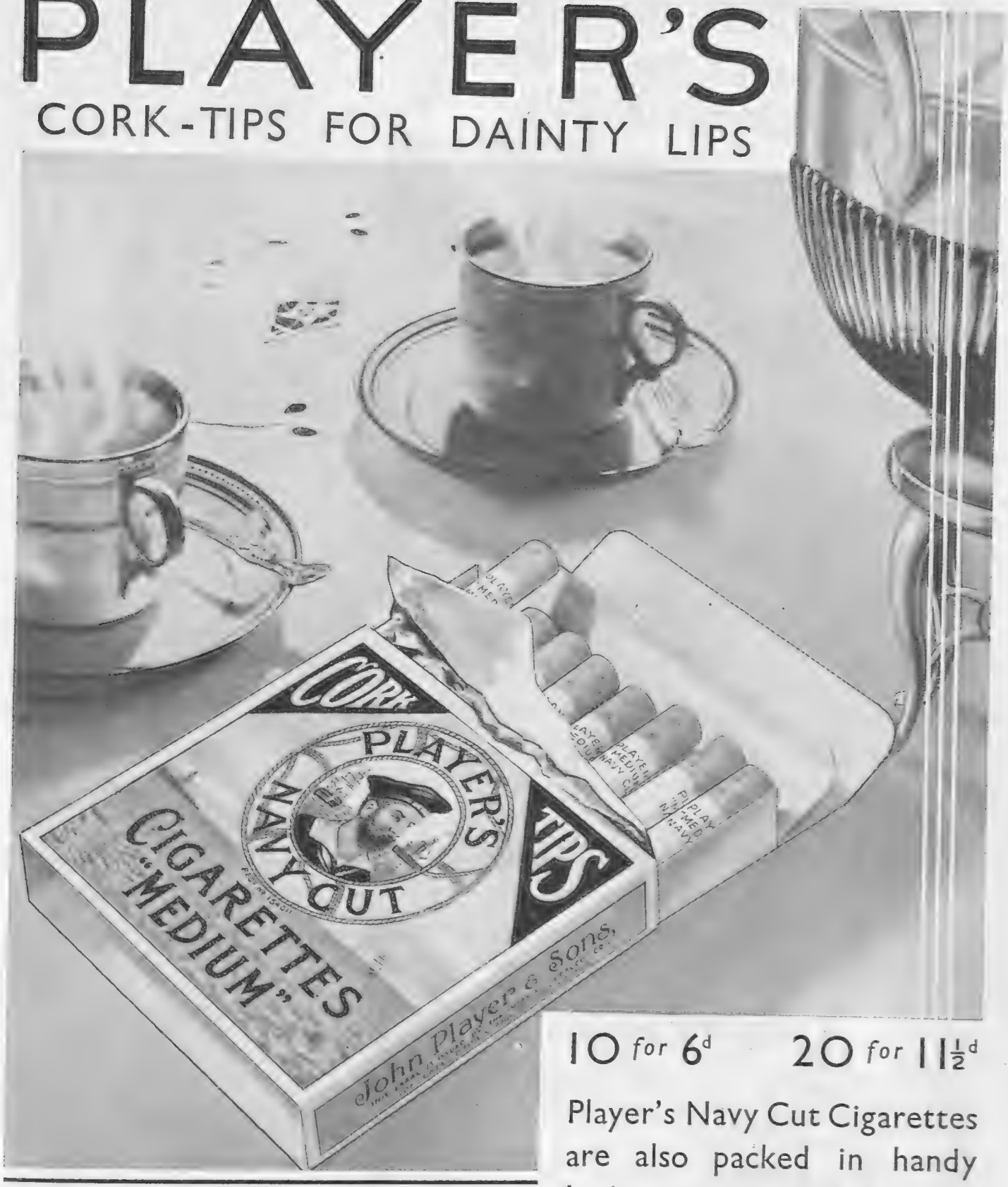

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Captain Flood

In one instant the sea had stripped the big freighter of both power and guidance. But the sea was not yet through with the ship. The helpless *Tamroy* rolled in the trough of the mighty swell as if she were about to dip her rails under. She could not help herself. Twice she recovered from those tremendous rolls. Then during a momentary smooth she lay on the sea with a terrible list to starboard. She did not come up. It seemed impossible that a man could stand on her deck.

"Cargo shifted," Dan Flood muttered. "And a bad shift at that. Fine stowage they gave her."

For a moment longer he stared out across the mountainous swells, but the *Tamroy* did not recover herself.

She rolled to meet a cresting comber and the wave surged up on her inclined deck and broke in white, thunderous might. As the sea roared back down the deck it carried with it the splintered fragments of quarter boat.

From the foredeck of the *Crosbie* Mr. Sunstedt came running toward the bridge, his cracked old voice discordantly upraised.

"A boat!" he shrilled as he clattered up the bridge ladder. "Launch a boat! Blast his mean soul to hell, I'll rescue him! A boat, captain!"

"Steady!" cautioned Daniel Flood. "Easy, Mr. Sunstedt."

"We've got him!" the old mate shrieked, clutching at Captain Flood's arm. "Don't you see? Carveth's disabled—he'll be swept! He can't launch a boat with that list! We've got him—got the sneaking hero between our fingers! I'll take him off—give me a crew to man a boat!

Mr. Haskell had followed the mate up the bridge ladder. He stood waiting eagerly for the master's word, with his eyes turned down wind toward the wallowing freighter.

The wireless operator shot out of his shack like a terrier out of his kennel. He rushed to Captain Flood with a scrawl in his hands.

It was an incoherent call for rescue from the *Tamroy*.

"*Cargo shifted on beam ends Impossible to launch boat Require help.*"

"Carveth wants to be rescued!" Sunstedt shrieked, guessing at the message from Flood's taut face. He raised clawing, exultant hands to the sky. "God's delivered him to me! I'll take him off—he'll see his ship go under before his eyes!"

He whirled around to face the men on the foredeck and drew his breath with an audible sound. Before he could shout out the word Captain Flood jerked him away from the rail of the bridge. Flood's grey eyes were hard as agates as they fastened on the mate's distorted face. His fingers gripped the mate's arms.

"Mr. Sunstedt, go forward and resume work or I'll confine you to your room," he said in a dry level voice. "Buck up! This is no children's squabble. Go forward!"

Under the grip of those hard fingers and the impact of Daniel Flood's eyes frenzy left the mate. He sagged in the master's grip and staggered when Flood released him. His feet dragged on the planks of the bridge as he stumbled toward the ladder.

Mr. Haskell's eyes slid from that pathetic, deflated figure to the *Tamroy*.

"Sunstedt couldn't handle the boat to take 'em off, but I can," he said with eager confidence.

Captain Flood's adamant gaze shifted to his second mate. "Take a tuck in yourself, Mr. Haskell," he snapped. "Carveth is as tight as a drum and in better case than we are—still. Get on with that work forward."

"No boat, sir?" stammered the second. His eyes lifted accusingly from the radio message in Daniel Flood's fingers to his face. "No boat?"

"No boat," confirmed Captain Flood. "It's no steadying experience to carry away propeller and rudder and be swept all in about sixty seconds. We'll give the man leeway to think of his ballast tanks and chance of trimming cargo."

He pointed a stubby finger toward the crumpled bow of the ship. "There's your job, Mr. Haskell, if you're interested in saving human life," he said grimly. "Dirty, hard work. Get on with it. The wind's stiffening fast."

With an expressionless face Mr. Haskell descended and moved forward. Dan Flood leaned over the bridge rail and hailed the big third mate down on the well deck.

"Mr. Elliot, break out a rocket and fit a stick to it!" he commanded.

The third mate came bounding up the companionway.

Captain Flood put the handle of the engine telegraph from slow astern to slow ahead. Gingerly the *H. W. Crosbie*, hurled high and dropped low by the tumultuous surges under her, edged down wind toward the disabled *Tamroy*.

Dan Flood gave the other ship two chances to take a line. One line, tied to a life ring, he

slung overboard. A man carefully paid out the rope as the ring bounced over the seas in snail-like progress toward the ship wallowing in the trough. But it soon became plain that the life ring would drift down ahead of the *Tamroy's* bows.

But meanwhile Elliot had prepared one of the ship's distress rockets. The end of a ball of marlin was made fast to its stick. The rest of the light line was flaked out on a clear bit of deck.

Foot by foot the *Crosbie* crept closer to the big ship that lay in the trough like a half-tide rock. Through the *Crosbie's* scuppers gushed a stream of oil to flatten out the leaping tops of the combers which assailed the *Tamroy*. That oil would give the men on her slanting deck a better hold on life.

From his corner of the bridge Captain Flood eyed intently the frothing gap between the two ships. This rocket must close that gap. It must not miss or fall short.

He waited until it looked as if the next mountain of water would hurl the *Crosbie* down on top of the other ship. Then he nodded to the tensely waiting third mate.

The rocket hurtled skyward with a roar. The lifeline, in swift snake-like coils, leaped after it. The rocket was curving, dropping. It fell into the sea beyond the *Tamroy*. The line dropped across the ship on the main deck aft of the superstructure. A thread joined the two ships.

A man on the *Tamroy* darted toward the line. Three strides away from it he slipped on the wet, slanting deck. A wave, roaring up that slope, engulfed him and dragged him downward. Another sea flung him up on the deck but his clutching hand touched nothing he could lay hold of. The sea, subsiding, swept him down over the side and he vanished in the welter of water. Even if those two pounding surges had left life in him he was beyond human help.

Another man, higher on the sloping deck, ran as recklessly toward the line. He seized it and got back to safety.

At a word from Dan Flood every man on his deck did his part in paying out over the starboard side a heavier line fastened to the thin marlin connecting the vessels. That heavier line was bent on to a hawser.

The master himself stood by the engine telegraph. With occasional movements of the small brass handle he maintained the gap between the two ships.

Four times, despite the oil, the deck of the *Tamroy* was swept by a curling sea. Only the height of the forecastle head saved the toiling men who had brought the line forward and now were hauling in. There was no steam in the windlass to help them. They were drenched and battered, but they held their place on deck.

It was slow, that job. Many minutes passed, many waves pounded, before the stout manila line was at last hauled in through a hawsehole. They made it fast around the drum of her windlass. Swiftly they rigged springs to ease the strain.

A man with a cap, gold braided, on the side of his head, had come down from the bridge into the danger lurking on the fo'c'sle head to direct the work.

Captain Flood grunted. "He's caught his breath," he muttered to himself.

When the hawser had been secured on the *Crosbie's* foredeck Captain Flood gave a long look toward the helpless hulk in the hollow between two mighty swells. Mr. Sunstedt had come up and now stood motionless at his elbow.

"We've got to do what we can for her, Mr. Sunstedt," said Captain Flood, "but it looks as if we might go to hell in bad company."

His hand tightened on the telegraph handle.

"If he goes it's all right with me," snarled Sunstedt.

Slowly the *Crosbie* surged astern. The hawser lifted out of the sea; sagged; lifted again. The *Crosbie's* thrashing propeller, racing as every swell lifted it into the air, yet managed to get a grip on the water.

Almost imperceptibly the bow of the big freighter behind them was pulled to windward. It was a long, ticklish job. Captain Flood nursed the hawser with as much solicitude as if it were a pack thread. His ship did no more than exert an occasional pull upon it. But the *Tamroy's* nose came gradually around. The *Crosbie* was little more than a sea anchor, but she served.

In twenty minutes the *Tamroy* was no longer reeling helplessly in the trough. Her head was to the weather. Every comber washed along the lower side of her slanting deck the full length of her, but there was safety on the high side.

"Now, Mr. Sunstedt, we'll go back to work after our holiday," said Captain Flood grimly. "We've got to get her patched forward before the strain of holding this ship drags us under. Or maybe——" He laid a hand on the rail to feel the terrible vibration of the racing propeller and was silent.

The mate departed. Leaving Mr. Haskell at the telegraph, Captain Flood slipped into his cabin for a swig of *(Continued on page 100)*

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bicarbonate and water to ease the gripping pain in his chest. For just a minute he sat on his bed; then he ironed out his face and returned to the bridge.

That day and that night there was no rest for any man on either ship. But the battle with the gale and the sea was fairly joined. On the *Crosbie* men fought against the lashing seas that sought to fill her.

On the *Tamroy* the battle was in the holds and 'tween decks to trim that treacherous, ill-stowed cargo which, slipping, had so nearly sunk her

The gale beat at them and piled up seas to overwhelm them. But the *Crosbie* managed as she was swept down wind to keep enough strain on the hawser to hold the *Tamroy's* head to the weather. From the cutter *Iroquois* came the news that they had been compelled to slow to ease her.

"Can hold out," Captain Flood replied.

By midnight the wind had eased; the sea was worse. When the first grey light crept over the black water the seas, though still tremendous, had lost some of their furious weight. Pumps ground on and on.

At five-thirty Captain Flood, at the telegraph, saved her when a cross sea knocked her stern almost around into the trough. He gave her full astern and the clanking, stricken engine of the *Crosbie*, under Barney Rusk's own hand, pulled her back before another sea could do for her. The hawser held; the sea had slacked it as it beat the ship almost under.

But that was the last alarm. The peril was melting slowly and undramatically away, as that sort of thing always did melt—when a man happened to have beaten it.

The *Iroquois* came up over the horizon a little after eight o'clock that morning. She was cutting through more seas than she leaped over.

Daniel Flood saw her first. He was standing young Elliot's watch for him. Sunstedt and Haskell were also turned in. Down below Barney Rusk had relinquished command to a junior engineer.

Captain Flood, alone on the bridge, was sensing the state of his ship. He was listening to the thump of her engine and the gush of her pumps, feeling her vibrations under every sea, watching her low bow and studying the dip and lift of the hard-pressed hawser.

The cutter circled once around that strange sight—a small freighter with a crumpled and patched nose, down by the head and stern to the weather, towing behind her an imposing ship with a bad list and no propeller.

It was plain that the master of the cutter was in some doubt as to where his duty lay, but the *Crosbie*, plunging valorously over the formidable swells, soon enlightened her.

"Require no assistance now (stop) pumps holding leak stop expect to make port of refuge under own power stop can you relieve us of tow?

Flood."

Having sent that message and received an assent from the *Iroquois*, Captain Flood thought of something else. He took a long gulp of his soda and water and went into the radio shack himself.

"Tell Captain Carveth that we'll be standing by until the *Iroquois* tows him to port," he said to the operator.

Slowly he returned to the bridge, hooked his elbows over the rail to take the strain off his back and feet and stared at the *Tamroy*.

"And if you still feel in need of a bit of rescue work, my lad, we'll try it, though it's not in my line at all," he added, but not even the helmsman saw his lips moving.

Temptation

(*Continued from page 11*)

that we should dine together, but now, of course, she will be more agreeably occupied."

"Not at all." Lady Audrey was not to be outdone in politeness. "You must join *our* little party, Baron Othmar. To-night, at eight," and her look dismissed him until then.

Turning away, with a finished thing in bows, he heard Lady Audrey's words to Sally.

"Talk to Piers, Sally darling, while I rest before dinner."

If only, thought Rudolf, he had warned his Sally, instead of kissing her. Warned her of the almost certain opposition she would meet. He had worked according to plan. His perfect technique had not permitted him to hurry things. Yet he had forgotten that grim woman upstairs, and that impoverished nephew whose arrival had been so opportunely delayed. Now they were both here.

Still, the week had not been wasted. Sally loved him, he knew that. Her eyes had told him before her lips did.

"*A la guerre comme á la guerre*," said the Baron, and he went to the bar and ordered an absinthe.

THE Hôtel Plaza had spread itself on the Gala des Roses, and it was worth it. Monsieur Henri realised that by the simple expedient of placing a rose tree on each table, and garlands of paper flowers wherever they could possibly and impossibly hang, he would be justified in charging double for the ordinary dinner, with the addition, perhaps, of a rose pink ice.

The room was satisfactorily crowded, but Henri had time to glance at Lady Audrey's table. *La petite* Grote, he thought, looked like a living rose in her pink dress, and with the flush on her cheeks, and the Milord Anglais looked *tout ce qu'il y a de plus gentleman*. He also noticed that Miladi was rather pale, and that Baron Othmar was not *en veine*. Otherwise a charming *partie carrée*, he decided, as he went off to tell the orchestra to begin playing at once. It would never do to let the gala des roses flag for a single moment.

So the orchestra dashed into an old Viennese waltz, re-christened "Valse des Roses" for the evening, and Piers Bridlington, urged on by his aunt's eye, asked Sally to dance, and Lady Audrey lit a cigarette and turned to the Baron.

"Baron Rudolf," said Lady Audrey Bridlington, while the melody crashed through the room, "I'm afraid it won't do."

She had been a hunting woman in her youth, and took her fences straight.

"You and Sally Grote, I mean," she added, as he raised an enquiring eyebrow.

"Do I understand . . . ?" he asked haughtily.

"Yes. Understand as much as you please. The more the better," said Lady Audrey.

"I must really ask you to explain."

"You've been seeing Sally every day, paying her attentions, running after her, as we used to say in my youth."

"And why," said Baron Rudolf Othmar, "should my attentions be undesirable any more than, say, your nephew's? I frankly admit that I am poor. No doubt Lord Bridlington has also that disability. Even you, Miladi Audrey, may suffer from these times of unexampled depression."

Lady Audrey looked at the end of her cigarette.

"You see, I know you," she said gently. "It was in Florence. I was chaperoning Claudine de Solante. The girl was ill, heart broken, because her people had found you out and put a stop to it. She recovered, and married a rich American, but I saw what she went through on your account."

"I deny it!" said Rudolf.

"I shouldn't," said Lady Audrey. "And there are other things, but we won't talk about them, because I can't prove them."

"You think you know a great deal," said Baron Othmar, "but there is something that perhaps you do not know. Sally is in love with me."

"She is not her own mistress for six months," Lady Audrey stubbed out the end of her cigarette, "and a lot can happen in six months, Baron. A lot will happen, if you don't take my advice. Ah, Sally, my dear," as the girl returned, "was the floor good?"

"Lovely," said Sally, looking at the Baron. "Won't you try it with me, Rudi?"

"Rudi!" thought Lady Audrey. "I'm only just in time."

But the Baron answered, "Excuse me, Sally, to-night. I have a *migraine*."

"Rest is the thing for a headache," interposed Lady Audrey, "and aspirin. May I offer you some?"

But Rudolf declined. He would, he announced, with Lady Audrey's permission, retire to his room.

"How wise of you, Baron," smiled Lady Audrey, and as he strolled away, she decided that the battle was won.

BUT afterwards, upstairs in her luxurious bedroom talking to Sally, while she brushed her creditably thick grey hair, Lady Audrey was not so sure. She was, in fact, seriously alarmed.

"I love him," said Sally, in answer to her chaperone's questions, and there was a rapt look in her eyes.

Lady Audrey went on cautiously to state the insuperable objections. Baron Othmar was, she said, much older, a foreigner—a penniless foreigner. The trustees would never consent.

Sally flouted the trustees.

"I can wait for six months," she declared. "He isn't ashamed of being poor, and I'm not ashamed of it for him. In six months I shall have a million. That's enough to go on with," ended Sally, and her happy laugh sounded positively terrifying in Lady Audrey's ears.

"Sally . . . dearest Sally!" She caught the girl's hands. "I'll tell you the truth. He's a wrong 'un. Crooked. A bad man."

"It's a lie," flashed Sally. (*Continued on p. 102*)

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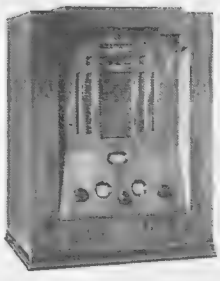

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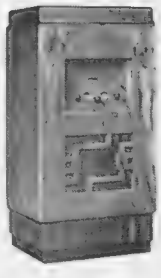

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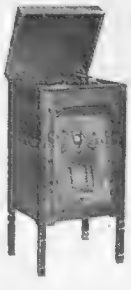

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VT 34

"It's true, child. There aren't many bad men about, but he's one of them. I wouldn't say this if I wasn't sure. You won't see him again, Sally. He has too much sense to come near you, after the things I told him. I didn't mince matters, and you saw him get up and go away."

"You're a wicked woman," said Sally, "and I shall marry Rudi in six months."

Sally walked to the door, but she turned then. "I'm sorry I called you wicked. It's only that I know him so well that all you are saying sounds just nonsense."

Left alone, Lady Audrey did three things. First, she took a tiny sip out of the flask of brandy on her dressing table. Then she loosened that tight band of velvet at her neck, and finally she sat down at the writing table and wrote out an urgent wire to James Grote.

Sally did only one thing.

She went straight upstairs to Rudolf Othmar's room, tapped on the door, and hardly waiting for him to say "Come in," she threw it open.

The room was small, and for the Plaza, decidedly shabby. It boasted the extra comfort of an armchair, a table and a reading lamp. And in the chair Rudolf was sitting, his legs crossed, smoking.

As Sally walked in, he threw the cigarette into the empty grate, and received her in his arms.

It was a very long kiss, and when it was over, Sally still held his hand.

"Rudi," she cried, "Lady Audrey's said the most frightful things to me about you, and of course I don't believe a word of them. She's certain to write to the trustees," she pressed closer to him. "I've come to tell you that I'll marry you in spite of them all. When I come into my fortune, I'll give you every penny I have, and I'll make a will and leave the whole of it to you."

Her north country accent was very marked as she spoke, and she spoke with her dead father's directness.

And Rudolf knew, as he held her to him, his arms round her slim shoulders, that Sally Grote's million was as good as in his hands. But it was her last sentence which staggered him. Even when she had gone, when love was no longer possible, she would protect him with her gold.

Above her bent head, with the bright wings of hair, he looked into a future so wonderful that it seemed as if he had been born again.

He would be straight.

With a million, only a confirmed criminal could be crooked, and he wasn't that, though sometimes he had gone appallingly near to being one. That affair of the Loxel copper mine, the misleading prospectus, the falsified information. That had been a near thing. Only a quick getaway, leaving others to face the music, had saved him, and even now the enquiry was not quite wound up, his heart was often in his mouth.

But a rich man can always buy the silence of accomplices. As for foolish adventures with women, as he thought of it, there should be no more of them. He and Sally would live in England, her country and one he liked. They would buy an estate . . . have children . . . live peaceful days . . .

Something cold slipped into his fingers as he caressed Sally's firm white neck. Mechanically he dropped the top row of Sally's pearls into his pocket, where the winnings he had never returned to her still lay.

"You mean it," he said under his breath. "You love me as much as that?"

"Yes," Sally looked up at him with those eyes the colour of a June sky. "And it isn't only love. I believe in you."

Rudolf put up a hand and pulled at his collar. Some things are a little too upsetting to be borne, Sally's faith was one of them.

There were beads of sweat on his forehead. He pulled out his handkerchief, and his fingers touched the pearls.

Then Rudolf Othmar knew the truth about himself. With a million of money coming to him, he couldn't resist taking a valuable thing when the chance came. He would never reform, never go straight.

He loosed Sally, and sank down in the chair. Frightened at his look, she knelt on the floor by his side.

"Sally," he asked, circling her face with his hands, "what did Lady Audrey tell you about me?"

"She said you were crooked," faltered Sally.

"I *am* crooked," he said. Then, still holding her face upturned to him, Rudolf Othmar talked to Sally Grote. He talked to the point. He left out nothing. But one thing he left to the end.

Pulling out her pearls, he held them in front of her.

"I stole your pearls while you were kissing me," he said. "Now do you understand?"

And, of course, a girl even as much in love as Sally must understand a thing like that. Slowly, she backed to the door, her eyes wide and frightened, her hand clutching her pearls. Slowly the door shut behind her. Slowly she walked to the lift, and swiftly the lift carried her downstairs, as Rudolf Othmar, with no Baron about it, pulled out his suit case, and began to pack.

Sally's winnings would have to pay his hotel bill. He had forgotten to give them to her. Perhaps it was just as well. There is a limit to what a man can be expected to do.

The Plaza's motor bus was at the door the next morning, and the usual row of waiters and lift boys were grouped at the entrance, their faces greedy with expectation.

The porters had carried out two of the Baron's suit cases, his golf clubs, his despatch box, with the small coronet and the large initials, and the Baron, in a light overcoat, his hat in his hand, was talking to Monsieur Henri in the hall, out of earshot of the clerks at the *caisse*.

In Henri's pocket lay a wire from Mr. James Grote, engaging a room and announcing his imminent arrival, so he was not over surprised at the Baron's hasty departure. The affaire Othmar was clearly at an end, as far as *la petite Grote* was concerned, but Henri had still a word of warning to deliver. . . .

When he had expressed his regret that the Baron was leaving them so suddenly, his hope that he would return next season for a longer *séjour* at the Plaza, and his confidence that the stay had benefited Monsieur le Baron's health, he lowered his voice.

"An individual," he said mysteriously, "has been enquiring for you. I gave him no information, but I caught him questioning the porter, and he, I fear, may not have been so discreet . . . but I trust Monsieur le Baron will not be inconvenienced by any espionage." Then, looking up, he clapped his hands sharply. "Quick, Pierre, with that last suit case," he commanded imperiously. "Do you wish Monsieur to lose his train?"

Under cover of the commotion he created by this sudden fury, of haste, Monsieur Henri slipped a letter into Rudolf's hand.

"*De la part de Mademoiselle Grote*," he whispered.

Rudolf's left hand closed over it, his right dispensed largesse, and the last of Sally's winnings.

"*Merci, Monsieur, merci bien!*"

To the sound of mechanical thanks, Baron Rudolf Othmar left the Hôtel Plaza.

THE station glowed with a brassy glare under the hot sun, and the azure sea sparkled in tiny glittering waves as he climbed into the train and settled himself in the corner of an empty first-class carriage with a sense of having escaped.

Escaped. . . .

From what? To what?

From security and happiness to sordid intrigue. From the promise of luxury to the shifts and hazards of a man who lives by his wits. Tooth and nail, beak and claw, wild animals fought for their living, tearing the food from each other which gave them the power to live.

He would have to fight like that with subtler weapons, seizing a chance here, and an opportunity there. Twisting, turning, doubling on his tracks down the sinister paths of the underworld. And it might have been so different. . . .

With gloomy eyes he watched the lovely coast slipping past and watching it, failed to see that he was interesting a short man in a grey suit who passed his window more than once, walking up the corridor, and stared at that handsome profile with close attention.

The train gathered speed on its long rush Pariswards, and Rudolf Othmar pulled out Sally's letter and looked at it a moment. Why had she written to him? What more was there to say? Did her letter contain girlish reproaches or a sentimental *adieu*?

He slipped a forefinger under the flap, and pulled out a single sheet. He had never had a letter from Sally. She wrote in the schoolgirlish round hand he expected. The unexpected was what she said:—

RUDI,—

You startled me last night, and I ran away like a coward, but I'm not a coward really, and I've had time to think.

I've made up my mind. My offer still holds. I'll marry you in six months, because then I can give you all I've got.

If there's a risk, I'll take it. To love as I love you is heavenly, but it's also a pain.

They tell me you are going early this morning. If you wire to me from Paris, I shall get it before we leave. Lady Audrey has wired to Uncle James, and he is sure to take me away, but I *will* see you again, somehow. All love,

SALLY.

This is where I live.

And she scrawled an address in Yorkshire underneath the signature. (*Continued on p.* 104)

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Linen Suit of classical simplicity. Man-tailored, clean-cut finish and perfect fit. Note the fine stitching on the lapels and pockets. Blouse of dull acetate silk. Pink/navy, green/pink, brown/sky, white/nigger, wine/sky, turquoise/navy, taups/sky.

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Tailored Suit in fine Linen Barathea. The fine stitching on the revers is repeated on the pockets and cuffs. The blouse is of dull acetate silk net.
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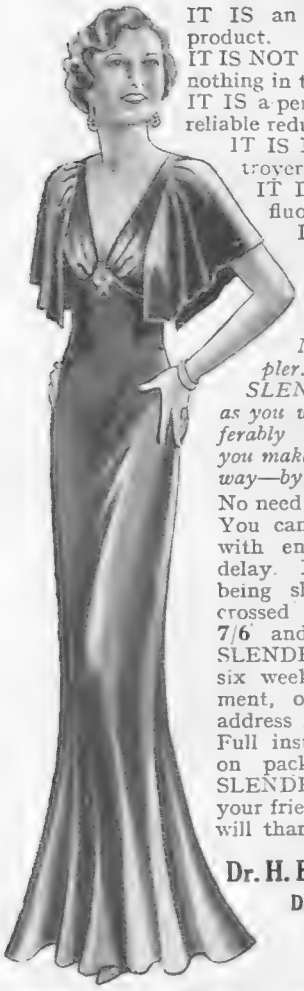

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IT'S SPEEDY!
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2 CLIPS ON A CARD
IT'S SURE!
Ladye Jayne WAVE-CLIP
AND RE-SETTER

Rudolf drew a long breath.

Incredibly, the offer was still his to take or to refuse. In spite of all she knew against him, all he had told her himself, Sally still loved him. He had told her everything except one thing. The embarrassing fact that he loved her.

But now, reading her letter, with the blue and gold coast slipping by and giving way to the flat fields and poplars of middle France, and thinking of Sally's love she had called a pain, the stone which had been in his heart turned to a living thing in his breast.

He tore up the letter with quick, impatient movements across and across till he held only fragments as small as snowflakes. Then he jerked the window open, and let them flutter away behind the train.

PARIS was grey and cold under an unfriendly sky, and the echoing station received the travellers from the South with a chilly welcome.

Blue-bloused porters fought and struggled and gesticulated as usual. A fat porter smelling of garlic collected Rudolf's luggage, was turning away with it when a short man in a grey suit touched the Baron on the arm.

"Baron Rudolf Othmar?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

But the little coldness at his heart told him.

"Just a few questions," said the short man in the grey suit. "I regret, but you must accompany me to the Préfet de Police. We have received a communication regarding an enquiry being held in London."

Rudolf nodded. The Loxel mine, of course, that was it. Someone had given him away. Someone who thought only of their own skin. Someone he had been too poor to bribe. He knew what it might mean.

He turned to the short man calmly.

"I wish to send a telegram to a friend. Is that permitted?"

"But certainly, if I accompany you."

Together they entered the *Bureau de Télégraphe* in the station. Rudolf drew a yellow paper towards him.

"Mademoiselle Grote, The Plaza . . ."

He finished the address, his companion looking over his shoulder, hesitated a moment, then turned his back to this inquisitive person.

"Impossible. Forget me." He paused again. She would not forget, she was not that kind. He must be hard, brutal, to end it. "As I shall forget you," he wrote then, and underneath he signed it "Rudi."

He stared at the last words, and pushed the telegram and money across the counter, then raised himself, catching back a sigh.

"Finished" he said to himself. . . .

As the taxi gyrated in the traffic with loud, excited honking, the short man in the grey suit looked with a reluctant admiration at the clever gambler with fate, whose hand had gone against him.

"You don't often miss a trick, Othmar, if rumour speaks true," he gibed genially, "but this time the cards have fallen badly, is it not so?"

Rudolf Othmar nodded. He did not wish to pursue the conversation, nor could he have explained his secret consciousness that, however badly the cards had fallen, he had won the game.

Twice, during the last twenty-four hours, he had refused a million, and he had refused love. A gentleman could do no more. A gentleman might even have done less.

He had been born in a back street in Vienna. He had misspent nearly every hour of his adult life. He was not a baron. His family had no dignity, no quarterings. He was a sham, a trickster, a fraud, and he would probably soon see the inside of a prison.

Yet, when he thought of his dealings with the future Lady Bridlington, he could claim that honour was not unknown to him.

END

The Flat Roofs of Marrakech

(*Continued from page 23*)

in their direction and all the people would be rocking with laughter. Great fun indeed for all the loafers of the city.

My Uncle Flane couldn't sleep because of this Ahmed Mansour. Not a wink. In the hot nights the jeering Arab would rise up before him, and his blood would race at fever heat, and words that were not prayers would come to his lips.

On these sleepless nights my Uncle Flane would go up on the flat roof of the house and look out over the city. And a great sight is this town of Marrakech, for, although the population is only one hundred and fifty thousand, the city covers a wider area than Manchester. Leaning on the balustrade he would look out over ten thousand roofs to the *Mamounia*, and the *Palais de la Bahia*; over the *Mellah*, and the waving palms beyond. And here and there on other roofs would be white-cloaked figures, motionless, watching the city. Men and women, but women mostly, for the men would be chattering to each other in little Moorish cafés.

It was easy for a man to hop from one roof to another, the houses being built against each other, and the idea of a run across the roofs in the soft blue moonlight took the fancy of Flane.

"Will you come?" said he to Thurland, on a night when the two of them were looking at the city, and the smell of jasmine and orange flowers brought a drunkenness to the brains of both.

"I will not," said Thurland. "It's a dangerous business, and it's a knife in your stomach that you'll be getting if you're not careful."

Flane laughed, for the evil was in him, and the taunts of the Arab on the *Place Djema El Fna* had brought him to a state of mind when a fight to the death would be pleasing. He kicked off his shoes so that he could run lightly over the roofs, and he dropped quietly over the balustrade on to the house next door.

"If I don't come back you can have all that I am worth," he said to Thurland, and with that he was off into the soft night, a big tomcat of a man, taking the low dividing walls in his stride and swinging himself from one roof to another when the houses were a little apart.

ALWAYS and always the picture of Flane running over the flat roofs brings thrills to me. Often as a boy I would shut my eyes and picture him. He was part of Africa. The mysterious, tiger-like, prowling Africa that came up before my vision. He was one with the blue wash of moonlight, kin to the little wicked winds coming up from the great sands loaded with primitive odours that make men bold and reckless. The longing to be there—there in the City of Marrakech, running over the flat roofs with Flane—often brought me to the point of tears.

Thrilling were Thurland's words regarding the night prowling of my uncle. For once Flane started that business he couldn't stop, the very danger of it being like wine to him. And many of the householders took objections to him running across their roofs. Once, in leaping over a balustrade, he landed on the head of an Arab who was at his devotions, and the fellow nearly got Flane with a thrust of his knife. And another time he flushed a party of young Moorish ladies whose squeals woke the quarter, and there was a night when a Moor who had doubts about his wife's fidelity took a pot shot at Flane with his rifle, the bullet grazing his shoulder as he fled. Mad and silly it was perhaps, but it was an outlet for the wild anger that was in him. . . .

There came a night when the moon rode high above the Atlas mountains, and the dogs barked because they saw spectres in the wind. My Uncle Flane had run out over the *Kasba* by the great gate, *Bab Aguenaou*, built hundreds of years ago by the Sultans of the Almoravides. And there was much whispering and plotting in the night, with here and there the whine of a string instrument running like a golden worm through the silky stuff that the night was made of.

It was near the *Mosquée de la Kasba* that my uncle came upon a sobbing youth. There he was crouched in the inky shadow thrown by the protecting wall, and he was crying as if his heart was broken.

My Uncle Flane could speak the tongue of the Moors, and he stopped and asked what was wrong. And the youth wiped his eyes and answered. And the tale interested Flane, it being fat and colourful, and one with the night and the winds and the queer smells that rose up from the little streets below. Smells of saffron and oil, of dates and musk, of burnt mutton that was being cooked on little skewers over braziers; of camel dung and mould, and all the thousand other smells that are Africa.

In a big square house that was separated by a narrow street from the roof where Flane and the youth talked, lived an old Moor who was the richest man in the City of Marrakech. He had great gobs of yellow gold, and chests full of coins. And he had hundreds of fine diamonds that had passed from one black sweaty hand to another up the length of Africa, up the secret gut of the land from the moment they were smuggled out of the mines of Jagersfontein. Fat stones that had never been put on a cutting wheel. And big emeralds that had drifted westward across the desert and had come, (*Continued on page 106*)

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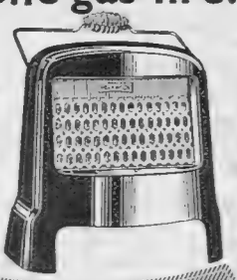

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perchance, from "Cleopatra's Mines" that are at Jebel Zabara on the Red Sea, beyond Assuan. And pearls from Bahrein and Condatchy. And sapphires and rubies and yellow topazes like the eyes of angry cats. "Stuff," said Thurland, "that would make the big jewellers of Bond Street blink with wonder if they caught a glimpse of it."

"I've heard of all this," said Flane, when the youth had described the treasure in the house, "but what has it got to do with you? Are you thinking of plunderin' the old man?'

"He has plundered me," said the boy. "He has robbed me."

"Eh?" said my uncle. "Of what?"

"Of my sweetheart," said the youth. "He has bought her from her parents. This very evening they brought her to him, her eyes bound and a cloth over her mouth so that she couldn't scream A cap full of gold coins he gave for her."

My uncle Flane considered the matter, then he spoke. "If I were you, young feller me lad," he said, "I'd hop across this trench, slip down the door from the roof, give the old grasshopper a poke in the ribs and take the lady away from him."

"Ah, but the guard?" gasped the youth.

"The guard?" said Flane.

"Yes, yes!" cried the young man. "I am nothing but a poet, yet he is afraid that I might do something, knowing that I love her greatly, so he has hired a guard. It is the Arab wrestler who gives exhibitions on the *Place Djema El Fna* who is protecting the house this night."

"*Agh!*" cried my uncle Flane, and he blew the breath from his chest with a sort of joy. "*Agh!*" said he, and he rubbed the palms of his big hands together, the big hands that "The Lion of Ansbach" cried over in the trench in Marrières Wood.

He stood up and looked at the house of the rich Moor, and, as he looked at it, the door to the roof opened and out stepped the Arab, Ahmed Mansour! Stepped out on to the moon-washed roof, filled with the pride of strength, knowing there wasn't a man in the City of Marrakech who was willing to try grips with him. Still naked except for the scarlet cloth around his loins, he having a dislike to clothes and a conceit in the golden pelt of his that he rubbed five times a day with palm oil and the fat of the big blue lizards!

He saw my uncle Flane and he cried out to him. Cried out taunting words. He shouted the Arab word *kelb*, which means dog, then he called Flane *mewessekh bagra*, which means a dirty cow. a term that must be wiped out with combat.

For an instant my uncle thought of leaping across the little street and rushing the Arab, but he controlled himself as he remembered Thurland. For Thurland loved a fight, and Flane didn't wish to rob him of one.

"Wait five minutes!" shouted my uncle, and, as he spoke, he started running back to the house where he and Thurland lived.

He dashed down through the roof door and pulled Thurland from the bed. "Come quick!" said Flane. "Don't bother to dress! Your pyjamas will be enough! *Come!*"

"What is it?" cried Thurland.

"It's the rescue of a bride!" said Flane, and without another word the two of them started running across the roofs in the direction of *Bab Aguenaou*, the big gate leading into the *Kasba*.

THE Arab, Ahmed Mansour, was standing where Flane had last seen him. Bold as brass he stood up in the moonlight, while the youth who was a poet was sobbing on the roof opposite.

"Take it in your stride!" shouted Flane, as he and Thurland approached the low balustrade that protected the street side of the house, and to the great amazement of the Arab wrestler my two uncles rushed the low wall and, leaping together, went clear over the narrow lane and landed on the roof of the rich Moor's house. And before Ahmed Mansour had recovered from his surprise Flane was pulling off the light shirt that he wore so that he would be as slithery as the Arab when the fellow was trying for a grip.

"Come on!" shouted Flane. "It's a great night for a little pulling and hauling, and my heart is tired of your damned insults!" And saying that, he rushed. . . .

My Uncle Thurland knows the sport of wrestling better than any man in the world. He has made a study of the game and he can talk learnedly of every great match that has ever taken place, from the one between Ajax and Odysseus, told of by Homer, down to the tussle of the night before last where you yourself sat and yelled for action.

Every grip and clutch he knows. He can talk for hours of the tricks of Milo of Crotona, a Greek, who lived over two thousand years ago, and who was so good that he allowed his antagonists to grease themselves while he rubbed his own body with sand so that they could get a better grip. And he can explain the holds of the great Japanese wrestler, Sukane, who introduced *jujitsu*, and who threw thirty-four men, one after the other, as they stepped on to the mat, his cunning and his knowledge of nerves and tendons making infants of the best of them. It was to the teaching of Sukane that the Japanese Emperor, Seiwa, owed his throne, for he and his brother agreed to wrestle for the perch after the death of their father.

This I mention here in an effort to explain the magic of Thurland when he commenced to tell of that combat. For the parlour of our flat in Shepherd's Bush became the roof of the Moor's house in the *Kasba* of Marrakech! The bare roof washed by the moonlight, the two big men writhing like great boa-constrictors, and Thurland stepping nimbly to get out of their way.

Maybe it was that I was small and impressionable. And maybe it was not. For I can recall now the faces of my father and mother and the look of wonder on the hard visage of John Mahoney. I think they saw what I saw. Flane and Ahmed Mansour threshing around the floor Chairs and tables disappearing before their twisting bodies. And they heard what I heard! The smash of flesh on flesh, the smack of an open hand, the grind of a body on the plastered roof, the crack of muscles and the quick intakes and sobbings of mighty chests in labour.

On his feet was Thurland. Right hand outstretched, eyes upon the floor. "There they are!" he cried, and the magic of the harpers of old was in his voice. "Flane has downed him with a back-heel! A 'hank' for sure! The wind is out of the Arab for a moment! . . . No, no! Like a Catharine wheel against the coping! Mother o' God! A lump of the mud balustrade went down with the crash of them against the barrier! Two yards of it! Into the street below! And the noise of the crash and the dust woke the whole of the *Kasba!*"

From my mother came a little yelp of fear. Thurland glanced at her, and, for an instant, he was in London, but the clutch of memory took him and he was back in a flash on the roof in Marrakech.

"The Arab was the stronger!" he cried. 'Stronger than my brother, Flane! The golden skin of him, shining like the rump of a racehorse! Flashing in the moonlight! Breaking the grips of Flane! Grinning as he wriggled free! Grinning with pleasure. . . . And up from the little street came the cries and the yells of the running people. Bits of the coping tumbled down, keeping them at a distance. And the roofs around bubbling with people climbing up through the trap doors like ants getting out of their holes under a pot of hot water!"

I think my father had a desire to halt Thurland. I feel sure that he had. There was a strange look in his eyes as he watched his brother and listened to the story. But Thurland could not be halted. For the blessed gift of words was upon him. Centuries and centuries ago when mighty Brian fought the Danes at Clontarf, some ancestor of Thurland Spillane had rushed through the furze-clad countryside telling of the glorious deeds of King Brian and his son, Murchad. Telling the story so that the hearers saw the great king smiting the red Danes with his axe! Saw the invaders flying to their boats with the mad Munstermen chasing them, slashing and hacking with their short swords!

A throbbing pain was in my head as Thurland continued. A pain that was brought by fear for the safety of Flane. Forty feet above the street were the Arab and my uncle, and the coping that protected the roof was crumbling each time their bodies crashed against it. Crumbling and crashing into the street below.

"The guard was out!" cried Thurland. "A detachment of Spahis and fifty men from the Foreign Legion! But the baked mud and the stones clattering down kept them at bay! And there I was running round the roof trying to get out of the way of the two of them! And mumbling a prayer as I ran. Yes, trying to think of little prayers that Father Cassidy had taught me years before. For if they rolled off the roof they would both be killed! Killed or crippled: and one is as bad as the other!"

The knitting dropped from my mother's hands It disappeared as the bodies of Flane and the Arab rolled over it. So it seemed to me. For, as I pictured the roof, the great gap in the coping was on the side of the parlour, where the divan was, and the visionary bodies that I saw were rolling towards it! Rolling by the feet of my mother! Getting closer to the gap! Closer, closer, as Thurland cried out his breathless descriptions.

"A bright boy was the Arab!" cried Thurland "Slippery as an eel! A dozen times Flane got a clutch on him that I thought he couldn't break, but the fellow was as hard to hold as the bits of quicksilver we used to chase as children when the thermometer broke! The greased body of him slipping away like butter on hot cakes! Below in the street was a

(Continued on page 108

The Flat Roofs of Marrakech

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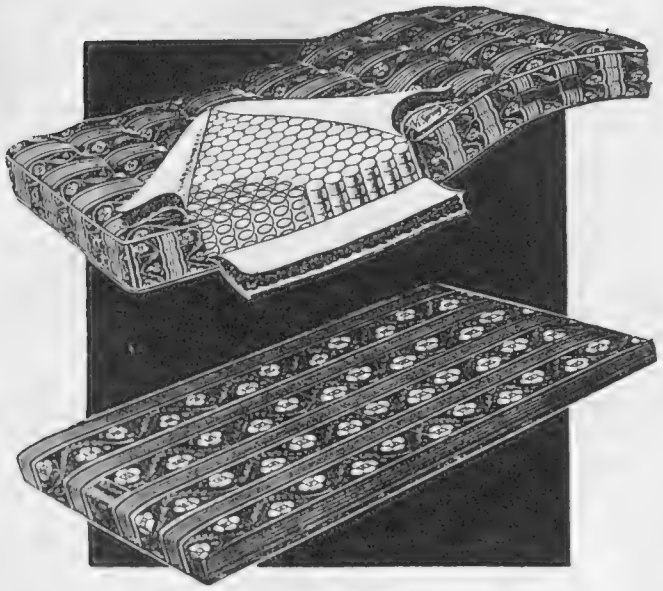

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The Flat Roofs of Marrakech

hullabaloo that was deafening, and every time a piece of the coping would go the women would scream and the men would yell to Allah!

"Six times I sprang in, thinking I could stop the battle! Six times! And what chance had I? None at all! For they were both mad as bulls! Glory be to God! Never in my life have I seen two men in such a temper! The coping could fall and the roof could fall, and the City of Marrakech with its great towers and mosques could fall, but it was nothing to them! Nothing at all!

"'Flane!' I cried, running round them as they struggled. 'Flane! The balustrade is down, and you'll fall in the street and break your neck!' But Flane heard nothing. He was working to get a grip on that slippery devil and his ears were stuffed with hate.

"Now they were rolling towards a gap in the coping! Over and over! Now Flane on top and then the Arab. I ran to stop them, but I was bowled over by the two of them. I got to my knees, thinking to see them go over into the street, and it was then I saw the miracle! The miracle! As they touched the edge of the roof, Flane had got a scissors grip on the head of the Arab! A scissors hold! The head of the fellow was between the thighs of Flane, held as tight as sixpenn'orth of ice in a tongs! Tighter! And the body of the Arab had rolled over the edge and was hanging above the street! Hanging above the street, Flane's hold of him and the clutch of his own hands on the edge of the roof being the only support!"

My Uncle Thurland paused and looked around the room as if his eyes sought the bodies of Flane and the Arab. My father stirred in his chair, my mother sighed softly. It was John Mahoney who spoke.

"It would break a man's neck!" he snapped.

"It would," agreed Thurland. "If the man was an ordinary man. But Ahmed Mansour wasn't! Fifteen minutes Flane held him there! Fifteen minutes while the Spahis and the men of the Legion got ladders and put them against the wall. Ladders and ropes and slings and what not. When they had put knots around his legs and his body, with the ends of the ropes held by soldiers on the roof, I myself untwisted the legs of Flane so that they could lower the Arab to the ground!"

"He was dead?" asked John Mahoney.

"He was not!" said Thurland. "For an hour or so he lay like a sick pup on the side of the street, then he opened his eyes and asked for a drink. And when they gave him the drink he asked for Flane. And he put out his big paw and shook Flane's hand and they were friends. Devil a bit of hate between them. Good friends. There they sat together grinning at each other, and the whole town of Marrakech milling around trying to get a look at them."

THERE was a long silence after Thurland finished speaking; then my mother put a question.

"And the youth and the girl?" she murmured, she like a woman being more concerned with the love affair than the wrestling match.

Thurland laughed softly. "It's funny you asking me that, Margaret," he said. "When Flane and I started to walk out of the house the next morning, the girl was at the door waiting for us. Her and her mother and father. And before Flane could back-step she had made a hop at him and flung her arms round his neck. And she screamed out her thanks to him, telling him he was her saviour. And she told him that she loved him more than she loved the youth, and was willing to go to the ends of the earth with him. A great job I had pulling her off him. The boy was a poet, but, you see, Margaret, women the world over love a strong man before all the poets of the world."

My mother had recovered her knitting and her needles were clicking busily. "Women," said she, glancing slyly at my father, "love a mixture. A man may be a poet and a strong man at the same time."

My Uncle Thurland opened his mouth to speak, but at that instant Flane came into the room, and Thurland paused.

Flane looked from one to the other and asked a question. "Was it something serious you were discussing?" he asked.

"It was," said Thurland. "We were discussing the relationship of love to poetry and strength. Was it a good fight you saw tonight?"

Flane stared at his brother as if he thought him a little insane, then he picked up the evening paper and strode off to his bedroom. I looked at the corner where the plaster statue of Saint Patrick stood before the magic of Thurland's words had washed him away. The saint had returned. His golden two-peaked mitre and his big crosier stood up in the shadows.

END

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The Marriage Racket

(*Continued from page* 39)

Etienne, when we reached the American bar.

"Me, marry, but it is not possible, *mon vieux*. I shall remember Suzanne till the end of all time. If I marry I must forget. It is not possible. . . ."

"Do you insist then on being so . . . fair to women? I mean, all's fair in love and all that."

"I'm as fair as I'm permitted to be. I would never hurt a woman for the sake of hurting her."

"No? Why so cryptic?" I asked. But Etienne changed the subject.

"I'm not going to talk about women," he said, "but I told you I'd tell you about one—Suzanne. So drink up and let's order another."

It must have been wonderful to hear Suzanne launching out on her big explanation. At ten o'clock a mechanic was to bring round the huge Delage, which she had "bought" for a mere song. Marcel listened patiently, for Suzanne, who was a poor liar, laboured the point excessively. The car was really quite inferior, he was to understand; it was a throw-out from the works. But it *looked* good. It was a bargain.

Had not Marcel himself suggested they should seek a bargain? She would hire an unemployed man very cheaply to drive. That would be a public service and the open air would do her much good. She would also get much *réclame*. She hoped Marcel would be reasonable. After all, 20,000 francs! She could almost afford it herself. (She couldn't, of course.) Besides, she wanted to have a nice car to run Etienne about in during the poor boy's . . . man's . . . leave in Paris. They could go, all three, to Versailles and Fontainebleau, and so on. It would be fun. . . .

Marcel waited, and when the feeble and involved explanation was over, he blew up. Not that he suspected any deception. He was just maddened by Suzanne's extravagance. He declared he would send the car back and refuse to pay.

"Too late," moaned Suzanne. "It is paid for. I've borrowed money on my life insurance."

Marcel nearly jumped out of the sixth floor window into the street. That sacred word!

Suzanne had actually borrowed on the security, but it was to pay her dressmaker. However, the story seemed to work! Marcel, after arguing for a quarter of an hour more, gave her a cheque for 20,000 francs, payable to her bank manager from whom she was supposed to have borrowed the money.

Suzanne at once sent Marthe out to cash the cheque and pay it into her account. Now she would have some ready cash as well as the new car.

Marcel normally went to his office at 8.30, but that morning he was overwrought by the disturbance and could not resist waiting to see the car arrive. When it slid up to the front door of the block, even he could scarcely suppress a gasp. It was superb. Seated by the driver was Etienne. He had to be there too.

A crowd collected to stare and a photographer appeared from nowhere. Suzanne descended and was snapped about to enter the car, her hand resting on her husband's forearm. She took him to his office in the car, Etienne climbing discreetly into the dickey. All the way Marcel was calculating out loud the consumption of oil and essence and to what the services of a part-time chauffeur would come.

As they reached the office he said that he admired Suzanne's nerve, but he was still extremely displeased at her flagrant disregard of his clearly expressed wishes. When he took off his hat his head was streaming and dripping. Suzanne felt quite sorry for him, sorry for Etienne to see him look so undignified, sorry he could be such a pig-headed fool. Besides, she murmured to Etienne, she didn't enjoy being forced by his stupidity into concocting a rigmarole of lies. Etienne took the wheel and they slid out of Paris. They were to lunch late at Amiens and see the old battlefields.

At the theatre, in the Bois, outside her dressmaker's in the Place Vendôme and her milliner's in the Florentin, at Auteuil, all along the Boulevards, Suzanne and her car were a sensation. The boys took courage when they saw Cousin Etienne sitting beside her, but she was careful to explain to interviewers and photographers that Etienne *was* her cousin and on leave from the Far East. It was all most proper.

Suzanne leaned back and enjoyed every moment. She had reached the apex of her ambition, and it was rather fun that the pleasures of this delightful little St. Luke's Summer should be enhanced by the affectionate proximity of Etienne.

ONE day they were lunching in the Bois. It was a brilliant morning and the car was reflecting the sunshine from a thousand points. To-morrow Etienne was leaving.

"Suzanne," he said, (*Continued on page* 110)

"I want you to keep the Delage as a little souvenir with my grateful thanks for making me supremely happy."

"Don't, Etienne; don't be absurd. I couldn't possibly accept it."

"But you must, darling. I bought it this morning and I certainly can't take it back to Cochin-China."

Suzanne was crying. It was no good arguing with Etienne. He was too strong, and Suzanne felt like melting wax. All she wanted to do was hold his slim hand and kiss his pale-blue eyes. That was the silly way she thought, and in public she couldn't do either. Only she pressed her knee against his and he just looked at her through a soft focus mist and wished to God she wasn't married or something, because it was monstrous that Marcel should have any rights over her. That photograph on his desk!

They drove home in the afternoon, hand very tight in hand. He was coming to see the play for about the tenth time. Then they would dance their last evening together.

Etienne came into the flat for a cocktail and to say good-bye until eight o'clock that evening. Etienne believed in saying good-bye often. One always kissed when one said good-bye and sprawled on divans, and there was no one round whom one's arms folded more sweetly than Suzanne. Oh, that cocktail and that good-bye took an incredibly long time. It was inevitable . . . hopeless. . . Paris must keep her darling soubrette . . . she wouldn't fit in at Saigon. How his thoughts ran madly on!

At seven o'clock Marcel had still not come home, and Suzanne was getting ready to go to the theatre. Etienne went into Marcel's room to brush his hair. He hated the look of Marcel's brushes as much as he hated the look of Marcel. He smoothed his hair with a nail-brush. Then he went to his hotel to dress. At 7.45 he was back to take Suzanne to the theatre. A moment longer away would have been unbearable pain.

Almost immediately Marcel rushed in, enormously excited:

"Sorry I'm late," he breathed (no one minded). "Been frightfully busy. Listen, my children. I've news for you." Suzanne looked at him sideways, dubiously. As a rule his good news were bad news. Etienne was only anxious to stop him talking so that Suzanne and he could get away. She groaned deeply when he began:

"I've been working out the cost of running the big Delage we've . . . I've just bought . . . Well, it's enormous." As if this was completely welcome news, Marcel looked round waiting for the applause. The others were just waiting too. So Marcel went on:

"It's a nice car, of course, but for poor people—well, I mean, it's . . . we simply can't. You agree, Etienne, I'm sure with me. I admire Suzanne's pertinacity, but . . . well, there it is."

"There what is?" asked Suzanne, looking dangerous. "The car's ours, isn't it? You paid for it."

"Now, dear, keep calm!" said Marcel, towelling his head with an immense silk-kerchief. "I told you I'd been working it out. It's certainly much more than that Citroën. I didn't tell you I'd tried the Citroën. I told you I was on the look out for a bargain. It's only shop-soiled too. Very cheap at 35,000 francs, I thought."

Suzanne's repetition of the words "shop-soiled" were little more than a hiss and a snort. "What is all this about? I don't want any more cars at present. I'm quite content with the Delage." She and Etienne exchanged a significant look. Marcel, getting more nervous every moment, was positively steaming. At last he blurted out:

"I bought the Citroën for 35,000. It's outside now."

"You what?" Suzanne yelled. "But it's impossible. I don't want it. I won't ride in it. I've got my Delage." Etienne began whistling quietly and admiring a small statuette.

"But—you—haven't," said Marcel, slowly. "You haven't any more."

"What do you mean?"

"Now, do be quiet, Suzanne. It's all for the best. You mustn't excite yourself before the show."

"I will excite myself," she declared. "I will, I will, I will, and you can't stop me. I'm going to get my Delage now and go to the theatre."

"You can't, Suzanne; listen, please. . . I told you I was looking for a bargain. Well, we both were. You found one, the Delage, very expensive to run. I have found a better one, cheap to run. I sold the Delage this afternoon for 40,000 francs. Made a hundred per cent. profit. What do you think of that?"

"Go on!" said Suzanne, pale and shivering, with voice under icy control.

"Well, I bought the Cit. for 35,000 . . . and . . . put 5,000 to your banking account . . . for being a clever little wife." As he spoke, Suzanne had been drawing near to him until he was really alarmed by her menacing eyes. All of a sudden her hand shot up and fetched Marcel a crashing smack on his cheek.

"You did, did you, you beast. You sold my car without asking me. How I hate you, hate you, I detest you." Etienne's hand held her from repeating the blow and she sank down on a chair, sobbing hysterically.

"I want my car. I *will* have my own car."

Marcel stroked his reddened cheek and watched to see with what degree of tenderness Etienne would handle her. Despite his hurt, his face wore the pleased air of something good accomplished. He smiled cynically and made no effort to quiet his moaning wife.

But Etienne was impersonal. He might have been the family physician treating Suzanne for fallen arches. He patted her hand and stroked her back, while she bit her handkerchief to fragments. When he rose up he was plainly suffering.

"If you want to teach your wife any more lessons," he said to Marcel rather breathlessly, "for God's sake let me out first. It's . . . really . . . monstrous." Marcel's calm demeanour exasperated him. No doubt the fellow had acted, as he thought, wholly for Suzanne's good. Of course, he always did.

* * *

When Etienne had finished telling his story, I asked him what this little escapade had cost him.

"About 300,000 francs, I believe," he said without emotion, and signalled to a waiter. I insisted on paying for his drinks, feeling as I did, quite ill at his losses and commiserating with him, whereat his depression increased.

"Five years at Saigon before I'm in Paris again! That's what gets me," he muttered.

"Oh, cheer up," I said, "there's always Suzanne. You had a wonderful time."

"I'm not thinking of her. I'm wondering when I shall see Marcel again."

"Oh!"

"Yes, I heard quite by accident the morning I left Paris that insurance isn't Marcel's only trade. He's quite a big person, under the rose, of course, in the motor business."

"You mean . . ." and over the brim of his glass, Etienne nodded.

"But, Suzanne, surely, she'd never. . . ."

Etienne gave one of those delicious shrugs, of which only a cultured Frenchman is capable. "Sometimes," he said, "I say to myself, 'No! she is a good woman.' Sometimes I say, 'But she is a good actress.'" And again he shrugged his well-tailored shoulders.

After that, though it was still an hour to dinner-time, we ordered some old brandy.

END

The Fields *of* Death (*Continued from page 13*)

the raw opium has to be smuggled in fairly large chests, and if an active look-out be kept, especially at ports like Marseilles, Trieste, Hamburg, Barcelona, Salonika, the gross quantity thus imported illicitly can, with luck and good faith, be kept within certain—admittedly large—bounds. The same does not, however, obtain in the far-flung United States, where bootlegging factories could carry on with much less risk of detection. However, all this hardly matters beside something else that has quite lately occurred, and which at one stroke revolutionises the whole dope problem. What has transpired was bound to happen sooner or later, for a variety of reasons. For instance, punishment is so laughable and gains can be so enormous in this sinister traffic to which, accordingly, in these days of depression in other fields, men will gravitate with far greater readiness than in more normal times. And again, we deplorably insist upon passing on all our chemical and mechanical knowledge to the East, even if it kill us. Though, even did we show more discretion and common sense, the East, in its current mood of awakening, would have got busy on its own, anyway, in this particular matter. As it has done. Rather terrifyingly . . . in this all-governing matter of the manufacture of opium derivatives that are four to a dozen times more potent and destroying than is opium itself. . . .

In China and Japan and Manchukuo, bang next poppy field immensities that sometimes stretch for hundreds of miles, clandestine factories for producing morphine and heroin from the opium-poppy are springing up like mushrooms. The dread stuff that addicts adore the world over is being turned out on the spot, for secret marketing East and West, is being turned out in such volume and by such cheap labour that already—whatever the happy state of League restriction of the legitimate trade—there is a glut of dope, and prices have fallen to one-fourth, wholesale, of what they were a year ago. Nor need the seriousness of this price-figure be stressed; one of the principal restraining influences, preventing the drug habit spreading in the past, has been the high cost of dope. Soon—probably quite soon, the way things are going—it should be relatively cheap. And this is no sensation-mongering. It is the obvious and simple fact. It is the reason the League is now planning to try to slash at the poppy-fields themselves, at the great gardens, whole country-sides, that form the root of the whole business. It may be a lost cause. Yet if an effort is not made soon to curb the fields of death, heroin might come to be peddled even to children, at sixpence a sniff, in the streets of the West, as it was once peddled during the War in Chicago.

PERHAPS a little late in the day the Opium Commission has come to realise that its import and export licensing system, as outlined early on, can be dodged and ducked as easy as winking, and that it is being so evaded is a fact. It is much easier even than would be the dodging of any restrictions that might ensue concerning the arms traffic—and frequently one has heard that this latter industry should be controlled in the same manner as dope. The Geneva experts have certainly come to appreciate a second capital circumstance, namely, that it is a perfect fool's game chasing the wind, hoping ever to tackle the smuggling of such compressed commodities as morphia, heroin, cocaine. Perhaps something might be done about cases of hashish, Indian hemp, and raw opium, but when Oriental factories start turning out the deadly derivative powders locally, and smuggling these into the white world—in a hundred, a thousand ways, ever to hand and ever varying—it is, indeed, time to be gravely alarmed. And that time has come, since it is believed that with the aid of ever-growing Far East laboratories, notably in Shanghai, Tientsin, Dairen, Chungking, and Chari, *twenty times* the official world need of the "Big Three," or 330 tons of dope, is now annually being put illicitly in circulation. Speculation this, but when one mentions that the output of one Bulgarian factory at Radomir, 1½ tons of heroin every two months, was the equivalent of 187,000,000 "shots" a month, or a double dose a day for 3,000,000 addicts . . . I leave you to conjure with the astronomical dosage 330 tons would represent.

And the worst of it is that so little is being done with guilty parties, such as the Japanese, who, perhaps more than any others, are drenching or preparing to drench us with "hell dust." (The Americans are seriously alarmed, believing it to be a war measure designed to weaken.) At Geneva, the Japanese delegate was invited to explain why manufacturers, druggists and pharmacists were multiplying in his country out of all proportion to the number of doctors. He replied that he'd see about it. About figures. (And Japan has left the League.) The League itself has had to admit that the proposed preliminary inquiry into the possibility of coping with the steadily increasing poppy plantations may take all of two years. Nations are to be asked a host of questions: area cultivated, quantity of raw juice produced, morphine content thereof (this varies: strongest in Persia, 12 per cent.; weakest in parts of India, 4 per cent.), total of raw opium exported, and where, what percentage of cultivation is done by small-scale, family labour working on its own account, and what the percentage of large-scale growing on a capitalistic basis, what is the economic importance to the countries con-

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cerned of production generally, and what are the chances of substituting other crops for the poppy-fields, what revenue and taxes derive from opium growing, what is the system of land tenure in operation in cultivated districts, is growing free or licensed, and what steps are taken to hinder clandestine cultivation, and so on indefinitely. And it is so *very* easy for delegates, from China to Peru, to get away with answers to such probing.

Should fresh fields continue to be placed under cultivation between this and 1935 at the same rate as at present, by the time the League reconvenes to attempt to curtail the poppy at the root, the problem should have about doubled! Actually, enough opium can currently be acquired from Near East and Balkan fields (Smyrna, Anatolia, Macedonia, Yugo-Slavia), to supply the whole world with what it medicinally requires in the way of opium extracts . . . and to these mere cabbage-patches must be added the immeasurably greater poppy production of China, India, Russia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Mexico. Well may one ask: How are those fields going to be checked and cut down, seemingly beyond recognition?

Over how many thousands of square miles does the white poppy bend and dip, and, later, yield up its white capsule juice! The prospect staggers. However, to check those endless fields? To keep men from replanting and harvesting them in secret? Just take one instance. It may be the most spectacular, yet approximating symptoms are reproduced in several quarters——

It is believed that 1 in 8 of China's teeming population (or some 50,000,000) smokes opium. All classes are involved, and pipes, which coolies take *en passant* as our workman drops in for his beer, cost the equal of twopence an inhaling. Even less close to the main poppy growing districts, such as 150 miles of continuous plantation in Fukien. The Chinese farmer can grow his poppies like corn or beans, and he remains completely out of reach of his own central Government, not to drag Geneva into it. Mule caravans, bearing the raw stuff to market, are an eternal feature of the landscape over possibly a third of China's (inhabited) immensity. In Yunnan, Shensi and Kansu especially, every available acre has been given over to opium. The same is now occurring in Manchuria, thanks to Japanese capitalisation. Obviously a very great deal indeed of this opium is consumed by the Chinese themselves, and has been for centuries. But of late new factors have stepped in, making for a far more intensive cultivation than ever in the past. Firstly, those clandestine local factories, for flooding the white world with morphine and heroin, require constant supplies of raw opium, for laboratory boiling down, filtering and further treatment until the brown cakes become white crystal substances. Secondly, such interlopers as the Manchukuo Government are launching themselves by borrowing from banks on the strength of promised delivery of large opium stocks. Thirdly, and principally, the bandit chiefs and "Marshals" of China itself, and who hold the farmer utterly at their mercy, need money, and the best way of getting this, to pay their troops, is—opium. One more aspect of this wild world—that we should stand in danger of being poisoned because Chinese brigands have pay days! The farmer is subservient only to the racketeer-mogul of his particular hsien, and this worthy is ever on the look-out for cash for current needs, for wive-ing, for a retirement fund. So let the poppies wave far and wide on the horizon! Some governors of provinces actually order their soldiers to distribute seeds throughout the lowland areas, while proclaiming to farmers that all land not put under cultivation will be severely taxed. Bumper compulsory harvests are the resultant rule.

As long as China's 3,000,000 odd "personal" soldiers continue to require cash this state of affairs is going to prevail; and what the Chinese may piously profess at Geneva will cut no ice at all, for the simple reason that Nanking exercises not the slightest control over the bandit chiefs.

I have no space to say a lot more that I should like to on this matter of bootlegging dope, the perils of which you are going to wake up to soon. Just this can be added: Until very stern sentences, years instead of weeks, are uniformly imposed by the European Powers, and until the heads of the traffic are dealt with *à la* Hatry and Harris—yes, 14 years—you are not going even to begin to solve this problem. It would absolutely amaze you to know the names of some of those who occultly, in the background, direct this traffic. They get away with it because they never live in the countries where they operate. In that way, owing to the looseness of international co-operation, they remain immune from arrest.

END

WE regret that in the December issue of BRITANNIA & EVE the price of "Anchor" butter was incorrectly given as 1/5. This butter, for which the dairies of New Zealand are justly famed, is usually sold at the low price of 1/1.

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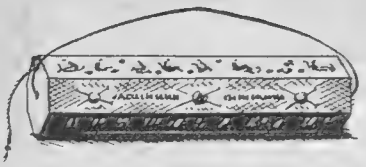

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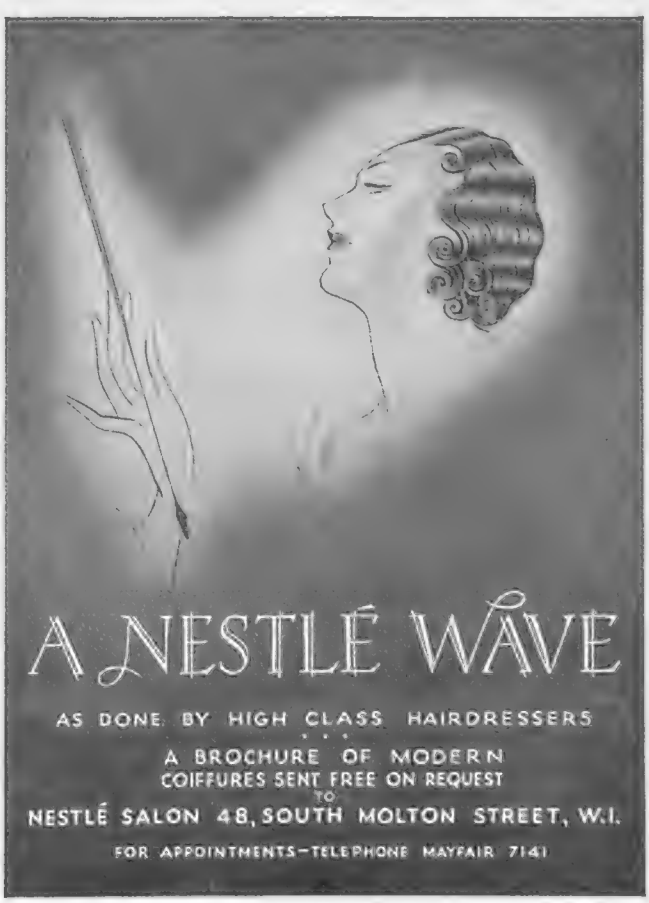
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How Many Famous People are there in the World?

(*Continued from page 35*)

that he is Good Incarnate and that it is the fault of the world that he has not made his mark.

What innocence! What naïveté! What do these mothers think success is made of? Have they ever stopped to think of the number of ordinary people there are in the world, compared to the handful of famous people? The world population is 1,229,000,000. The world-famous are not 500. A mother has about one chance in two million that her child will be that genius. She is, nevertheless, convinced it will be.

A little tragic, this. And yet so natural. For I know how often in meeting some unusual person I have begun to endow them with all sorts of wonderful qualities they did not possess, seeing fame and success just around the corner for them.

I ONCE lived in an hotel where there was a negro lift-attendant, named Leslie. Passing the time of day with him I noticed how well he spoke. While in taking messages, sending my laundry, or doing some errand he was unusually quick and intelligent. He had a good deal of originality. My sympathy was aroused for him. I pictured him downtrodden by the unfair chance of having been born black. I asked him about himself. Much to my amazement he began quoting Latin and Greek verses. He knew all of Chaucer. He spoke French fluently. He was a competent stenographer. He quoted with considerable dramatic feeling all the best passages from Hamlet. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the war; and he had taken an A.B. degree in a well-known university.

"It's awful for you to be running a lift. I'll try to help you," I said.

And immediately I began picturing him as an undiscovered Booker T. Washington, another Paul Robeson, or another Countee Cullen. I felt sure he had the marks of genius. I was convinced that in just a little while he would become a success, that money, position and world-fame would all be showered upon him.

But, as so frequently happens, I did not help him as I had planned. I moved from the hotel and lost all track of him for five years. When I did see him again it was by chance. I had gone to the same hotel to call on a friend who was stopping there. And as I came down the hall I recognised him standing by the lift in his old uniform. He had not changed a bit. The fire to succeed had simply not been strong enough in.

It is this fire, or this first spark of fire, that so often deludes us. We think it is burning more strongly than it is. The proud mother watching over her child waits intently for the first flicker of talent; and with the first flush of curiosity that most every child evidences, the mother is sure that genius is caught alight, that talent is there and will soon burst into flames. While in actuality to attain success, let alone world-fame, the fire within one has got to be made of so much more than just a few bright sticks and quips.

Fame requires a fire that burns with increasing intensity all one's life. It requires not only talent, not only originality, but terrific energy, terrific driving force, terrific concentration, terrific purposefulness—above all, terrific courage to make sacrifices.

But when we see the name or picture of some world-famous character, we forget all this; we do not think instantaneously, automatically, of all that is behind that fame. It seems to us easy and inevitable.

"Greta Garbo?" we say patronisingly as we pull close to the fire. "Just sex appeal . . . that's all."

"Ramsay MacDonald?" we say facetiously, thinking of the many caricatures of him. "Arrh! The 'Monster of Loch Ness'!"

"Bernard Shaw? This here Saint Bernard Shaw? How does he get away with it?"

"Trotsky?" we say. "Ah that's easy; anything possible in Russia!"

As if sex appeal alone could account for Garbo's divine acting! As if Ramsay MacDonald were only a figure of fun! As if Bernard Shaw were just a clever old man! As if Trotsky owed his fame to the mad caperings of the Russian Revolution!

When in reality there exists behind every one of these world-famous characters a driving power, a personality, a purposefulness, a concentration, an abundance of courage that not one person in two million possesses.

I DO not believe much in luck. Every person who has achieved world-fame has got there in spite of the most terrific obstacles. And that is what we should take into consideration when we lie day-dreaming how *we* might become famous.

The most famous man in the world is probably President Roosevelt. He sits at his desk with his legs crumpled beneath him, a victim of infantile paralysis fifteen years ago when he was at the most critical point of his career. Under such an illness most people would have given up and stayed in bed the rest of their lives, or gone grumbling about in a wheel-chair, much less carry on and become President of the United States. But Roosevelt was determined not to give up. His private house in New York to-day has, going down the steps to the street, a specially built balustrade for him to support himself as he goes out to take his place in the world. There is nothing in that which can be tossed off with a political joke. And I know that I would never have had the strength nor the courage to take such a load upon my shoulders as Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken, even without being crippled.

Yet Mrs. Summers, out there in America, was firmly convinced that her son John—that dim-eyed, stoop-shouldered attendant of a petrol filling station—should be President of the United States.

Does the average mother ever stop one second to think of those trials which her son will have to endure, when she makes him stand up and shake hands and recite his little verses to her friends, all with a look in her eyes which says, "Isn't he wonderful? Isn't he really a genius?"

The world to-day tosses off the name of Madame Curie with a glib mention of radium—not having the slightest understanding of either. Rather amazing, we think, for a woman to be a famous scientist. And we look at her picture, a frail, elderly woman with white hair, standing among a group of doctors and men of science, thinking "Wouldn't it be marvellous to do something like that!" Believe me, it is marvellous to do something like that; only in a way that most of us never stop to realise. For Madame Curie has attained this position, has given medicine the greatest advance in its work against cancer that has ever been discovered, by sacrificing her entire life to the cause. She is a martyr. She lives like a nun; no pretty clothes, no dainty foods, no dancing, no gaiety, no people around. Only work. Only work. Only work.

NOEL COWARD is famous round the world as the most brilliant young man of the century. What would we not give to have his fame? But when we come down to it, would we be willing to give what he has given? When most of us were playing hide-and-seek with our playmates at school, Coward was in the theatre playing his first parts. When most of us were day-dreaming about what we would do when we grew up, Coward was writing plays and composing music. And now, with all his fame, when midnight approaches and most of us are just beginning to want the gay night to go on for ever, Coward is saying very strictly but very charmingly his good-night to imploring hostesses. For back of all his success Coward knows there is one prime secret; and that is work.

And let us take finally one more example: Charles Lindbergh. We find there the most spectacular success almost in history. Success literally over night—as he flew the dark Atlantic. I always wonder, when I hear people talk of all they would like to do, and specially when I hear the sacrifices some mother is ready to make that her child may make a success—I wonder how many mothers would allow their son to fly across the Atlantic Ocean?

And this brings up an interesting point; it is that those people who do attain world-fame are generally not seeking it. Lindbergh, when he got in his plane to fly to Paris, wondered naïvely whether he shouldn't take along a letter or two of introduction!

The most successful people in the world are too busy concentrating on the work itself to think about the fame that will come with it.

The truly great success never cares about his fame. And that is where he has the laugh on us, of the gaping crowd, who long to be famous.

Sometimes when I think of this longing to be famous that seems to be infesting the world more and more, I wonder whether it is a genuine longing at all; I wonder whether it is not just a sort of fascination that the word Fame has for us, as if by the very difficulty of attaining it it hypnotised us. The very fact that only one in two million does become famous seems to make fame all the more desirable. And I think we lose sight of the real nature of fame. We become a little drunk with the idea; we forget of what mortal stuff we are made; of what weak mortal stuff most of us are made. And when at last a sober moment comes to us, as we mature and see the world in its true perspective, even then we do not give up our idea of fame. No. We turn to this little bundle of swaddling clothes in the crib beside us, we pick it up, smother its cheeks with kisses and, clasping it to our breast, think:

"What is this life in my arms? Perhaps, perhaps . . a genius!"

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SECOND SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a Limerick beginning "There was a young barber of Brighton——"

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post February 15th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—February 15

HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THIRD SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short argument constituting a lovers' quarrel.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post February 28th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—February 28

Results of 166th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to Sheila Forman.

Hon. Mention: H. Davies, Gertrude Pitt, May Belben, Frida Jaquet, E. Raworth, Nancy Pollok, Alix Boyd, Edgar Pasfield, "Joan d'Echo," Victoria Tyrrell, G. M. Hudson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best original remark of a child.

Awarded to M. Bacon.

Hon. Mention: Victoria Tyrrell, "J. A. B.," G. M. Hudson, May Belben, B. Richardson, David Holland, Trixie Ford, R. F. Pickwoad, "Lweno Notwali," Enid M. Norman, "L. L.," K. Lunn, Gwendolen Whitcombe, Effie Dundas, "G. G."

Results of 167th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best love song suitable for light opera.

Awarded to N. Henderson.

Hon. Mention: E. H. Jones, "Lweno Notwali," E. G. Robins, Penelope Bowers, "G. G.," E. Young, "J. A. B.," Nancy Pollok, "Norwood," G. Phillpotts, M. Bacon, "Excelsior," "Radio," Elizabeth Adams, M. Walker, Z. Forster-Brown.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best three examples of Noble Anger taken from Shakespeare.

Divided between May Belben and "Elizabeth Adams."

Hon. Mention: E. G. Robins, "G. G.," Doreen Hamby, "Margery," D. Avril, G. Phillpotts, "S. A. V."

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The Children's SALON

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

Patrons:
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For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890.

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Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, November 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A design for a Calendar. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. T. Burdett, G.C.S. 5957. Hon. Mention: Joan H. Secretan, G.C.S.; Irene Weir, G.C.S. 5985.

Literature Competition.—Synopsis of Two-Act Play. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841. Hon. Mention: K. Holland, G.C.S. 5868; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242, and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Fifteen Minute Sketch. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345; Irene Smith, M.C.S. 3459; Cynthia Greaves, M.C.S. 2839; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910, and Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401. Hon. Mention: Barbara Maile, M.C.S. 3359; J. P. Searight. M.C.S. 3421; Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217; Barbara Paul, M.C.S. 3341; Catherine Read, M.C.S. 3394; Joan Crane, M.C.S. 3452.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ellen Allan, A.C.S. 1602. Hon. Mention: Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206; Margaret Recaldin, A.C.S. 1435; Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Anne C. M. Brown, A.C.S. 1560. Hon. Mention: Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438.

Special Toy Competition

First Prize, £1 1s. Awarded to Betty Wood, M.C.S. 3396.

Second Prize, 10s. 6d. Awarded to Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228. Hon. Mention: Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; May McCoy, M.C.S. 5940; Joan Guillaume, M.C.S. 3424; Michaela Danckwerts. A.C.S. 1441.

Award of Prizes, December 1st.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ursula Moss, G.C.S. 5995. Hon. Mention: Desmond Hart, G.C.S. 5999; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625. Hon. Mention: Doreen Hambey, G.C.S. 5927; A. Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Martha Walker, G.C.S. 6000; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; B. Gardner, G.C.S. 5925.

Needlework Competition.—Something Suitable for a Christmas Gift. Prize 10s. Divided between Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578, and G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Fairy Tale. Prize 10s. Awarded to Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Hon. Mention: Betty F. Smith, M.C.S. 3455; Elizabeth King, M.C.S. 3451; Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; P. W. Rowe, M.C.S. 3454.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between J. Lawes, M.C.S. 3319, and Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187. Hon. Mention: L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423; Dora T. Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217; Barbara Paul, M.C.S. 3341; Penelope V. Bowers, M.C.S. 3458.

Saloners responded nobly to our appeal, by means of a Toy Competition, for Christmas gifts to the little occupants of the Salon Cots in the hospitals. Here are some of the fascinating entries

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Christmas Card. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Lines Suitable for a Christmas Card. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472. Hon. Mention: V. M. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(February—March)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date February 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket. No. II. Closing date March 1st. A Portrait Study. No. III. Closing date March 15th. A Poster Advertising Soap.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. The Opening Page of a Novel (about 300 words). No. II. Closing date March 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Design for a Cretonne. No II. Closing date, March 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Four-Lined Verse Suitable for Advertising a Brand of Cigarettes. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Leader on a Topical Subject.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competition.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. An Illustration to a Nursery Rhyme. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Poem on a Favourite Animal. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, March 15th. Anything in Wool.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, March 15th. Any Outdoor Scene.

NEWS *of the* MONTH

WE have had some delightfully-worded letters of thanks from the various hospitals to which the dolls, given and dressed by Saloners, were sent as Christmas presents. "It will give great pleasure to the little occupant of your cot"; "The Matron wishes to express her warmest thanks"; "It is most kind to think of the children in this way"; etc., etc. So you see how much your kindness has been appreciated and what pleasure it has given. Let us make another effort of the kind next year—on an even bigger scale, if possible.

* * *

With my many thanks I acknowledge these further subscriptions to the Cinderellas Pantomime Fund:—

Sheila and Moyra Fraser, Betty A. Metchim, Catherine Lawrence, V. A. Ralph, Gwendoline Allen, Ivy L. Winkley, R. E. Minchin, Winifred and Beryl White, Lady Dunbar, Stella Welchman, Dora Langley, Mrs. D. Mason, Molly Palmer, Charles P Davies, Joyce Shipway, E. Mason, Arnold Parkin, Judith Lart, Beryl Ellis, Christina H. Collinge, Irene McCoy (2nd donation), Lady Patricia Hare, Winifred Woodnutt, Barbara Heaver, R. Cholmeley, Sheila Clavington, Annette van Oppen, Leila Mackover, Désirée Picton-Seymour, Audrey and Pamela Lloyd-Baker, Miss Muriel Grainger, Dinoo S. Bastavala, Sanchia Grimsdale, Sidney Curtis, Irene Petch, Marjorie Woodroffe, Mary Jones, Margie Callender-Rule, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Collinge, Margaret Roberts, Elizabeth Martin.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(November 15th)

May W. Harrison.—The flower group is prettily designed and well set off by the cream background, but the glaring and heavy frame is a mistake. Two or three delicately ruled lines would have given you a more distinguished effect.

Margaret Recaldin.—One of the best things you have sent in yet. The colours are nicely handled, but your sky is far too insipid for this brilliantly blue sea.

Maud Schwabe.—The ellipse of the lower rim of the basin should be a parallel, of course, to the upper; otherwise this study in difficult curves is very well tackled, particularly in view of the time limit.

Brenda Milligan.—I take it the idea was well in mind before starting, but even so this is a pretty good showing for a fifteen-minute sketch. The hind quarters of the larger poodle are the weakest point, but the general balance of the design and the planning of the lettering is first-rate.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Glowing colour scheme, but too much realism to succeed as decoration, and not enough for modelled effect. A flat, decorative method would be easier and much more satisfactory. In parts very good.

G. T. Burdett.—A pleasant brown and blue scheme. The rectangular mass a bit too telling, and the blue tree not strong enough against the sky, but a very acceptable two-colour harmony, well got up.

Marjorie Naylor.—An excellent pencilling suffering from textured paper in the delicate vital passages. Smooth, soft paper responds far better and gives fuller scope to pencil.

Dahlia Anson.—Hardly a calendar design, but a good impression of an oddly selected corner. Good quiet colour, but not quite solid in the lights though broad and simple in effect.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Well suggested action and a good deal of knowledge, though houghs and fetlocks seem to puzzle you. The sort of quick sketch which promises excellent work.

Irene Smith.—An excellent fifteen minutes' work, freely and pleasantly drawn, though rather of the copy-book order. You use your pencil intelligently.

Michaela Danckwerts.—Rather too much to undertake in the time, as the result shows. A simple outline well expressed would have given more chance of arriving. The hair well suggested, however.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Betty Weir.—A very good fifteen minutes' work. Your horizon not quite fixed, but the figure has weight and life and is cleverly adapted in method to swift completion.

Joan H. Secretan.—Clever and witty in idea although the figure is over-athletic and reminiscent of the life-room. Still, this could be remedied without weakening the attraction of the general scheme.

Ivy Gooding.—Nose and eyes are too much on the same plane, but the construction is good and proportions sound. You have made good use of the time available and could scarcely have done more.

Rachel Cunningham.—Smart work, the colour very well balanced and the drawing first rate if not traced. You are making excellent progress.

John S. Stafford.—Is this a copy or is it from life? The ear is very small and the line of the brows not sufficiently symmetrical. A sketch of this type should go for the big effect rather than detail.

Penelope Burra.—Nice, clean work, although considering the scope offered a more brilliant effect ought, I think, to have been attained. Still, this is quite harmonious and dainty if not particularly distinguished.

G. Christabel Richens.—This doesn't explain itself quite quickly enough, particularly as the actual design is lacking in anything of the nature of a striking pattern. Admirable from the technical point of view, however.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—The restrained colour scheme is certainly attractive. The figure of Time would be better without the lances bearing labels and his legs should be gracefully extended to suggest flight satisfactorily.

Rena Recaldin.—A very truthful little sketch, admirable in proportion and not lacking in atmosphere. The chief fault is a rather scratchy use of the medium.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full Name

Address

Age, if under 20.

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Anne Burra.—The lower part of the face is much exaggerated at the expense of the upper. The mass of skull above the eyeline is far too small for this massive jaw. Very pleasant handling of the medium.

Ellen Allen.—A most painstaking and attractive effort. Your distance doesn't recede sufficiently, but as a whole this is full of good points and I appreciate the care you have taken.

Cynthia Greaves.—Very well tried. The big line is admirable and hands and feet, usually slurred in a sketch of this type, are excellently suggested. The left leg is a bit wooden looking. This poem has considerable merit. It is charming and as far as I can remember is much the best thing of yours I have seen.

Ursula Moss.—The pit of the neck and the ankle of the standing leg should fall on a plumb line. Your figure could scarcely maintain her present attitude. Some very pleasant detail and colour.

L. A. Taylor.—An amusing little effort. Some of the sentences are a bit long-winded and the argument gets a little out of hand at times. Still, a good theme and the right approach.

Florence Cook.—Quite neat and to the point. At first I suspected an ironical intention, but no—evidently this is an essay along the usual lines, and it reaches the standard required for this type of journalism.

Dora Malfatti.—A thoroughly interesting paper. Perhaps some mention should have been made of "Dorothy" and the escapade abroad, as these had their effect upon this character. I suppose you know Ruskin's brilliant analysis of one of the poems, in *Sesame and Lilies*.

J. Lawes.—A graphic account of this nature always provides interesting reading and one is sufficiently stimulated to wish for more. Good, straightforward writing of this type always scores, but the paper is a bit brief and ends too abruptly.

Trixie Ford. One of your best entries. Charming both in style and workmanship. A very attractive effort.

(Remaining criticisms will be sent through the post.)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

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See page 64

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Every stomach sufferer ought to read the remarkable experience of Mr. McL. of Aberdeen. This is what he writes: "For the last ten years I have suffered from an ulcerated stomach, and was simply afraid to eat. For hours after I would suffer excruciating pain. I tried every known remedy, but they all proved useless. My case seemed hopeless, but a friend told me of his complete cure with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I tried it and immediately felt better. After my first two bottles I could eat without the slightest pain. Now I enjoy everything and feel quite a new man.

"Only this week I purchased a bottle from a firm who stated it was the genuine Maclean's. But it had no signature and though I tried it, I found it was *quite useless*. So one has to be careful to see the signature 'Alex C. Maclean.' I have recommended your powder to scores of people and each one has had the same reply, 'Completely cured after first bottle.'"

Have *you* discovered the relief which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring you? Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. Be sure to get the genuine Maclean Brand with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

MISSES

MANN & SHACKLETON

Give utmost value for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit garments. Furs, Linen, Underwear, etc. Old Gold Jewellery in any condition. Send by post or rail. Offer or P.O. sent by return. Estd. 1860. *ONLY ADDRESS:*

FERN HOUSE, NORBITON, SURREY.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3½ ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s.
Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp
S.K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O. Box* 15)

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FEBRUARY, 1934

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for.....months commencing with the.....issue for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Date..... ..1934

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BTE FEB 1934

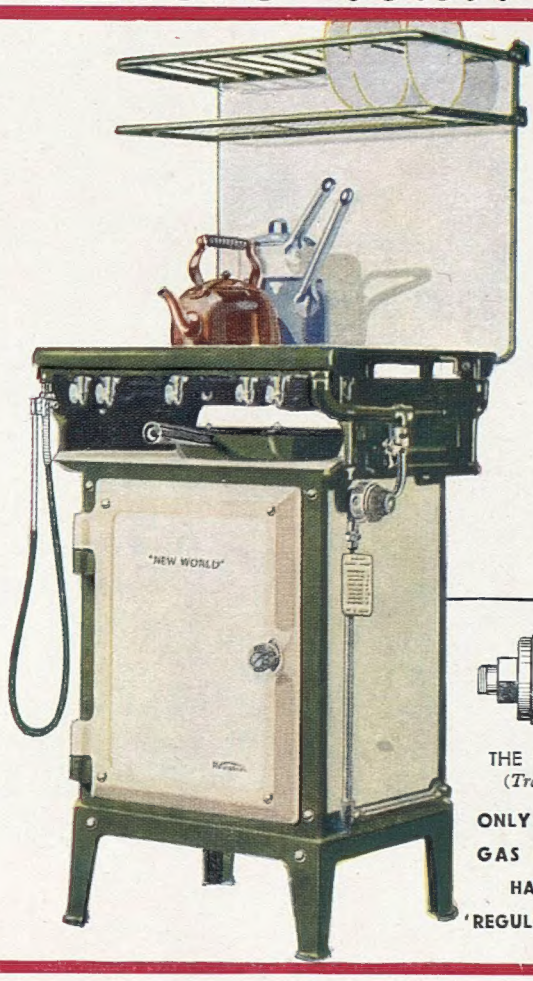
Only Radiation Cookers have the 'REGULO' *control*

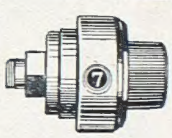
TRUST THE 'REGULO'

Simply set the 'Regulo,' turn on the tap and light the gas. After 15 minutes put all *your dishes into the oven together.*

Whilst the dinner is cooking itself *you can shop, call on your friends, or do what you wish.*

When the right time has elapsed, open the oven door, take out the food and dish up.





THE 'REGULO'
(*Trade Mark*)

ONLY RADIATION GAS COOKERS HAVE THE 'REGULO' CONTROL

The "New World" Cooker enables you to cook perfectly *without attention.*

Choose your new gas cooker from the "New World" models on view at your Gas Showrooms. With these unrivalled cookers you obtain the 'Regulo' automatic oven-heat control. Whole dinners can be cooked *without attention* in the "New World"—the food is cooked perfectly—yet the cost of cooking is less than ever, thanks to the single oven burner and the direct bottom-flue-outlet of the "New World" cooker.

You will be pleased with the bright, easily-cleaned porcelain enamelled finish. There is also a Duplex burner for simmering. And the latest Radiation device—the Gas Match—enables you to light the burners whenever you wish without the use of matches. When not required, the Gas Match is extinguished automatically: there is no waste of gas. And now the beautiful "Beau" enamelled finish—in a variety of exceptionally attractive colours all easily kept clean with just a rub of a damp cloth. Get particulars from your Gas Showrooms to-day. Post the coupon below for free recipe booklet.

Radiation

To: Radiation Ltd., (Publications Dept. 53B 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send your free Recipe Book.

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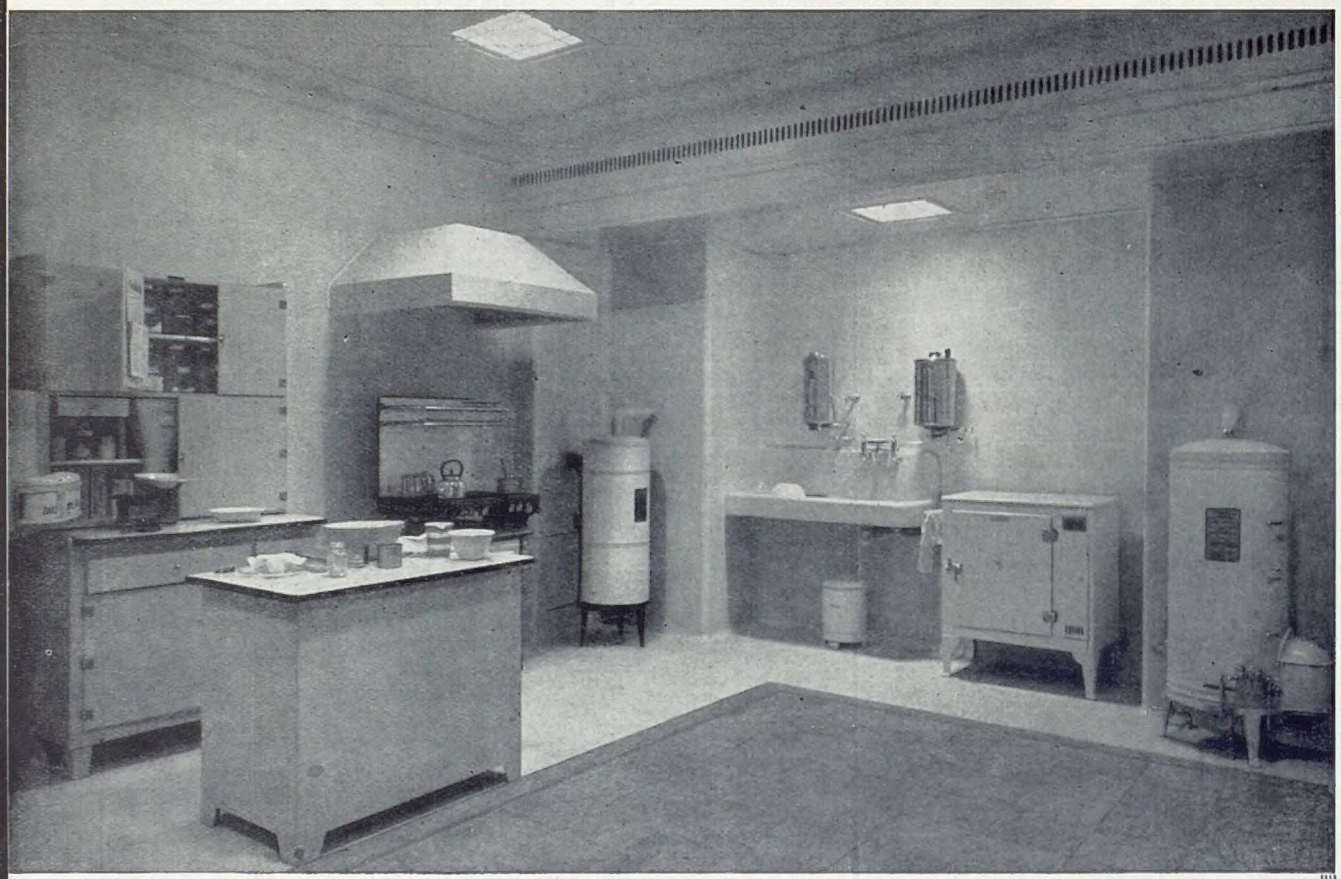
"NEW WORLD"

Porcelain Enamelled **GAS COOKERS**

The Radiation Research Kitchen



WHEN you get a "New World" Gas Cooker, you will at once be in a position to enjoy the advantages of the thoroughly up-to-date Research and Demonstration Kitchen provided by Radiation Limited so that continuous research work in "Regulo"-controlled cooking can be carried on, for the benefit of "New World" users. Here menus are tested so as to adapt them to the new conditions of automatic cooking; old recipes are re-tested and new ones found to cater for modern requirements; invalid and vegetarian dishes for cooking under "Regulo" control are evolved; and with all this, the vital necessity for economy in gas is kept in mind by means of special gas meters attached to each cooker in use.

★ **THE RADIATION COOKERY BOOK,** price 2/- post free, is now in its sixteenth edition and contains 262 pages. It includes sections dealing with Breakfast Dishes; Quick Meals; Vegetarian and Egg Dishes, Fruit Bottling in the oven, etc., etc. There are also no less than 51 Whole-dinner Menus; the dishes comprising each one of these can be cooked together in the oven at one "Regulo" setting and cooking time, entirely without attention.

Every oven recipe in the book is accompanied by its tested "Regulo" setting and cooking time, so that the merest novice can produce perfect cooking from the very outset, provided ordinary care is taken with the preparation of the food before it is placed in the oven.

Although every "New World" cooker is supplied with a simple cooking chart as a guide to the user for all general cooking, the Radiation Cookery Book provides a far more extensive source of reference for all manner of well-known recipes which have been brought up-to-date as the outcome of many years' work in the Radiation Research Kitchen.

★ *The Radiation Cookery Book is obtainable from Radiation Publications Dept.* 53B 164 *Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.*4. *Price* 2/- *post free.*

CARR'S

By Appointment

TABLE WATER BISCUIT

THE PERFECT BISCUIT TO EAT WITH CHEESE

©521

MADE ONLY BY CARR'S OF CARLISLE

"Cough please,"
"I can't, Doctor,
I've just had an 'Allenburys' Pastille"

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist stocks them

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

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are the oldest established beauty preparations. Over 60 years' successful reputation.

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POUDRE SUPRA DU DR. DYS: combines with its hygienic qualities the property of giving to the face a youthful and refreshing bloom

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